Margaret V. Drinkwater 1790

THE

Richard Haywood 1816

BEAUTIES

OF THE

RAMBLER, ADVENTURER, CONNOISSEUR, WORLD, AND IDLER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE

THE BEAUTIES OF THE ADVENTURER, &c.

LABOUR.

NUMB. 2. SATURDAY, *November* 11, 1752.

Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum. HOR.

-----To ſink in ſhame, or ſwell with pride,
As the gay palm is granted or deny'd. FRANCIS.

THE multitudes that ſupport life by corporal labour, and eat their bread in the ſweat of their brow, commonly regard inactivity as idleneſs; and have no conception that wearineſs can be contracted in an elbow-chair, by now and then peeping into a book, and muſing the reſt of the day: the ſedentary and ſtudious, therefore, raiſe their envy or contempt, as they appear either to poſſeſs the conveniencies of life by the mere bounty of fortune, or to ſuffer the want of them by refuſing to work.

It is, however, certain, that to think is to labour; and that as the body is affected by the exer-

ciſe of the mind, the fatigue of the ſtudy is not leſs than that of the field or the manufactory.

But the labour of the mind, though it is equally wearisome with that of the body, is not attended with the ſame advantages. Exerciſe gives health, vigour, and cheerfulneſs, ſound ſleep, and a keen appetite: the effects of ſedentary thoughtfulneſs are diſeaſes that imbitter and ſhorten life, interrupted reſt, taſteleſs meals, perpetual languor and cauſeleſs anxiety.

No natural inability to perform manual operations, has been obſerved to proceed from diſinclination; the reluctance, if it cannot be removed, may be ſurmounted; and the artificer then proceeds in his work with as much dexterity and exactneſs, as if no extraordinary effort had been made to begin it: but with reſpect to the productions of imagination and wit, a mere determination of the will is not ſufficient; there muſt be a diſpoſition of the mind which no human being can procure, or the work will have the appearance of a forced plan, in the production of which the induſtry of art has been ſubſtituted for the vigour of nature.

Nor does this diſpoſition always enſure ſucceſs, though the want of it never fails to render application ineffectual; for the writer who ſits down in the morning fired with his ſubject and teeming with ideas, often finds at night, that what delighted his imagination offends his judgment, and that he has loſt the day by indulging a pleaſing dream, in which he joined together a multitude of ſplendid images without perceiving their incongruity.

Thus the wit is condemned to paſs his hours, thoſe hours which return no more, in attempting that which he cannot affect, or in collecting materials which he afterwards diſcovers to be unfit for uſe: but the mechanic and the huſbandman know, that the work which they perform will always bear the

the ſame proportion to the time in which they are employed, and the diligence which they exert.

Neither is the reward of intellectual equally certain with that of corporal labour; the artificer, for the manufacture which he finiſhes in a day, receives a certain ſum; but the wit frequently gains no advantage from a performance at which he has toiled many months, either becauſe the town is not diſpoſed to judge of his merit, or becauſe he has not ſuited the popular taſte.

It has been often obſerved, that not the value of a man's income, but the proportion which it bears to his expences, juſtly denominates him rich or poor; and that it is not ſo much the manner in which he lives, as the habit of life he has contracted, which renders them happy or wretched. For this reaſon, the labour of the mind, even when it is adequately rewarded, does not procure means of happineſs in the ſame proportion as that of the body. They that ſing at the loom, or whiſtle after the plough, wiſh not for intellectual entertainment; if they have plenty of wholeſome food, they do not repine at the inelegance of their table, nor are they leſs happy becauſe they are not treated with ceremonious reſpect and ſerved with ſilent celerity. The ſcholar is always conſidered as becoming a gentleman by his education; and the wit as conferring honour upon his company, however elevated by their rank or fortune: they are, therefore, frequently admitted to ſcenes of life very different from their own; they partake of pleaſures which they cannot hope to purchaſe; and many ſuperfluities become neceſſary, by the gratification of wants, which in a lower claſs they would never have known.

Thus, the peaſant and the mechanic, when they have received the wages of the day, and procured their ſtrong beer and ſupper, have ſcarce a wiſh unſatisfied; but the man of nice diſcernment and quick

ſenſations, who has acquired a high reliſh of the elegancies and refinements of life, has ſeldom philoſophy enough to be equally content with that which the reward of genius can purchaſe.

And yet there is ſcarce any character ſo much the object of envy, as that of a ſucceſsful writer. But thoſe who only ſee him in company, or hear encomiums on his merit, form a very erroneous opinion of his happineſs: they conceive him as perpetually enjoying the triumphs of intellectual ſuperiority; as diſplaying the luxuriancy of his fancy, and the variety of his knowledge, to ſilent admiration; or liſtening in voluptuous indolence to the muſic of praiſe. But they know not, that theſe lucid intervals are ſhort and few; that much the greater part of his life is paſſed in ſolitude and anxiety; that his hours glide away unnoticed, and the day like the night is contracted to a moment by the intenſe application of the mind to its object: locked up from every eye, and loſt even to himſelf, he is reminded that he lives only by the neceſſities of life; he then ſtarts as from a dream, and regrets that the day has paſſed unenjoyed, without affording means of happineſs to the morrow.

WILL HARDMAN the ſmith had three ſons, TOM, NED and GEORGE. GEORGE, who was the youngeſt, he put apprentice to a taylor; the two elder were otherwiſe provided for: he had by ſome means the opportunity of ſending them to ſchool upon a foundation, and afterwards to the Univerſity. WILL thought that this opportunity to give his boys good learning, was not to be miſſed: "Learning," he ſaid, "was a portion which the D-v-l could not "wrong them of; and when he had done what he "ought for them, they muſt do for themſelves."

As he had not the ſame power to procure them livings, when they had finiſhed their ſtudies, they came to London. They were both ſcholars; but

TOM

TOM was a genius, and NED was a dunce; NED became uſher in a ſchool at the yearly ſalary of twenty pounds, and TOM ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf as an author: he wrote many pieces of great excellence; but his reward was ſometimes withheld by caprice, and ſometimes intercepted by envy. He paſſed his time in penury and labour; his mind was abſtracted in the recollection of ſentiment, and perplexed in the arrangement of his ideas and the choice of expreſſion.

GEORGE in the mean time became a maſter in his trade, kept ten men conſtantly at work upon the board, drank his beer out of a ſilver tankard, and boaſted, that he might be as well to paſs in a few years as many of thoſe for whom he made laced clothes, and who thought themſelves his betters. NED wiſhed eaneſtly that he could change ſtations with GEORGE: but TOM in the pride of his heart diſdained them both; and declared, that he would rather periſh upon a bulk with cold and hunger, than ſteal through life in obſcurity, and be forgotten when he was dead.

DISTRESS ENCOURAGED TO HOPE.

NUMB. 7. TUESDAY, *November* 28, 1752.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui--- VIRG.

What I have heard, permit me to relate.

I Received a few weeks ago, an account of the death of a lady whoſe name is known to many, but the "eventful hiſtory" of whoſe life has been communicated to few: to me it has been often related during a long and intimate acquaintance; and as there is not a ſingle perſon living, upon whom the making it public can reflect unmerited diſhonour,

or whoſe delicacy or virtue can ſuffer by the relation, I think I owe to mankind a ſeries of events from which the wretched may derive comfort, and the moſt forlorn may be encouraged to hope; as miſery is alleviated by the contemplation of yet deeper diſtreſs, and the mind fortified againſt deſpair by inſtances of unexpected relief.

The father of MELISSA was the younger ſon of a country gentleman who poſſeſſed an eſtate of about five hundred a year; but as this was to be the inheritance of the elder brother, and as there were three ſiſters to be provided for, he was at about ſixteen taken from Eton ſchool, and apprenticed to a conſiderable merchant at Briſtol. The young gentleman, whoſe imagination had been fired by the exploits of heroes, the victories gained by magnanimous preſumption, and the wonders diſcovered by daring curioſity, was not diſpoſed to conſider the acquiſition of wealth as the limit of his ambition, or the repute of honeſt induſtry as the total of his fame. He regarded his ſituation as ſervile and ignominious, as the degradation of his genius and the preclusion of his hopes; and longing to go in ſearch of adventures, he neglected his buſineſs as unworthy of his attention, heard the remonſtrances of his maſter with a kind of ſullen diſdain, and after two years legal ſlavery made his eſcape, and at the next town enliſted himſelf a ſoldier; not doubting but that, by his military merit and the fortune of war, he ſhould return a general officer, to the confuſion of thoſe who would have buried him in the obſcurity of a compting-houſe. He found means effectually to elude the enquiries of his friends, as it was of the utmoſt importance to prevent their officious endeavours to ruin his project and obſtruct his advancement.

He was ſent with other recruits to London, and ſoon after quartered with the reſt of his company in a part

a part of the country, which was ſo remote from all with whom he had any connection, that he no longer dreaded a diſcovery.

It happened that he went one day to the houſe of a neighbouring gentleman with his comrade, who was become acquainted with the chambermaid, and by her intereſt admitted into the kitchen. This gentleman, whoſe age was ſomething more than ſixty, had been about two years married to a ſecond wife, a young woman who had been well educated and lived in the polite world, but had no fortune. By his firſt wife, who had been dead about ten years, he had ſeveral children; the youngeſt was a daughter who had juſt entered her ſeventeenth year; ſhe was very tall for her age, had a fine complexion, good features, and was well ſhaped; but her father, whoſe affection for her was mere inſtinct, as much as that of a brute for its young, utterly neglected her education. It was impoſſible for him, he ſaid, to live without her; and as he could not afford to have her attended by a governeſs and proper maſters in a place ſo remote from London, ſhe was ſuffered to continue illiterate and unpoliſhed; ſhe knew no entertainment higher than a game at romps with the ſervants; ſhe became their confident, and truſted them in return, nor did ſhe think herſelf happy any where but in the kitchen.

As the capricious fondneſs of her father had never conciliated her affection, ſhe perceived it abate upon his marriage without regret. She ſuffered no new reſtraint from her new mother, who obſerved with a ſecret ſatisfaction that miſs had been uſed to hide herſelf from viſitors, as neither knowing how to behave nor being fit to be ſeen, and choſe rather to conceal her defects by excluding her from company, than to ſupply them by putting her to a boarding ſchool.

Miſs, who had been told by Betty that ſhe expected her ſweetheart, and that they were to be merry, ſtole down ſtairs, and, without any ſcruple, made one in a party at blindman's buff. The ſoldier of fortune was ſtruck with her perſon, and diſcovered, or thought he diſcovered, in the ſimplicity of nature, ſome graces which are poliſhed away by the labour of art. However, nothing that had the appearance of an adventure could be indifferent to him; and his vanity was flattered by the hope of carrying off a young lady under the diſguiſe of a common ſoldier, without revealing his birth, or boaſting of his expectations.

In this attempt he became very aſſiduous, and ſucceeded. The company being ordered to another place, Betty and her young miſtreſs departed early in the morning with their gallants; and there being a privileged chapel in the next town, they were married.

The old gentleman, as ſoon as he was informed that his daughter was miſſing, made ſo diligent and ſcrupulous an inquiry after her, that he learned with whom and which way ſhe was gone: he mounted his horſe, and purſued her, not without curſes and imprecations; diſcovering rather the tranſports of rage than the emotion of tenderneſs, and reſenting her offence rather as the rebellion of a ſlave than the diſobedience of a child. He did not, however, overtake them till the marriage had been conſummated; of which when he was imformed by the huſband, he turned from him with expreſſions of brutality and indignation, ſwearing never to forgive a fault which he had taken no care to prevent.

The young couple, notwithſtanding their union frequently doubled their diſtreſs, ſtill continued fond of each other. The ſpirit of enterprize and the hope of preſumption were not yet quelled in the young ſoldier; and he received orders to attend King William,

liam, when he went to the ſiege of Namur, with exultation and tranſport, believing his elevation to independence and diſtinction as certain as if he had been going to take poſſeſſion of a title and eſtate — His wife who had been ſome months pregnant, as ſhe had no means of ſubſiſtence in his abſence, procured a paſſage with him. When ſhe came on ſhore and mingled with the crowd that followed the camp, wretches who without compunction wade in human blood to ſtrip the dying and the dead, to whom horror is become familiar and compaſſion impoſſible, ſhe was terrified: the diſcourſe of the women, rude and unpoliſhed as ſhe was, covered her with confuſion; and the brutal familiarity of the men filled her with indignation and diſguſt: her maid, Betty, who had alſo attended her huſband, was the only perſon with whom ſhe could converſe, and from whom ſhe could hope the aſſiſtance of which ſhe was ſo ſoon to ſtand in need.

In the mean time ſhe found it difficult to ſubſiſt; but accidentally hearing the name of an officer, whom ſhe remembered to have viſited her mother ſoon after her marriage, ſhe applied to him, told him her name, and requeſted that he would afford her his protection, and permit her to take care of his linen. With this requeſt the captain complied; her circumſtances became leſs diſtreſſed, and her mind more eaſy: but new calamity ſuddenly overtook her; ſhe ſaw her huſband march to an engagement in the morning, and ſaw him brought back deſperately wounded at night. The next day he was removed in a waggon with many others who were in the ſame condition, to a place of greater ſafety, at the diſtance of about three leagues, where proper care might be taken of their wounds. She intreated the captain to let her go in the waggon with him; but to this he could not conſent, becauſe the waggon would be filled with thoſe who neither were able to walk, nor

could be left behind. He promiſed, however, that if ſhe would ſtay till the next day, he would endeavour to procure her a paſſage; but ſhe choſe rather to follow the waggon on foot, than to be abſent from her huſband. She could not, however, keep pace with it, and ſhe reached the hoſpital but juſt time enough to kneel down by him upon ſome clean ſtraw, to ſee him ſink under the laſt agony, and hear the groan that is repeated no more. The fatigue of the journey and the perturbation of her mind, immediately threw her into labour, and ſhe lived but to be delivered of MELISSA, who was thus in the moſt helpleſs ſtate left without father, mother, or friend, in a foreign country, in circumſtances which could afford no hope of reward to the tenderneſs that ſhould attempt the preſervation of her life, and among perſons who were become obdurate and inſenſible, by having been long uſed to ſee every ſpecies of diſtreſs.

It happened that, among thoſe whom accident or diſtreſs had brought together at the birth of MELISSA, there was a young woman, whoſe huſband had fallen in the late engagement, and who a few days before had loſt a little boy that ſhe ſuckled. This perſon, rather perhaps to relieve herſelf from an inconveniency, than in compaſſion to the orphan, put it to her breaſt: but whatever was her motive, ſhe believed that the affording ſuſtenance to the living, conferred a right to the apparel of the dead, of which ſhe therefore took poſſeſſion; but in ſearching her pocket ſhe found only a thimble, the remains of a pocket looking-glaſs, about the value of a penny in Dutch money, and the certificate of her marriage. The paper, which ſhe could not read, ſhe gave afterwards to the captain, who was touched with pity at the relation which an inquiry after his laundreſs produced. He commended the woman who had preſerved the infant, and put her into the

place

place of its mother. This encouraged her to continue her care of it till the captain returned to England, with whom ſhe alſo returned and became his ſervant.

This gentleman, as ſoon as he had ſettled his immediate concerns, ſent MELISSA under the care of her nurſe to her grandfather; and incloſed the certificate of her mother's marriage in a letter containing an account of her death, and the means by which the infant had been preſerved. He knew that thoſe who had been once dear to us, by whatever offence they may have alienated our affection when living, are generally remembered with tenderneſs when dead; and that after the grave has ſheltered them from our reſentment, and rendered reconciliation impoſſible, we often regret as ſevere that conduct which before we approved as juſt; he, therefore, hoped, that the parental fondneſs which an old man had once felt for his daughter, would revive at the ſight of her offspring; that the memory of her fault would be loſt in the ſenſe of her misfortunes; and that he would endeavour to atone for that inexorable reſentment which produced them, by cheriſhing a life to which ſhe had, as it were, transferred her own. But in theſe expectations, however reaſonable, he was miſtaken. The old man, when he was informed by the meſſenger that the child ſhe held in her arms was his grand-daughter, whom ſhe was come to put under his protection, refuſed to examine the contents of the letter, and diſmiſſed her with menaces and inſult. The knowledge of every uncommon event ſoon becomes general in a country town. An uncle of MELISSA's, who had been rejected by his father for having married his maid, heard this freſh inſtance of his brutality with grief and indignation; he ſent immediately for the child and the letter, and aſſured the ſervant that his niece ſhould want nothing which he could beſtow: to be-

ſtow much, indeed, was not in his power, for his father having obſtinately perſiſted in his reſentment, his whole ſupport was a little farm which he rented of the 'ſquire: but as he was a good œconomiſt and had no children of his own, he lived decently; nor did he throw away content, becauſe his father had denied him affluence.

MELISSA, who was compaſſionated for her mother's misfortunes, of which her uncle had been particularly informed by her maid Betty, who had returned a widow to her friends in the country, was not leſs beloved for her own good qualities; ſhe was taught to read and write, and work at her needle, as ſoon as ſhe was able to learn; and ſhe was taken notice of by all the gentry as the prettieſt girl in the place: but her aunt died when ſhe was about eleven years old, and before ſhe was thirteen ſhe loſt her uncle,

She was now again thrown back upon the world, ſtill helpleſs though her wants were increaſed, and wretched in proportion as ſhe had known happineſs: ſhe looked back with anguiſh, and forward with diſtraction; a fit of crying had juſt afforded her a momentary relief, when the 'ſquire, who had been informed of the death of his tenant, ſent for her to his houſe. This gentleman had heard her ſtory from her uncle, and was unwilling that a life which had been preſerved almoſt by miracle, ſhould at laſt be abandoned to miſery; he therefore determined to receive her into his family, not as a ſervant but as a companion to his daughter, a young lady finely accompliſhed, and now about fifteen. The old gentleman was touched with her diſtreſs, and miſs received her with great tenderneſs and complacency: ſhe wiped away her tears, and of the intolerable anguiſh of her mind, nothing remained but a tender remembrance of her uncle, whom ſhe loved and reverenced as a parent. She had now courage to examine the contents of a little box which he had put into her hand

hand juſt before he expired; ſhe found in it only the certificate of her mother's marriage, encloſed in the captain's letter, and an account of the events that have been before related, which her uncle had put down as they came to his knowledge: the train of mournful ideas that now ruſhed upon her mind, raiſed emotions which, if they could not be ſuppreſſed by reaſon, were ſoon deſtroyed by their own violence.

NUMB. 8. SATURDAY, *December* 2, 1752.

Durate, et voſmet rebus ſervate ſecundis. VIRG.

Endure and conquer, live for better fate.

IN this family, which in a few weeks after returned to London, MELISSA ſoon became a favourite: the good 'ſquire ſeemed to conſider her as his child, and miſs as her ſiſter; ſhe was taught dancing and muſic, introduced to the beſt company, elegantly dreſſed, and allowed ſuch ſums as were neceſſary for trivial expences. Youth ſeldom ſuffers the dread of to-morrow to intrude upon the enjoyment of to-day, but rather regards preſent felicity as the pledge of future: MELISSA was probably as happy as if ſhe had been in the actual poſſeſſion of a fortune, that, to the eaſe and ſplendor which ſhe enjoyed already would have added ſtability and independence.

She was now in her eighteenth year, and the only ſon of her benefactor was juſt come from the univerſity to ſpend the winter with his father in town. He was charmed with her perſon, behaviour, and diſcourſe; and what he could not but admire, he took every opportunity to commend. She ſoon perceived that he ſhewed particular marks of reſpect to her, when he thought they would not be perceived by others; and that he endeavoured to recommend himſelf

himſelf by an officious aſſiduity, and a diligent attention to the moſt minute circumſtances that might contribute to her pleaſure. But this behaviour of the young gentleman, however it might gratify her vanity, could not fail to alarm her fear: ſhe foreſaw, that if what ſhe had remarked in his conduct ſhould be perceived by his father or ſiſter, the peace of the family would be deſtroyed; and that ſhe muſt either be ſhipwrecked in the ſtorm, or thrown overboard to appeaſe it. She therefore affected not to perceive, that more than a general complaiſance was intended by her lover; and hoped that he would thus be diſcouraged from making an explicit declaration: but though he was mortified at her diſregard of that which he knew ſhe could not but ſee, yet he determined to addreſs her in ſuch terms as ſhould not leave this provoking neutrality in her power: though he reverenced her virtue, yet he feared too much the anger of his father to think of making her his wife; and he was too deeply enamoured of her beauty, to relinquiſh his hopes of poſſeſſing her as a miſtreſs. An opportunity for the execution of his purpoſe was not long wanting: ſhe received his general profeſſions of love with levity and merriment; but when ſhe perceived that his view was to ſeduce her to proſtitution, ſhe burſt into tears, and fell back in an agony unable to ſpeak. He was immediately touched with grief and remorſe; his tenderneſs was alarmed at her diſtreſs, and his eſteem encreaſed by her virtue; he catched her in his arms, and as an atonement for the inſult ſhe had received, he offered her marriage: but as her chaſtity would not ſuffer her to become his miſtreſs, neither would her gratitude permit her to become his wife; and as ſoon as ſhe was ſufficiently recollected, ſhe intreated him never more to urge her to violate the obligation ſhe was under either to herſelf or to her benefactor: "Would not," ſaid ſhe, "the preſence of a wretch

"whom

" whom you had ſeduced from innocence and peace
" to remorſe and guilt, perpetually upbraid you;
" and would you not always fear to be betrayed by a
" wife, whoſe fidelity no kindneſs could ſecure; who
" had broken all the bands that reſtrain the generous
" and the good; and who by an act of the moſt
" flagitious ingratitude had at once reached the pin-
" nacle of guilt, to which others aſcend by imper-
" ceptible gradations?"

Theſe objections, though they could neither be obviated nor evaded, had yet no tendency to ſubdue deſire: he loved with greater delicacy, but with more ardour; and as he could not always forbear expoſtulations, neither could ſhe always ſilence them in ſuch a manner as might moſt effectually prevent their being repeated. Such was one morning the ſituation of the two lovers: he had taken her hand into his, and was ſpeaking with great eagerneſs; while ſhe regarded him with a kind of timorous complacency, and liſtened to him with an attention which her heart condemned: his father, in this tender moment, in which their powers of perception were mutually engroſſed by each other, came near enough to hear that his heir had made propoſals of marriage, and retired without their knowledge.

As he did not dream that ſuch a propoſal could poſſibly be rejected by a girl in MELISSA's ſituation, imagining that every woman believed her virtue to be inviolate, if her perſon was not proſtituted, he took his meaſures accordingly. It was near the time in which his family had been uſed to remove into the country: he, therefore, gave orders, that every thing ſhould be immediatly prepared for the journey, and that the coach ſhould be ready at ſix the next morning, a man and horſe being diſpatched in the mean time to give notice of their arrival. The young folks were a little ſurprized at this ſudden removal; but though the 'ſquire was a good natured

tured man, yet as he governed his family with high authority, and as they perceived ſomething had offended him, they did not enquire the reaſon, nor indeed did they ſuſpect it. MELISSA packed up her things as uſual: and in the morning the young gentleman and his ſiſter having by their father's orders got into the coach, he called MELISSA into the parlour; where in a few words, but with great acrimony, he reproached her with having formed a deſign to marry his ſon without his conſent, an act of ingratitude which he ſaid juſtified him in upbraiding her with the favours which he had already conferred upon her, and in a reſolution he had taken that a bank bill of fifty pounds, which he then put into her hand, ſhould be the laſt: adding, that he expected ſhe ſhould within one week leave the houſe. To this heavy charge ſhe was not in a condition to reply; nor did he ſtay to ſee whether ſhe would attempt it, but haſtily got into the coach, which immediately drove from the door.

Thus was MELISSA a third time, by a ſudden and unexpected deſertion, expoſed to penury and diſtreſs, with this aggravation, that eaſe and affluence were become habitual; and that though ſhe was not ſo helpleſs as at the death of her uncle, ſhe was expoſed to yet greater danger; for few that have been uſed to ſlumber upon down, and wake to feſtivity, can reſiſt the allurements of vice, who ſtill offers eaſe and plenty, when the alternative are a flock bed and a garret, ſhort meals, coarſe apparel, and perpetual labour.

MELISSA, as ſoon as ſhe had recovered from the ſtupor which had ſeized her upon ſo aſtoniſhing and dreadful a change of fortune, determined not to accept the bounty of a perſon who imagined her to be unworthy of it; nor to attempt her juſtification, while it would render her veracity ſuſpected, and appear to proceed only from the hope of being reſtored to a ſtate

a ſtate of ſplendid dependence, from which jealouſy or caprice might again at any time remove her, without cauſe and without notice: ſhe had not, indeed, any hope of being ever able to defend herſelf againſt her accuſer upon equal terms; nor did ſhe know how to ſubſiſt a ſingle day, when ſhe had returned his bill and quitted his houſe: yet ſuch was the dignity of her ſpirit, that ſhe immediately incloſed it in a blank cover, directed to him at his country ſeat, and calling up the maid who had been left to take care of the houſe, ſent her immediately with it to the poſt-office. The tears then burſt out, which the agitation of her mind had before reſtrained; and when the ſervant returned, ſhe told her all that had happened, and aſked her advice what ſhe ſhould do. The girl, after the firſt emotions of wonder and pity had ſubſided, told her that ſhe had a ſiſter who lodged in a reputable houſe, and took in plain-work, to whom ſhe would be welcome, as ſhe could aſſiſt her in her buſineſs, of which ſhe had often more than ſhe could do; and with whom ſhe might continue till ſome more eligible ſituation could be obtained. MELISSA liſtened to this propoſal as to the voice of Heaven; her mind was ſuddenly relieved from the moſt tormenting perplexity, from the dread of wandering about without money or employment, expoſed to the menaces of a beadle, or the inſults of the rabble: ſhe was in haſte to ſecure her good fortune, and felt ſome degree of pain leſt ſhe ſhould loſe it by the earlier application of another; ſhe therefore went immediately with the maid to her ſiſter, with whom it was ſoon agreed that MELISSA ſhould work for her board and lodging; for ſhe would not conſent to accept as a gift, that which ſhe could by any means deſerve as a payment.

While MELISSA was a journeywoman to a perſon, who but a few weeks before would have regarded her with envy, and approached her with confuſion;

ſion; it happened that a ſuit of linen was brought from the milliner's wrapped up in a news-paper: the linen was put into the work-baſket, and the paper being thrown careleſsly about, MELISSA at laſt catched it up, and was about to read it; but perceiving that it had been publiſhed a fortnight, was juſt going to put it into the fire, when by an accidental glance ſhe ſaw her father's name: this immediately engaged her attention, and with great perturbation of mind ſhe read an advertiſement, in which her father, ſaid to have left his friends about eighteen years before, and to have entered either into the army or the navy, was directed to apply to a perſon in Staples-Inn, who could inform him of ſomething greatly to his advantage. To this perſon MELISSA applied with all the ardour of curioſity, and all the tumult of expectation: ſhe was informed that the elder brother of the perſon mentioned in the advertiſement was lately dead, unmarried; that he was poſſeſſed of fifteen hundred a year, five hundred of which had deſcended to him from his father, and one thouſand had been left him by an uncle, which upon his death, there being no male heir, had been claimed by his ſiſters; but that a miſtreſs who had lived with him many years, and who had been treated by the ſuppoſed heireſſes with too much ſeverity and contempt, had in the bitterneſs of her reſentment publiſhed the advertiſement, having heard in the family that there was a younger brother abroad.

The conflict of different paſſions that were at once excited with uncommon violence in the breaſt of MELISSA, deprived her for a time of the power of reflection; and when ſhe became more calm, ſhe knew not by what method to attempt the recovery of her right: her mind was bewildered amidſt a thouſand poſſibilities, and diſtreſſed by the apprehenſion that all might prove ineffectual. After much thought and many projects, ſhe reccollected that the captain,

captain, whoſe ſervant brought her to England, could probably afford her more aſſiſtance than any other perſon: as he had been often pointed out to her in public places by the 'ſquire, to whom her ſtory was well known, ſhe was acquainted with his perſon, and knew that within a few months he was alive: ſhe ſoon obtained directions to his houſe, and being readily admitted to a conference, ſhe told him with as much preſence of mind as ſhe could, that ſhe was the perſon whom his compaſſion had contributed to preſerve when an infant, in confirmation of which ſhe produced his letter, and the certificate which it incloſed; that by the death of her father's elder brother, whoſe family ſhe had never known, ſhe was become entitled to a very conſiderable eſtate; but that ſhe knew not what evidence would be neceſſary to ſupport her claim, how ſuch evidence was to be produced, nor with whom to intruſt the management of an affair in which wealth and influence would be employed againſt her. The old captain received her with that eaſy politeneſs which is almoſt peculiar to his profeſſion, and with a warmth of benevolence that is ſeldom found in any: he congratulated her upon ſo happy and unexpected an event; and without the parade of oſtentatious liberality, without extorting an explicit confeſſion of her indigence, he gave her a letter to his lawyer, in whom he ſaid ſhe might with the utmoſt ſecurity confide, and with whom ſhe would have nothing more to do than to tell her ſtory: "And do not," ſaid he, "doubt of "ſucceſs, for I will be ready to teſtify what I "know of the affair, whenever I ſhall be called "upon; and the woman who was preſent at your "birth, and brought you over, ſtill lives with "me, and upon this occaſion may do you ſignal "ſervice."

MELISSA departed, melted with gratitude and elated with hope. The gentleman, to whom the captain's

tain's letter was a recommendation, proſecuted her claim with ſo much ſkill and aſſiduity, that within a few months ſhe was put into the poſſeſſion of her eſtate. Her firſt care was to wait upon the captain, to whom ſhe now owed not only life but a fortune: he received her acknowledgements with a pleaſure, which only thoſe who merit it can enjoy; and inſiſted that ſhe ſhould draw upon him for ſuch ſums as ſhe ſhould want before her rents became due. She then took very handſome ready-furniſhed lodgings, and determined immediately to juſtify her conduct to the 'ſquire, whoſe kindneſs ſhe ſtill remembered, and whoſe reſentment ſhe had forgiven. With this view ſhe ſet out in a chariot and ſix, attended by two ſervants in livery on horſeback, and proceeded to his country-ſeat, from whence the family was not returned: ſhe had lain at an inn within ſix miles of the place, and when the chariot drove up to the door, as it was early in the morning, ſhe could perceive the ſervants run to and fro in a hurry, and the young lady and her brother gazing through the window to ſee if they knew the livery: ſhe remarked every circumſtance which denoted her own importance with exultation; and enjoyed the ſolicitude with her preſence produced among thoſe, from whoſe ſociety ſhe had ſo lately been driven with diſdain and indignation.

She now increaſed their wonder, by ſending in a ſervant to acquaint the old gentleman, that a lady deſired to ſpeak with him about urgent buſineſs, which would not however long detain him: he courteouſly invited the lady to honour him with her commands, haſted into his beſt parlour, adjuſted his wig, and put himſelf in the beſt order to receive her: ſhe alighted, and diſplayed a very rich undreſs, which correſponded with the elegance of her chariot, and the modiſh appearance of her ſervants. She contrived to hide her face as ſhe went up the walk,

that

that ſhe might not be known too ſoon; and was immediately introduced to her old friend, to whom ſhe ſoon diſcovered herſelf to his great aſtoniſhment, and before he had recovered his preſence of mind, ſhe addreſſed him to this effect, "You ſee, ſir, an "orphan who is under the greateſt obligations to "your bounty, but who has been equally injured "by your ſuſpicions. When I was a dependent "upon your liberality, I would not aſſert my inno-"cence, becauſe I could not bear to be ſuſpected of "falſehood: but I aſſert it now I am the poſſeſſor of "a paternal eſtate, becauſe I cannot bear to be ſuſ-"pected of ingratitude; that your ſon preſſed me to "marry him, is true; but it is alſo true that I re-"fuſed him, becauſe I would not diſappoint your "hopes and impoveriſh your poſterity." The old gentleman's confuſion was increaſed by the wonders that crowded upon him: he firſt made ſome attempts to apologize for his ſuſpicions with awkwardneſs and heſitation; then doubting the truth of appearance, he broke off abruptly and remained ſilent; then reproaching himſelf, he began to congratulate her upon her good fortune, and again deſiſted before he had finiſhed the compliment. MELISSA perceived his perplexity and gueſſed the cauſe; ſhe was, therefore, about to account more particularly for the ſudden change of her circumſtances, but Miſs, whoſe maid had brought her intelligence from the ſervants, that the lady's name who was with her papa was MELISSA, and that ſhe was lately come to a great eſtate by the death of her uncle, could no longer reſtrain the impatience of her affection and joy: ſhe ruſhed into the room and fell upon her neck, with a tranſport that can only be felt by friendſhip, and expreſſed by tears. When this tender ſilence was paſt, the ſcruples of doubt were ſoon obviated; the reconciliation was reciprocal and ſincere; the father led out his gueſt, and preſented

preſented her to his ſon with an apology for his conduct to them both.

MELISSA had beſpoke a dinner and beds at the inn, but ſhe was not ſuffered to return. Within a few weeks ſhe became the daughter of her friend, who gave her hand to his ſon, with whom ſhe ſhared many years that happineſs which is the reward of virtue. They had ſeveral children, but none ſurvived them; and MELISSA, upon the death of her huſband, which happened about ſeven years ago, retired wholly from town to her eſtate in the country, where ſhe lived beloved, and died in peace.

HAPPINESS AND MISERY.

NUMB. 10. SATURDAY, *December* 9, 1752.

Da, Pater, auguſtam menti conſcendere ſedem;
Da fontem luſtrare boni; da, luce repertâ,
In Te conſpicuos animi defigere viſus! BOETH.

Give me, O Father, to thy throne acceſs,
Unſhaken ſeat of endleſs happineſs!
Give me, unveil'd, the ſource of good to ſee!
Give me thy light, and fix mine eyes on thee!

NOTHING has offended me more, than the manner in which ſubjects of eternal moment are often treated. To diſpute on moral and theological topics is become a faſhion; and it is uſual with perſons, of whom it is no reproach to ſay they are ignorant, becauſe their opportunities of gaining knowledge have been few, to determine with the utmoſt confidence upon queſtions to which no human intellect is equal. In almoſt every tavern and every alehouſe illiterate petulance prates of fitneſs and virtue, of freedom and fate; and it is common to hear diſputes concerning everlaſting happineſs and miſery, the myſteries of religion and the attributes of GOD, intermingled with lewdneſs and blaſphemy,

phemy, or at leaſt treated with wanton negligence and abſurd merriment.

For lewdneſs and blaſphemy, it is hoped, no apology will ſeriouſly be offered: and it is probable, that if the queſtion in debate was, which of the diſputants ſhould be hanged on the morrow, it would be conducted with decency and gravity, as a matter of ſome importance: that riſible good-humour, and that noble freedom, of which they appear to be ſo fond, would be thought not well to agree with their ſubject; nor would either of the gentlemen be much delighted, if an argument intended to demonſtrate that he would within a few hours be ſuſpended on a gibbet, ſhould be embelliſhed with a witty alluſion to a button and loop, or a jocular remark that it would effectually ſecure him from future accidents either by land or water: and yet the juſtice and mercy of OMNIPOTENCE, the life and death of the Soul, are treated with ridicule and ſport; and it is contended, that with ridicule and ſport they ought always to be treated.

But the effect, as well as the manner of theſe faſhionable diſputes, is always ill: They tend to eſtabliſh what is called natural religion, upon the ruins of CHRISTIANITY; and a man has no ſooner ſtiled himſelf a moral philoſopher, than he finds that his duty both to GOD and man is contracted into a very ſmall compaſs, and may be practiſed with the greateſt facility. Yet as this effect is not always apparent, the unwary are frequently deluded into fatal error; and imagine they are attaining the higheſt degree of moral excellence, while they are inſenſibly loſing the principles upon which alone temptation can be reſiſted, and a ſteady perſeverance in well-doing ſecured.

Among other favourite and unſuſpected topics, is the EXCELLENCY OF VIRTUE. Virtue is ſaid neceſſarily to produce its own happineſs, and to be conſtantly

conſtantly and adequately its own reward; as vice, on the contrary, never fails to produce miſery, and inflict upon itſelf the puniſhment it deſerves; propoſitions, of which every one is ready to affirm, that they may be admitted without ſcruple, and believed without danger. But, from hence it is inferred, that future rewards and puniſhments are not neceſſary, either to furniſh adequate motives to the practice of virtue, or to juſtify the ways of GOD. In conſequence of their being not neceſſary, they become doubtful; the DEITY is leſs and leſs the object of fear and hope; and as virtue is ſaid to be that which produces ultimate good below, whatever is ſuppoſed to produce ultimate good below is ſaid to be virtue: right and wrong are confounded, becauſe remote conſequences cannot perfectly be known; the principal barrier, by which appetite and paſſion are reſtrained, is broken down; the remonſtrances of conſcience are overborne by ſophiſtry; and the acquired and habitual ſhame of vice is ſubdued by the perpetual efforts of vigorous reſiſtance.

But the inference from which theſe dreadful conſequences proceed, however plauſible, is not juſt; nor does it appear from experience, that the premiſes are true.

That VIRTUE ALONE IS HAPPINESS BELOW, is indeed a maxim in ſpeculative morality, which all the treaſures of learning have been laviſhed to ſupport, and all the flowers of wit collected to recommend; it has been the favourite of ſome among the wiſeſt and beſt of mankind in every generation; and is at once venerable for its age, and lovely in the bloom of a new youth. And yet if it be allowed, that they who languiſh in diſeaſe and indigence, who ſuffer pain, hunger and nakedneſs, in obſcurity and ſolitude, are leſs happy than thoſe, who, with the ſame degree of virtue, enjoy health, and eaſe, and plenty, who are diſtingniſhed by fame, and

courted

courted by ſociety; it follows, that virtue alone is not efficient of happineſs, becauſe virtue cannot always beſtow thoſe things upon which happineſs is confeſſed to depend.

It is indeed true, that virtue in proſperity enjoys more than vice, and that in adverſity ſhe ſuffers leſs: if proſperity and adverſity, therefore, were merely accidental to virtue and vice, it might be granted, that, ſetting aſide thoſe things upon which moral conduct has no influence, as foreign to the queſtion, every man is happy, either negatively or poſitively, in proportion as he is virtuous; though it were denied, that virtue alone could put into his poſſeſſion all that is eſſential to human felicity.

But proſperity and adverſity, affluence and want, are not independant upon moral conduct: external advantages are frequently obtained by vice, and forfeited by virtue; for, as an eſtate may be gained by ſecreting a will, or loading a die, an eſtate may alſo be loſt by with-holding a vote, or rejecting a job.

Are external advantages then too light to turn the ſcale? Will an act of virtue, by which all are rejected, enſure more happineſs than an act of vice, by which all are procured? Are the advantages, which an eſtate obtained by an act of vice beſtows, overbalanced through life by regret and remorſe? And the indigence and contumely that follow the loſs of conveniencies, which virtue has rejected, more than compenſated by content and ſelf-approbation?

That which is ill gotten, is not always ill uſed; nor is that which is well rejected always remembered without regret. It is not to be ſuppoſed that he, who by an act of fraud gained the poſſeſſion of a thouſand pounds a year, which he ſpends in ſuch a gratification of his appetites and paſſions as is conſiſtent with health and reputation, in the reciprocation

of civilities among his equals, and ſometimes in acts of bounty and munificence, and who uſes the power and influence which it gives him ſo as to conciliate affection and procure reſpect; has leſs happineſs below, than if by a ſtronger effort of virtue, he had continued in a ſtate of dependance and poverty, neglected and deſpiſed, deſtitute of any other means to exerciſe the ſocial affections than mutual condolence with thoſe who ſuffer the ſame calamity, and almoſt wiſhing, in the bitterneſs of his diſtreſs, that he had improved the opportunity which he had loſt.

It may indeed be urged, that the happineſs and infelicity of both theſe ſtates are ſtill in exact proportion to virtue: that the affluence, which was acquired by a ſingle act of vice, is enjoyed only by the exerciſe of virtue, and that the penury, incurred by a ſingle effort of virtue, is rendered afflictive only by impatience and diſcontent.

But whether this be granted or denied, it remains true that the happineſs in both theſe ſtates is not equal; and that in one the means to enjoy life were acquired by vice, which in the other were loſt by virtue. And if it be poſſible, by a ſingle act of vice, to encreaſe happineſs upon the whole of life; from what rational motives can the temptation to that act be reſiſted? From none, ſurely, but ſuch as ariſe from the belief of a future ſtate, in which virtue will be rewarded and vice puniſhed; for to what can happineſs be wiſely ſacrificed, but to greater happineſs? and how can the ways of God be juſtified, if a man by the irreparable injury of his neighbour becomes happier upon the whole, than he would have been if he had obſerved the eternal rule, and done to another as he would that another ſhould do to him?

Perhaps I may be told, that to talk of ſacrificing happineſs to a greater happineſs, as virtue, is abſurd; and that he who is reſtrained from fraud or violence,

violence, merely by the fear of hell, is no more virtuous than he who is reſtrained merely by the fear of a gibbet.

But ſuppoſing this to be true, yet with reſpect to ſociety, mere external rectitude of conduct anſwers all the purpoſes of virtue; and if I travel without being robbed, it is of little conſequence to me, whether the perſons whom I meet on the road were reſtrained from attempting to invade my property by the fear of puniſhment, or the abhorrence of vice: ſo that the gibbet, if it does not produce virtue, is yet of ſuch inconteſtible utility, that I believe thoſe gentlemen would be very unwilling that it ſhould be removed, who are, notwithſtanding, ſo zealous to ſteel every breaſt againſt the fear of damnation; nor would they be content, however negligent of their ſouls, that their property ſhould be no otherwiſe ſecured, than by the power of MORAL BEAUTY, and the prevalence of ideal enjoyments.

If it be aſked, how moral agents became the ſubjects of accidental and adventitious happineſs and miſery; and why they were placed in a ſtate in which it frequently happens, that virtue only alleviates calamity, and vice only moderates delight; the anſwer of REVELATION is known, and it muſt be the taſk of thoſe who reject it to give a better: It is enough for me to have proved that man is at preſent in ſuch a ſtate: I pretend not to trace the "unſearchable "ways of the ALMIGHTY," nor attempt to "pene-"trate the darkneſs that ſurrounds his throne:" but amidſt this enlightened generation, in which ſuch multitudes can account for apparent obliquities and defects in the natural and the moral world, I am content with an humble expectation of that time, in which "every thing that is crooked ſhall be made "ſtrait, and every thing that is imperfect ſhall be "done away."

INFIDELITY.

NUMB. 12. SATURDAY, *December* 16, 1752.

Magnum pauperies opprobrium jubet
Quidvis aut facere aut pati. HOR.

He whom the dread of want enſnares,
With baſeneſs acts, with meanneſs bears.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

OF all the expedients that have been found out to alleviate the miſeries of life, none is left to deſpair but complaint; and though complaint, without hope of relief, may be thought rather to encreaſe than mitigate anguiſh, as it recollects every circumſtance of diſtreſs, and imbitters the memory of paſt ſufferings by the anticipation of future; yet, like weeping, it is an indulgence of that which it is pain to ſuppreſs, and ſooths with the hope of pity the wretch who deſpairs of comfort. Of this number is he who now addreſſes you: yet the ſolace of complaint and the hope of pity, are not the only motives that have induced me to communicate the ſeries of events, by which I have been led on in an inſenſible deviation from felicity, and at laſt plunged in irremediable calamity: I wiſh that others may eſcape perdition; and am, therefore, ſolicitous to warn them of the path, that leads to the precipice from which I have fallen.

I am the only child of a wealthy farmer, who, as he was himſelf illiterate, was the more zealous to make his ſon a ſcholar; imagining that there was in the knowledge of Greek and Latin, ſome ſecret charm of perpetual influence, which as I paſſed through life would ſmooth the way before me, eſta-

bliſh the happineſs of ſucceſs, and ſupply new reſources to diſappointment. But not being able to deny himſelf the pleaſure he found in having me about him, inſtead of ſending me out to a boarding-ſchool, he offered the curate of the pariſh ten pounds a year and his board to become my tutor.

This gentleman, who was in years, and had lately buried his wife, accepted the employment, but refuſed the ſalary: the work of education, he ſaid, would agreeably fill his intervals of leiſure, and happily coincide with the duties of his function: but he obſerved that his curacy, which was thirty pounds a year, and had long ſubſiſted him when he had a family, would make him wealthy now he was a ſingle man; and therefore he inſiſted to pay for his board: to this my father, with whatever reluctance, was obliged to conſent. At the age of ſix years I began to read my Accidence under my preceptor; and at fifteen had gone through the Latin and Greek Claſſicks. But the languages were not all that I learned of this gentleman; beſides other ſcience of leſs importance, he taught me the theory of CHRISTIANITY by his precepts, and the practice by his example.

As his temper was calm and ſteady, the influence which he had acquired over me was unlimited: he was never capriciouſly ſevere: ſo that I regarded his diſpleaſure not as an effect of his infirmity, but of my own fault: he diſcovered ſo much affection in the pleaſure with which he commended, and in the tender concern with which he reproved me, that I loved him as a father; and his devotion, though rational and manly, was yet ſo habitual and fervent, that I reverenced him as a ſaint. I found even my paſſions controuled by an awe which his preſence impreſſed; and by a conſtant attention to his doctrine and his life, I acquired ſuch a ſenſe of my connexion with the inviſible world, and ſuch a con-

viction of the conſciouſneſs of DEITY to all my thoughts, that every inordinate wiſh was ſecretly ſuppreſſed, and my conduct regulated by the moſt ſcrupulous circumſpection.

My father thought he had now taken ſufficient care of my education, and therefore began to expect that I ſhould aſſiſt in overlooking his ſervants, and managing his farm, in which he intended I ſhould ſucceed him: but my preceptor, whoſe principal view was not my temporal advantage, told him, that, as a farmer, great part of my learning would be totally uſeleſs; and that the only way to make me ſerviceable to mankind, in proportion to the knowledge I had acquired, would be to ſend me to the univerſity, that at a proper time I might take orders. But my father, beſides that he was ſtill unwilling to part with me, had probably many reaſons againſt my entering the world in a caſſock: ſuch, however, was the deference which he paid to my tutor, that he had almoſt implicitly ſubmitted to his determination, when a relation of my mother's, who was an attorney of great practice in the Temple, came to ſpend part of the long vacation at our houſe, in conſequence of invitations which had been often repeated during an abſence of many years.

My father thought that an opportunity of conſulting how to diſpoſe of me, with a man ſo well acquainted with life, was not to be loſt; and perhaps he ſecretly hoped, that my preceptor would give up his opinion as indefenſible, if a perſon of the lawyer's experience ſhould declare againſt it. My couſin was accordingly made umpire in the debate; and after he had heard the arguments on both ſides, he declared againſt my becoming a farmer: he ſaid, it would be an act of injuſtice to bury my parts and learning in the obſcurity of rural life; becauſe, if produced to the world, they would probably be rewarded with wealth, and diſtinction. My preceptor imagined

imagined the queſtion was now finally determined in his favour; and being obliged to viſit one of his pariſhioners that was ſick, he gave me a look of congratulation as he went out, and I perceived his cheek glow with a fluſh of triumph, and his eye ſparkle with tears of delight.

But he had no ſooner left the room, than my couſin gave the converſation another turn; he told my father, that though he had oppoſed his making me a farmer, he was not an advocate for my becoming a parſon; for that to make a young fellow a parſon, without being able to procure him a living, was to make him a beggar: he then made ſome witty reflections on the old gentleman who was juſt gone out; "Nobody," he ſaid, "could queſtion his "having been put to a bad trade, who conſidered "his circumſtances now he had followed it forty "years." And after ſome other ſprightly ſallies, which, though they made my father laugh, made me tremble; he clapped him upon the ſhoulder, "If "you have a mind your boy ſhould make a figure in "life, old gentleman," ſays he, "put him clerk to "me; my lord chancellor King was no better than "the ſon of a country ſhopkeeper; and my maſter "gave a perſon of much greater eminence many a "half crown when he was an attorney's clerk in "the next chambers to mine. What ſay you? ſhall I "take him up with me or no?" My father, who had liſtened to this propoſal with great eagerneſs, as ſoon as my couſin had done ſpeaking, cried, "A match;" and immediately gave him his hand, in token of his conſent. Thus the bargain was ſtruck, and my fate determined before my tutor came back.

It was in vain that he afterwards objected to the character of my new maſter, and expreſſed the moſt dreadful apprehenſions at my becoming an attorney's clerk, and entering into the ſociety of wretches who had been repreſented to him, and perhaps not un-

juſtly, as the moſt profligate upon earth: they do not, indeed, become worſe than others, merely as clerks; but as young perſons, who with more money to ſpend in the gratification of appetite, are ſooner than others abandoned to their own conduct: for though they are taken from under the protection of a parent, yet being ſcarce conſidered as in a ſtate of ſervitude, they are not ſufficiently reſtrained by the authority of a maſter.

My father had conceived of my couſin as the beſt-natured man in the world: and probably was intoxicated with the romantic hope, of living to ſee me upon the Bench at Weſtminſter-Hall, or of meeting me on the circuit lolling in my own coach, and attended by a crowd of the inferior inſtruments of juſtice. He was not therefore to be moved either by expoſtulation or intreaty; and I ſet out with my couſin on horſeback, to meet the ſtage at a town within a few miles, after having taken leave of my father, with a tenderneſs that melted us both; and received from the hoary ſaint his laſt inſtructions and benediction, and at length the parting embrace, which was given with the ſilent ardor of unutterable wiſhes, and repeated with tears that could no longer be ſuppreſſed or concealed.

When we were ſeated in the coach, my couſin began to make himſelf merry with the regret and diſcontent that he perceived in my countenance, at leaving a cowhouſe, a hog-ſtye, and two old grey-pates, who were contending whether I ſhould be buried in a farm or a college. I, who had never heard either my father or my tutor treated with irreverence, could not conceal my diſpleaſure or reſentment: but he ſtill continued to rally my country ſimplicity with many alluſions which I did not then underſtand, but which greatly delighted the reſt of the company. The fourth day brought us to our journey's end, and my maſter, as ſoon as we reached his chambers, ſhook me

me by the hand, and bid me welcome to the Temple.

He had been ſome years a widower, and his only child a daughter being ſtill at a boarding-ſchool, his family conſiſted only of a man and maid-ſervant and myſelf: for though he had two hired clerks, yet they lodged and boarded themſelves. The horrid lewdneſs and profaneneſs of theſe fellows terrified and diſguſted me; nor could I believe that my maſter's property and intereſt could be ſafely intruſted with men, who in every reſpect appeared to be ſo deſtitute of virtue and religion: I, therefore, thought it my duty to appriſe him of his danger; and accordingly one day when we were at dinner, I communicated my ſuſpicion, and the reaſon upon which it was founded. The formal ſolemnity with which I introduced this converſation, and the air of importance which I gave to my diſcovery, threw him into a violent fit of laughter, which ſtruck me dumb with confuſion and aſtoniſhment. As ſoon as he recovered himſelf, he told me, that though his clerks might uſe ſome expreſſions that I had not been accuſtomed to hear, yet he believed them very honeſt; and that he placed more confidence in them, than he would in a formal prig, of whom he knew nothing but that he went every morning and evening to prayers, and ſaid grace before and after meat; that as to ſwearing they meant no harm; and as he did not doubt but that every young fellow liked a girl, it was better they ſhould joke about it than be hypocritical and ſly: not that he would be thought to ſuſpect my integrity, or to blame me for practices, which he knew to be merely effects of the bigotry and ſuperſtition in which I had been educated, and not the diſguiſes of cunning or the ſubterfuges of guilt.

I was greatly mortified at my couſin's behaviour on this occaſion, and wondered from what cauſe it

could proceed, and why he ſhould ſo lightly paſs over thoſe vices in others, from which he abſtained himſelf; for I had never heard him ſwear; and as his expreſſions were not obſcene, I imagined his converſation was chaſte; in which, however, my ignorance deceived me, and it was not long before I had reaſon to change my opinion of his character.

NUMB. 13. TUESDAY, *December* 19. 1752.

--------Sic omnia fatis
In pejus ruere, ac retro ſublapſa referri:
Non aliter quam qui adverſo vix flumine lembum
Remigiis ſubigit: Si brachia forte remiſit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni. VIRG.

Thus all below, whether by nature's curſe,
Or fate's decree, degen'rate ſtill to worſe.
So the boat's brawny crew the current ſtem,
And, ſlow advancing, ſtruggle with the ſtream:
But if they ſlack their hands, or ceaſe to ſtrive,
Then down the flood with headlong haſte they drive. DRYDEN.

THERE came one morning to enquire for him at his chambers, a lady who had ſomething in her manner which caught my attention and excited my curioſity: her cloaths were fine, but the manner in which they were put on was rather flaunting than elegant; her addreſs was not eaſy nor polite, but ſeemed to be a ſtrange mixture of affected ſtate and licentious familiarity: ſhe looked in the glaſs while ſhe was ſpeaking to me, and without any confuſion adjuſted her tucker: ſhe ſeemed rather pleaſed than diſconcerted at being regarded with earneſtneſs; and being told that my couſin was abroad, ſhe aſked ſome trifling queſtions, and then making a ſlight curtſey, took up the ſide of her hoop with a jerk that diſcovered at leaſt half her leg, and hurried down ſtairs.

I could

I could not help enquiring of the clerks, if they knew this lady; and was greatly confounded when they told me with an air of ſecrecy, that ſhe was my couſin's miſtreſs, whom he had kept almoſt two years in lodgings near Covent-garden. At firſt I ſuſpected this information; but it was ſoon confirmed by ſo many circumſtances, that I could no longer doubt of its truth.

As my principles were yet untainted, and the influence of my education was ſtill ſtrong, I regarded my couſin's ſentiments as impious and deteſtable; and his example rather ſtruck me with horror, than ſeduced me to imitation. I flattered myſelf with hopes of effecting his reformation, and took every opportunity to hint the wickedneſs of allowed incontinence; for which I was always rallied when he was diſpoſed to be merry, and anſwered with the contemptuous ſneer of ſelf-ſufficiency when he was ſullen.

Near four years of my clerkſhip were now expired, and I had never yet entered the liſts as a diſputant with my couſin: for though I conceived myſelf to be much his ſuperior in moral and theological learning, and though he often admitted me to familiar converſation, yet I ſtill regarded the ſubordination of a ſervant to a maſter, as one of the duties of my ſtation, and preſerved it with ſuch exactneſs, that I never exceeded a queſtion or a hint when we were alone, and was always ſilent when he had company, though I frequently heard ſuch poſitions advanced, as made me wonder that no tremendous token of the divine diſpleaſure immediately followed: but coming one night from the tavern, warm with wine, and, as I imagined, fluſhed with polemic ſucceſs, he inſiſted upon my taking one glaſs with him before he went to bed; and almoſt as ſoon as we were ſeated, he gave me a formal challenge, by denying all DIVINE REVELATION, and defying me to prove it.

I now conſidered every diſtinction as thrown down, and ſtood forth as the champion of religion, with that elation of mind which the hero always feels at the approach of danger. I thought myſelf ſecure of victory; and rejoicing that he had now compelled me to do what I had often wiſhed he would permit, I obliged him to declare that he would diſpute upon equal terms, and we began the debate. But it was not long before I was aſtoniſhed to find myſelf confounded by a man, whom I ſaw half drunk, and whoſe learning and abilities I deſpiſed when he was ſober: for as I had but very lately diſcovered, that any of the principles of religion, from the immortality of the ſoul to the deepeſt myſtery, had been ſo much as queſtionnd, all his objections were new. I was aſſaulted where I had made no preparation for defence; and having not been ſo much accuſtomed to diſputation, as to conſider, that, in the preſent weakneſs of human intellects, it is much eaſier to object than anſwer, and that in every diſquiſition difficulties are found which cannot be reſolved, I was overborne by the ſudden onſet, and in the tumult of my ſearch after anſwers to his cavils, forgot to preſs the poſitive arguments on which religion is eſtabliſhed: he took advantage of my confuſion, proclaimed his own triumph, and becauſe I was depreſſed, treated me as vanquiſhed.

As the event which had thus mortified my pride, was perpetually revolved in my mind, the ſame miſtake ſtill continued: I enquired for ſolutions inſtead of proofs, and found myſelf more and more entangled in the ſnares of ſophiſtry. In ſome other converſations which my couſin was now eager to begin, new difficulties were ſtarted, the labyrinth of doubt grew more intricate, and as the queſtion was of infinite moment, my mind was brought into the moſt diſtreſsful anxiety. I ruminated inceſſantly on the ſubject of our debate, ſometimes chiding myſelf for my

my doubts, and ſometimes applauding the courage and freedom of my inquiry.

While my mind was in this ſtate, I heard by accident that there was a club at an alehouſe in the neighbourhood, where ſuch ſubjects were freely debated, to which every body was admitted without ſcruple or formality: to this club in an evil hour I reſolved to go, that I might learn how knotty points were to be diſcuſſed, and truth diſtinguiſhed from error.

Accordingly on the next club night I mingled with the multitude that was aſſembled in this ſchool of folly and infidelity: I was at firſt diſguſted at the groſs ignorance of ſome, and ſhocked at the horrid blaſphemy of others; but curioſity prevailed, and my ſenſibility by degrees wore off. I found that almoſt every ſpeaker had a different opinion, which ſome of them ſupported by arguments, that to me, who was utterly unacquainted with diſputation, appeared to hold oppoſite probabilities in exact equipoiſe; ſo that, inſtead of being confirmed in any principle, I was diveſted of all; the perplexity of my mind was increaſed, and I contracted ſuch a habit of queſtioning whatever offered itſelf to my imagination, that I almoſt doubted of my own exiſtence.

In proportion as I was leſs aſſured in my principles, I was leſs circumſpect in my conduct: but ſuch was ſtill the force of education, that any groſs violence offered to that which I had held ſacred, and every act which I had been uſed to regard as incurring the forfeiture of the DIVINE FAVOUR, ſtung me with remorſe. I was indeed ſtill reſtrained from flagitious immorality, by the power of habit: but this power grew weaker and weaker, and the natural propenſity to ill gradually took place; as the motion that is communicated to a ball which is ſtruck up into the air, becomes every moment leſs and leſs, till at length it recoils by its own weight.

Fear

Fear and hope, the great ſprings of human action, had now loſt their principal objects, as I doubted whether the enjoyment of the preſent moment was not all that I could ſecure; my power to reſiſt temptation diminiſhed with my dependence upon the GRACE OF GOD, and regard to the ſanction of his law; and I was firſt ſeduced by a proſtitute, in my return from a declamation on the BEAUTY of virtue, and the ſtrength of the MORAL SENSE.

I began now to give myſelf up intirely to ſenſuality, and the gratification of appetite terminated my proſpects of felicity: that peace of mind, which is the ſunſhine of the ſoul, was exchanged for the gloom of doubt, and the ſtorm of paſſion; and my confidence in GOD and hope of everlaſting joy, for ſudden terrors and vain wiſhes, the lothings of ſatiety, and the anguiſh of diſappointment.

I was indeed impatient under this fluctuation of opinion, and therefore I applied to a gentleman who was a principal ſpeaker at the club, and deemed a profound philoſopher, to aſſiſt the labours of my own mind in the inveſtigation of truth, and relieve me from diſtraction by removing my doubts: but this gentleman, inſtead of adminiſtering relief, lamented the prejudice of education, which he ſaid hindered me from yielding without reſerve to the force of truth, and might perhaps always keep my mind anxious, though my judgement ſhould be convinced. But as the moſt effectual remedy for this deplorable evil, he recommended to me the works of Chubb, Morgan, and many others, which I procured, and read with great eagerneſs; and though I was not at laſt a ſound deiſt, yet I perceived with ſome pleaſure that my ſtock of polemic knowledge was greatly increaſed; ſo that, inſtead of being an auditor, I commenced a ſpeaker at the club: and though to ſtand up and babble to a crowd in an alehouſe, till ſilence is commanded by the ſtroke of a hammer, is as low

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an ambition as can taint the human mind, yet I was much elevated by my new diſtinction, and pleaſed with the deference that was paid to my judgement. I ſometimes, indeed, reflected, that I was propagating opinions by which I had myſelf become vicious and wretched: but it immediately occurred, that though my conduct was changed, it could not be proved that my virtue was leſs; becauſe many things, which I avoided as vicious upon my old principles, were innocent upon my new. I therefore went on in my career, and was perpetually racking my invention for new topics and illuſtration; and among other expedients, as well to advance my reputation, as to quiet my conſcience, and deliver me from the torment of remorſe, I thought of the following.

Having learned that all error is innocent, becauſe it is involuntary, I concluded, that nothing more was neceſſary to quiet the mind than to prove that all vice was error: I therefore formed the following argument; "No man becomes vicious, but from a "belief that vice will confer happineſs: he may, "indeed, have been told the contrary: but implicit "faith is not required of reaſonable beings: there-"fore, as every man ought to ſeek happineſs, every "man may lawfully make the experiment: if he is "diſappointed, it is plain that he did not intend "that which has happened; ſo that every vice is "an error; and therefore no vice will be puniſh-"ed."

I communicated this ingenious contrivance to my friend the philoſopher, who, inſtead of detecting the difference between ignorance and perverſeneſs, or ſtating the limitations within which we are bound to ſeek our own happineſs, applauded the acuteneſs of my penetration, and the force of my reaſoning. I was impatient to diſplay ſo novel and important a diſcovery to the club, and the attention that it drew upon me gratified my ambition, to the utmoſt of my expectation.

expectation. I had indeed ſome opponents; but they were ſo little ſkilled in argumentation, and ſo ignorant of the ſubject, that it only rendered my conqueſt more ſignal and important; for the chairman ſummed up the arguments on both ſides, with ſo exact and ſcrupulous an impartiality, that as I appeared not to have been confuted, thoſe who could not diſcover the weakneſs of my antagoniſts, thought that to confute me was impoſſible; my ſophiſtry was taken for demonſtration, and the number of proſelytes was incredible. The aſſembly conſiſted chiefly of clerks and apprentices, young perſons who had received a religious though not a liberal education; for thoſe who were totally ignorant, or wholly abandoned, troubled not themſelves with ſuch diſputations as were carried on at our club; and theſe unhappy boys, the impetuoſity of whoſe paſſions was reſtrained chiefly by fear, as virtue had not yet become a habit, were glad to have the ſhackles ſtruck off which they were told prieſtcraft had put on.

But however I might ſatisfy others, I was not yet ſatisfied myſelf; my torment returned, and new opiates became neceſſary: they were not indeed eaſily to be found; but ſuch was my good fortune, that an illiterate mechanic afforded me a moſt ſeaſonable relief, "by diſcuſſing the important queſtion, and demonſtrating that the ſoul was not nor could be immortal." I was, indeed, diſpoſed to believe without the ſevereſt ſcrutiny, what I now began ſecretly to wiſh; for ſuch was the ſtate of my mind, that I was willing to give up the hope of everlaſting happineſs, to be delivered from the dread of perpetual miſery; and as I thought of dying as a remote event, the apprehenſion of loſing my exiſtence with my life, did not much interrupt the pleaſures of the bagnio and the tavern.

They were, however, interrupted by another cauſe; for I contracted a diſtemper, which alarmed and

and terrified me, in proportion as its progreſs was ſwiſt, and its conſequences were dreadful. In this diſtreſs I applied to a young ſurgeon, who was a ſpeaker at the club, and gained a genteel ſubſiſtance by keeping it in repair; he treated my complaint as a trifle; and to prevent any ſerious reflections in this interval of pain and ſolitude, he rallied the deplorable length of my countenance, and exhorted me to behave like a man.

My pride, rather than my fear, made me very ſolicitous to conceal this diſorder from my couſin; but he ſoon diſcovered it rather with pleaſure than anger, as it completed his triumph, and afforded him a new ſubject of raillery and merriment. By the ſpiritual and corporeal aſſiſtance of my ſurgeon, I was at length reſtored to my health, with the ſame diſſolute morals, and a reſolution to purſue my pleaſures with more caution: inſtead, therefore, of hiring a proſtitute, I now endeavoured to ſeduce the virgin, and corrupt the wife.

NUMB. 14. SATURDAY, *December* 23, 1752.

Admonet, et magnâ teſtatur voce per umbras:
Diſcite juſtitiam moniti, et non temnere Divos. VIRG.

Ev'n yet his voice from hell's dread ſhades we hear---
"Beware, learn juſtice, and the Gods revere."

IN theſe attempts my new principles afforded me great aſſiſtance: for I found that thoſe whom I could convert, I could eaſily debauch; and that to convert many, nothing more was neceſſary than to advance my principles, and alledge ſomething in defence of them, by which I appeared to be convinced myſelf; for not being able to diſpute, they thought that the argument which had convinced me, would, if they could underſtand it, convince them: ſo that, by yielding

yielding an implicit aſſent, they at once paid a compliment to their own judgments, and ſmoothed the way to the indulgence of appetite.

While I was thus gratifying every inordinate deſire, and paſſing from one degree of guilt to another, my couſin determined to take his daughter, who was now in her 19th year, from ſchool; and as he intended to make her miſtreſs of his family, he quitted his chambers, and took a houſe.

This young lady I had frequently ſeen, and always admired; ſhe was therefore no ſooner come home, than I endeavoured to recommend myſelf by a thouſand aſſiduities, and rejoiced in the many opportunities that were afforded me to entertain her alone; and perceived that ſhe was not diſpleaſed with my company, nor inſenſible to my complaiſance.

My couſin, though he had ſeen the effects of his documents of infidelity in the corruption of my morals, yet could not forbear to ſneer at religion in the preſence of his daughter; a practice in which I now always concurred, as it facilitated the execution of a deſign that I had formed of rendering her ſubſervient to my pleaſures. I might indeed have married her, and perhaps my couſin ſecretly intended that I ſhould; but I knew women too well to think that marriage would confine my wiſhes to a ſingle object; and I was utterly averſe to a ſtate, in which the pleaſure of variety muſt be ſacrificed to domeſtic quiet, or domeſtic quiet to the pleaſure of variety; for I neither imagined that I could long indulge myſelf in an unlawful familiarity with many women, before it would by ſome accident be diſcovered to my wife; nor that ſhe would be ſo very courteous or philoſophical, as to ſuffer this indulgence without expoſtulation and clamour: and beſides, I had no liking to a brood of children, whoſe wants would ſoon become importunate, and whoſe claim to my induſtry and frugality would be univerſally acknowledged; though the off-

ſpring

ſpring of a miſtreſs might be abandoned to beggary, without breach of the law, or offence to ſociety.

The young lady, on the contrary, as ſhe perceived that my addreſſes exceeded common civilities, did not queſtion but that my view was to obtain her for a wife; and I could diſcern that ſhe often expected ſuch a declaration, and ſeemed diſappointed that I had not yet propoſed an application to her father: but imagining, I ſuppoſe, that theſe circumſtances were only delayed till the fitteſt opportunity, ſhe did not ſcruple to admit all the freedoms that were conſiſtent with modeſty; and I drew every day nearer to the accompliſhment of my deſign, by inſenſible approaches, without alarming her fear, or confirming her hopes.

I knew that only two things were neceſſary; her paſſions were to be inflamed, and the motives from which they were to be ſuppreſſed, removed. I was therefore perpetually inſinuating, that nothing which was natural could be ill; I complained of the impoſitions and reſtraints of prieſtcraft and ſuperſtition; and, as if theſe hints were caſual and accidental, I would immediately afterwards ſing a tender ſong, repeat ſome ſeducing verſes, or read a novel.

But henceforward, let never inſulted beauty admit a ſecond time into her preſence the wretch who has once attempted to ridicule religion, and ſubſtitute other aids to human frailty, for that "love of "GOD which is better than life," and that "fear "which is the beginning of wiſdom:" for whoever makes ſuch an attempt, intends to betray; the contrary conduct being without queſtion the intereſt of every one whoſe intentions are good, becauſe even thoſe who profanely deny religion to be of DIVINE origin, do yet acknowledge that it is a political inſtitution well calculated to ſtrengthen the band of ſociety, and to keep out the ravager, by intrenching innocence and arming virtue. To oppoſe theſe corrupters

rupters by argument rather than contempt, is to parly with a murderer, who may be excluded by ſhutting a door.

My couſin's daughter uſed frequently to diſpute with me, and theſe diſputes always favoured the execution of my project: though, leſt I ſhould alarm her too much, I often affected to appear half in jeſt; and when I ventured to take any liberty, by which the bounds of modeſty was ſomewhat invaded, I ſuddenly deſiſted with an air of eaſy negligence; and as the attempt was not purſued, and nothing farther ſeemed to be intended than was done, it was regarded but as waggery, and puniſhed only with a ſlap or a frown. Thus ſhe became familiar with infidelity and indecency by degrees.

I once ſubtily engaged her in a debate, whether the gratification of natural appetites was in itſelf innocent; and whether, if ſo, the want of external ceremony could in any caſe render it criminal. I inſiſted that virtue and vice were not influenced by external ceremonies, nor founded upon human laws, which were arbitrary, temporary, and local; and that as a young lady's ſhutting herſelf up in a nunnery was ſtill evil, though enjoined by ſuch laws, ſo the tranſmitting her beauty to poſterity was ſtill good, though under certain circumſtances it had by ſuch laws been forbidden. This ſhe affected utterly to deny, and I propoſed that the queſtion ſhould be referred to her papa, without informing him of our debate, and that it ſhould be determined by his opinion; a propoſal to which ſhe readily agreed. I immediately adverted to other ſubjects, as if I had no intereſt in the iſſue of our debate; but I could perceive that it ſunk deep into her mind, and that ſhe continued more thoughtful than uſual.

I did not however fail to introduce a ſuitable topic of diſcourſe the next time my couſin was preſent, and having ſtated the queſtion in general terms, he gave

gave it in my favour, without ſuſpecting that he was judge in his own cauſe; and the next time I was alone with his daughter, without mentioning his deciſion, I renewed my familiarity, I found her reſiſtance leſs reſolute, purſued my advantage, and completed her ruin.

Within a few months ſhe perceived that ſhe was with child; a circumſtance that ſhe communicated to me with expreſſions of the moſt piercing diſtreſs: but inſtead of conſenting to marry her, to which ſhe had often urged me with all the little arts of perſuaſion that ſhe could practiſe, I made light of the affair, chid her for being ſo much alarmed at ſo trivial an accident, and propoſed a medicine which I told her would effectually prevent the diſcovery of our intercourſe, by deſtroying the effect of it before it could appear. At this propoſition ſhe fainted, and when ſhe recovered, oppoſed it with terror and regret, with tears, trembling and intreaty: but I continued inflexible, and at length either removed or over-ruled her ſcruples, by the ſame arguments that had firſt ſeduced her to guilt.

The long vacation was now commenced, and my clerkſhip was juſt expired: I therefore propoſed to my couſin that we ſhould all make a viſit to my father, hoping that the fatigue of the journey would favour my purpoſe, by increaſing the effect of the medicine, and accounting for an indiſpoſition which it might be ſuppoſed to cauſe.

The plan being thus concerted, and my couſin's concurrence being obtained, it was immediately put in execution. I applied to my old friend the club ſurgeon, to whom I made no ſecret of ſuch affairs, and he immediately furniſhed me with medicaments, which he aſſured me would anſwer my purpoſe; but either by a miſtake in the preparation, or in the quantity, they produced a diſorder, which, ſoon after the dear

dear injured unhappy girl arrived at her journey's end, terminated in her death.

My confuſion and remorſe at this event are not to be expreſſed, but confuſion and remorſe were ſuddenly turned into aſtoniſhment and terror; for ſhe was ſcarce dead before I was taken into cuſtody, upon ſuſpicion of murder. Her father had depoſed, that juſt before ſhe died, ſhe deſired to ſpeak to him in private; and that then, taking his hand, and intreating his forgiveneſs, ſhe told him that ſhe was with child by me, and that I had poiſoned her, under pretence of preſerving her reputation.

Whether ſhe made this declaration, or only confeſſed the truth, and her father to revenge the injury had forged the reſt, cannot now be known; but the coroner having been ſummoned, and the body viewed, and found to have been pregnant, with many marks of a violent and uncommon diſorder, a verdict of wilful murder was brought in againſt me, and I was committed to the county gaol.

As the judges were then upon the circuit, I was within leſs than a fortnight convicted and condemned by the zeal of the jury, whoſe paſſions had been ſo greatly inflamed by the enormity of the crime with which I had been charged, that they were rather willing that I ſhould ſuffer being innocent, than that I ſhould eſcape being guilty; but it appearing to the judge in the courſe of the trial that murder was not intended, he reprieved me before he left the town.

I might now have redeemed the time, and, awakened to a ſenſe of my folly and my guilt, might have made ſome reparation to mankind for the injury which I had done to ſociety; and endeavoured to rekindle ſome ſpark of hope in my own breaſt, by repentance and devotion. But alas! in the firſt tranſports of my mind, upon ſo ſudden and unexpected a calamity, the fear of death yielded to the fear

fear of infamy, and I ſwallowed poiſon: the exceſs of my deſperation hindered its immediate effect; for, as I took too much, great part of it was thrown up, and only ſuch a quantity remained behind, as was ſufficient to inſure my deſtruction, and yet leave me time to contemplate the horrors of the gulph into which I am ſinking.

In this deplorable ſituation I have been viſited by the ſurgeon who was the immediate inſtrument of my misfortune, and the philoſopher who directed my ſtudies: but theſe are friends who only rouſe me to keener ſenſibility, and inflict upon me more exquiſite torment. They reproach me with folly, and upbraid me with cowardice; they tell me too, that the fear of death has made me regret the errors of ſuperſtition; but what would I now give for thoſe erroneous hopes, and that credulous ſimplicity, which, though I have been taught to deſpiſe them, would ſuſtain me in the tremendous hour that approaches, and avert from my laſt agony the horrors of deſpair!

I have indeed a viſitor of another kind, the good old man who firſt taught me to frame a prayer, and firſt animated me with the hope of heaven; but he can only lament with me that this hope will not return, and that I can pray with confidence no more: he cannot by a ſudden miracle re-eſtabliſh the principles which I have ſubverted. My mind is all doubt, and terror, and confuſion; I know nothing but that I have rendered ineffectual the clemency of my JUDGE, that the approach of death is ſwift and inevitable, and that either the ſhades of everlaſting night, or the gleams of unquenchable fire, are at hand. My ſoul in vain ſhrinks backward: I grow giddy with the thought: the next moment is diſtraction! Farewell.

OPSINOUS.

DEVI-

DEVIATION TO VICE.

NUMB. 20. SATURDAY, *January* 13, 1753.

-----Quid violentius aure tyranni. JUV.

Rough truth ſoon irritates a tyrant's ear.

BY which of the Indian ſages of antiquity the following ſtory was written, or whether the people of the Eaſt have any remote tradition upon which it is founded, is not known: but it was probably related in the firſt perſon, to give it an air of greater dignity, and render its influence more powerful: nor would it, perhaps, appear altogether incredible, to people among whom the METEMPSYCHOSIS is an article of faith, and the viſible agency of SUPERIOR BEINGS admitted without ſcruple.

AMURATH, Sultan of the Eaſt, the judge of nations, the diſciple of adverſity, records the wonders of his life: let thoſe who preſumptuouſly queſtion the ways of PROVIDENCE, bluſh in ſilence and be wiſe; let the proud be humble and obtain honour; and let the ſenſual reform and be happy.

The Angel of death cloſed the eyes of the Sultan ABRADIN my father, and his empire deſcended to me in the eighteenth year of my age. At firſt my mind was awed to humility, and ſoftened with grief; I was inſenſible to the ſplendor of dominion, I heard the addreſſes of flattery with diſguſt, and received the homage of dependent greatneſs with indifference. I had always regarded my father not only with love but reverence; and I was now perpetually recollecting inſtances of his tenderneſs, and reviewing the ſolemn ſcene, in which he recommended me to heaven in imperfect language, and graſped my hand in the agonies of death.

One

One evening, after having concealed myſelf all day in his chamber, I viſited his grave: I proſtrated myſelf on his tomb: ſorrow overflowed my eyes, and devotion kindled in my boſom. I felt myſelf ſuddenly ſmitten on the ſhoulder as with a rod; and looking up, I perceived a man whoſe eyes were piercing as light, and his beard whiter than ſnow. "I am," ſaid he, "the Genius SYNDARAC, the "friend of thy father ABRADIN, who was the fear "of his enemies, and the deſire of his people; "whoſe ſmile diffuſed gladneſs like the luſtre of the "morning, and whoſe frown was dreadful as the "gathering of a tempeſt: reſign thyſelf to my in- "fluence, and thou ſhalt be like him." I bowed myſelf to the earth in token of gratitude and obedience, and he put a ring on the middle finger of my left hand, in which I perceived a ruby of a deep colour and uncommon brightneſs. "This ring," ſaid he, "ſhall mark out to thee the boundaries of good "and evil; that, without weighing remote conſe- "quences, thou mayeſt know the nature and ten- "dency of every action. Be attentive, therefore, "to the ſilent admonition; and when the circle of "gold ſhall by a ſudden contraction preſs thy finger, "and the ruby ſhall grow pale, deſiſt immediately "from what thou ſhalt be doing, and mark down "that action in thy memory as a tranſgreſſion of "the rule of right: keep my gift as a pledge of "happineſs and honour, and take it not off for a "moment." I received the ring with a ſenſe of obligation which I ſtrove to expreſs, and an aſtoniſhment that compelled me to be ſilent. The GENIUS perceived my confuſion, and turning from me with a ſmile of complacency, immediately diſappeared.

During the firſt moon I was ſo cautious and circumſpect, that the pleaſure of reflecting that my ring had not once indicated a fault, was leſſened by

a doubt of its virtue. I applied myſelf to public buſineſs: my melancholy decreaſed as my mind was diverted to other objects; and leſt the youth of my court ſhould think that recreation was too long ſuſpended, I appointed to hunt the lion. But though I went out to the ſport rather to gratify others than myſelf, yet my uſual ardour returned in the field; I grew warm in the purſuit, I continued the chace, which was unſucceſsful, too long, and returned fatigued and diſappointed.

As I entered the Seraglio, I was met by a little dog that had been my father's, who expreſſed his joy at my return by jumping round me, and endeavouring to reach my hand: but as I was not diſpoſed to receive his careſſes, I ſtruck him in the fretfulneſs of my diſpleaſure ſo ſevere a blow with my foot, that it left him ſcarce power to crawl away and hide himſelf under a ſofa in a corner of the apartment. At this moment I felt the ring preſs my finger, and looking upon the ruby, I perceived the glow of its colour abated.

I was at firſt ſtruck with ſurprize and regret; but ſurprize and regret quickly gave way to diſdain. "Shall not the Sultan AMURATH," ſaid I, "to "whom a thouſand kings pay tribute, and in whoſe "hand is the life of nations, ſhall not AMURATH "ſtrike a dog that offends him, without being re-"proached for having tranſgreſſed the rule of right?" My ring again preſſed my finger, and the ruby became more pale: immediately the palace ſhook with a burſt of thunder, and the Genius SYNDARAC again ſtood before me.

"AMURATH," ſaid he, "thou haſt offended "againſt thy brother of the duſt; a being who, like "thee, has received from the ALMIGHTY a ca-"pacity of pleaſure and pain; pleaſure which caprice "is not allowed to ſuſpend, and pain which juſtice "only has a right to inflict. If thou art juſtified by "power,

" power, in afflicting inferior beings, I ſhould be " juſtified in afflicting thee: but my power yet ſpares " thee, becauſe it is directed by the laws of ſove- " reign goodneſs, and becauſe thou mayeſt yet be " reclaimed by admonition. But yield not to the " impulſe of quick reſentment, nor indulge in cru- " elty the forwardneſs of diſguſt, leſt by the laws of " goodneſs I be compelled to afflict thee; for he that " ſcorns reproof, muſt be reformed by puniſhment, " or loſt for ever."

At the preſence of SYNDARAC I was troubled, and his words covered me with confuſion: I fell proſtrate at his feet, and heard him pronounce with a milder accent, " Expect not henceforth that I " ſhould anſwer the demands of arrogance, or gra- " tify the ſecurity of ſpeculation; confide in my " friendſhip, and truſt implicitly to thy ring."

As the chace had produced ſo much infelicity, I did not repeat it; but invited my nobles to a banquet, and entertained them with dancing and muſic. I had given leave that all ceremony ſhould be ſuſpended, and that the company ſhould treat me not as a ſovereign but an equal, becauſe the converſation would otherwiſe be encumbered or reſtrained; and I encouraged others to pleaſantry, by indulging the luxuriancy of my own imagination. But though I affected to throw off the trappings of royalty, I had not ſufficient magnanimity to deſpiſe them, I enjoyed the voluntary deference which was paid me, and was ſecretly offended at ALIBEG my Viſier, who endeavoured to prevail upon the aſſembly to enjoy the liberty that had been given them, and was himſelf an example of the conduct that he recommended. I ſingled out as the ſubject of my raillery, the man who alone deſerved my approbation: he believed my condeſcenſion to be ſincere, and imagined that he was ſecuring my favour, by that behaviour which had incurred my diſpleaſure; he was, therefore, grieved and confounded to perceive that I laboured

to render him ridiculous and contemptible: I enjoyed his pain, and was elated at my ſucceſs; but my attention was ſuddenly called to my ring, and I perceived the ruby change colour. I deſiſted for a moment; but ſome of my courtiers having diſcovered and ſeconded my intention, I felt my vanity and my reſentment gratified: I endeavoured to waſh away the remembrance of my ring with wine: my ſatire became more bitter, and ALIBEG diſcovered yet greater diſtreſs. My ring again reproached me; but I ſtill perſevered: the Viſier was at length rouſed to his defence; probably he had diſcovered and deſpiſed my weakneſs; his replies were ſo poignant, that I became outrageous, and deſcended from raillery to invective: at length, diſguiſing the anguiſh of his mind with a ſmile, "AMURATH," ſaid he, "if the SULTAN ſhould know, that after having "invited your friends to feſtivity and merriment, "you had aſſumed his authority, and inſulted thoſe "who were not aware that you diſdained to be "treated with the familiarity of friendſhip, you "would certainly fall under his diſpleaſure." The ſeverity of this ſarcaſm, which was extorted by long provocation from a man warmed with wine, ſtung me with intolerable rage; I ſtarted up, and ſpurning him from the table was about to draw my poignard: when my attention was again called to my ring, and I perceived with ſome degree of regret, that the ruby had faded almoſt to a perfect white.

But inſtead of reſolving to be more watchful againſt whatever might bring me under this ſilent reproof, I comforted myſelf, that the GENIUS would no more alarm me with his preſence. The irregularities of my conduct increaſed almoſt imperceptibly, and the intimations of my ring become proportionably more frequent though leſs forcible, till at laſt they were ſo familiar, that I ſcarce remarked when they were given and when they were ſuſpended.

It

It was ſoon diſcovered that I was pleaſed with ſervility; ſervility, therefore, was practiſed, and I rewarded it ſometimes with a penſion and ſometimes with a place. Thus the government of my kingdoms was left to petty tyrants, who oppreſſed the people to enrich themſelves. In the mean time I filled my Seraglio with women, among whom I abandoned myſelf to ſenſuality, without enjoying the pure delight of that love which ariſes from eſteem. But I had not yet ſtained my hands with blood, nor dared to ridicule the laws which I neglected to fulfil.

My reſentment againſt ALIBEG, however unjuſt, was inflexible, and terminated in the moſt perfect hatred; I degraded him from his office: but I ſtill kept him at court, that I might embitter his life by perpetual indignities, and practiſe againſt him new ſchemes of malevolence.

SELIMA, the daughter of this prince, had been intended by my father for my wife; and the marriage had been delayed only by his death: but the pleaſure and the dignity that ALIBEG would derive from this alliance, had now changed my purpoſe. Yet ſuch was the beauty of SELIMA, that I gazed with deſire; and ſuch was her wit, that I liſtened with delight. I therefore reſolved, that I would if poſſible ſeduce her to voluntary proſtitution; and that when her beauty ſhould yield to the charm of variety, I would diſmiſs her with marks of diſgrace. But in this attempt I could not ſucceed; my ſolicitations were rejected, ſometimes with tears and ſometimes with reproach. I became every day more wretched, by ſeeking to bring calamity upon others; I conſidered my diſappointment as the triumph of a ſlave, whom I wiſhed but did not dare to deſtroy; and I regarded his daughter as the inſtrument of my diſhonour. Thus the tenderneſs, which before had often ſhaken my purpoſe, was weakened; my deſire of beauty became as ſelfiſh and as ſordid an appetite

as my deſire of food and as I had no hope of obtaining the complete gratification of my luſt and my revenge, I determined to enjoy SELIMA by force, as the only expedient to alleviate my torment.

She reſided by my command in an apartment of the Seraglio, and I entered her chamber at midnight by a private door of which I had a key; but with inexpreſſible vexation I found it empty. To be thus diſappointed in my laſt attempt, at the very moment in which I thought I had inſured ſucceſs, diſtracted me with rage; and inſtead of returning to my chamber, and concealing my deſign, I called for her women. They run in pale and trembling: I demanded the lady; they gazed on me aſtoniſhed and terrified, and then looking upon each other ſtood ſilent: I repeated my demand with fury and execration, and to enforce it called aloud for the miniſters of death: they then fell proſtate at my feet, and declared with one voice that they knew not where ſhe was; that they had left her, when they were diſmiſſed for the night, ſitting on a ſofa penſive and alone; and that no perſon had ſince to their knowledge paſſed in or out of her apartment.

NUMB. 21. TUESDAY, *January* 16, 1753.

Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma;
At ſperate Deos memores fandi atque nefandi. VIRG.

Of mortal Juſtice if thou ſcorn the rod---
Believe and tremble, thou art judg'd of GOD.

IN this account, however incredible, they perſiſted without variation; and having filled the palace with alarm and confuſion, I was obliged to retire without gaining any intelligence by what means I had been baffled, or on whom to turn my reſentment. I reviewed

viewed the tranſactions of the night with anguiſh and regret, and bewildered myſelf among the innumerable poſſibilities that might have produced my diſappointment. I remembered that the windows of SELIMA's apartment were open, and I imagined that ſhe might that way have eſcaped into the gardens of the Seraglio. But why ſhould ſhe eſcape who had never been confined? If ſhe had deſigned to depart, ſhe might have departed by day. Had ſhe an aſſignation? and did ſhe intend to return without being known to have been abſent? This ſuppoſition increaſed my torment; becauſe, if it was true, SELIMA had granted to my ſlave, that which ſhe had refuſed to me. But as all theſe conjectures were uncertain, I determined to make her abſence a pretence to deſtroy her father.

In the morning I gave orders that he ſhould be ſeized, and brought before me; but while I was yet ſpeaking, he entered, and proſtating himſelf, thus anticipated my accuſation: "May the Sultan "AMURATH, in whoſe wrath the angel of death "goes forth, rejoice for ever in the ſmile of HEAVEN! "let the wretched ALIBEG periſh; but let my lord "remember SELIMA with mercy: let him diſmiſs "the ſlave in whom he ceaſes to delight." I heard no more, but cried out, "Dareſt thou to mock me "with a requeſt, to diſmiſs the daughter whom thou "haſt ſtolen! thou whoſe life, that has has been ſo "often forfeited, I have yet ſpared! Reſtore her "within one hour, or affronted mercy ſhall give "thee up." "Oh!" ſaid he, "let not the mighty ſovereign of the Eaſt ſport with the miſery of "the weak: if thou haſt doomed us to death, let us "die together."

Though I was now convinced that ALIBEG believed I had confined SELIMA, and decreed her death, yet I reſolved to perſiſt in requiring her at his hands; and therefore diſmiſſed him with a repetition

of my command, to produce her within an hour upon pain of death.

My ring, which, during this ſeries of events, had given perpetual intimations of guilt, which were always diſregarded, now preſſed my finger ſo forcibly, that it gave me great pain, and compelled my notice. I immediately retired, and gave way to the diſcontent that ſwelled my boſom. "How wretched a ſlave is AMURATH to an inviſible tyrant! a being, whoſe malevolence or envy has reſtrained me in the exerciſe of my authority as a prince, and whoſe cunning has contrived perpetually to inſult me by intimating that every action of my life is a crime! How long ſhall I groan under this intolerable oppreſſion! This accurſed ring is the badge and the inſtrument of my ſubjection and diſhonour: he who gave it, is now, perhaps, in ſome remote region of the air; perhaps, he rolls ſome planet in its orbit, agitates the ſouthern ocean with a tempeſt, or ſhakes ſome diſtant region with an earthquake; but wherever he is, he has ſurely a more important employ than to watch my conduct. Perhaps he has contrived this Taliſman, only to reſtrain me from the enjoyment of ſome good, which he wiſhes to withhold. I feel that my deſires are controuled; and to gratify theſe deſires is to be happy." As I pronounced theſe words I drew off the ring, and threw it to the ground with diſdain and indignation: immediately the air grew dark; a cloud burſt in thunder over my head, and the eye of SYNDARAC was upon me. I ſtood before him motionleſs and ſilent; horror thrilled in my veins and my hair ſtood upright. I had neither power to deprecate his anger, nor to confeſs my faults. In his countenance there was a calm ſeverity; and I heard him pronounce theſe words: "Thou haſt now, as far as it is in thy own power, thrown off humanity and degraded thy being: thy

" thy form, therefore, ſhall no longer conceal thy " nature, nor thy example render thy vices conta- " gious." He then touched me with his rod: and while the ſound of his voice yet vibrated in my ears, I found myſelf in the midſt of a deſert, not in the form of a man but of a monſter, with the fore-parts of my body like a wolf, and the hinder parts like a goat. I was ſtill conſcious to every event of my life, and my intellectual powers were continued, though my paſſions were irritated to frenzy. I now rolled in the ſand in an agony not to be deſcribed; and now haſtily traverſed the deſert, impelled only by the vain deſire of flying from myſelf. I now bellowed with rage, and now howled in deſpair; this moment I breathed execration againſt the GENIUS, and the next reproached myſelf for having forfeited his friendſhip.

By this violent agitation of mind and body, the powers of both were ſoon exhauſted: I crawled into a den which I perceived near me, and immediately ſunk down in a ſtate of inſenſibility. I ſlept, but ſleep, inſtead of prolonging, put an end to this interval of quiet. The GENIUS ſtill terrified me with his preſence; I heard his ſentence repeated, and felt again all the horrors of my transformation. When I awaked, I was not refreſhed: calamity, though it is compelled to admit ſlumber, can yet exclude reſt. But I was now rouzed by hunger; for hunger like ſleep is irreſiſtible.

I went out in ſearch of prey; and if I felt any alleviation of miſery, beſide the hope of ſatisfying my appetite, it was in the thought of tearing to pieces whatever I ſhould meet, and inflicting ſome part of the evil which I endured; for though I regretted my puniſhment, I did not repent of my crimes: and as I imagined SYNDARAC would now neither mitigate nor encreaſe my ſufferings, I was not reſtrained, either by hope or fear, from indulging

my diſpoſition to cruelty and revenge. But while I was thus meditating the deſtruction of others, I trembled leſt by ſome ſtronger ſavage I ſhould be deſtroyed myſelf.

In the midſt of this variety of torment, I heard the cry of dogs, the trampling of horſes, and the ſhouts of the hunters; and ſuch is the love of life, however wretched, that my heart ſunk within me at the ſound. To hide myſelf was impoſſible, and I was too much enfeebled either to fly or reſiſt. I ſtood ſtill till they came up. At firſt they gazed at me with wonder, and doubted whether they ſhould advance: but at length a ſlave threw a net over me, and I was dragged to the city.

I now entered the metropolis of my empire, amidſt the noiſe and tumult of a rabble, who the day before would have hid themſelves at my preſence.—I heard the ſound of muſic at a diſtance: the heralds approached, and ALIBEG was proclaimed in my ſtead. I was now deſerted by the multitude, whoſe curioſity was diverted by the pomp of the proceſſion; and was conducted to the place where other ſavages are kept, which cuſtom has conſidered as part of the regalia.

My keeper was a black ſlave whom I did not remember ever to have ſeen, and in whom it would indeed have been a fatal preſumption to have ſtood before me. After he had given me food, and the vigour of nature was reſtored, he diſcovered in me ſuch tokens of ferocity that he ſuffered me to faſt many hours before I was again fed. I was ſo enraged at this delay, that, forgetting my dependence, I roared horribly when he again approached me: ſo that he found it neceſſary to add blows to hunger, that he might gain ſuch an aſcendancy over me, as was ſuitable to his office. By this ſlave, therefore, I was alternately beaten and famiſhed, till the fierceneſs of my diſpoſition being ſuppreſſed by fear and langour, a milder

milder temper inſenſibly ſtole upon me; and a demeanour that was begun by conſtraint, was continued by habit.

I was now treated with leſs ſeverity, and ſtrove to expreſs ſomething like gratitude, that might encourage my keeper to yet greater kindneſs. His vanity was flattered by my ſubmiſſion; and, to ſhew as well his courage as the ſucceſs of his diſcipline, he ventured ſometimes to careſs me in the preſence of thoſe whoſe curioſity brought them to ſee me. A kind of friendſhip thus imperceptibly grew between us, and I felt ſome degree of the affection that I had feigned. It happened that a tiger, which had been lately taken, broke one day into my den, while my keeper was giving me my proviſion, and leaping upon him would inſtantly have torn him to pieces, if I had not ſeized the ſavage by the throat, and dragged him to the ground: the ſlave preſently diſpatched him with his dagger, and turned about to careſs his deliverer; but ſtarting ſuddenly backward, he ſtood motionleſs with aſtoniſhment, perceiving that I was no longer a monſter but a dog.

I was myſelf conſcious of the change which had again paſſed upon me, and leaping out of my den, eſcaped from my confinement. This transformation I conſidered as a reward of my fidelity, and was perhaps never more happy than in the firſt moments of my eſcape; for I reflected, that as a dog, my liberty was not only reſtored, but inſured; I was no longer ſuſpected of qualities which rendered me unfit for ſociety; I had ſome faint reſemblance of human virtue, which is not found in other animals, and therefore hoped to be more generally careſſed. But it was not long before this joy ſubſided in the remembrance of that dignity from which I had fallen, and from which I was ſtill at an immeaſurable diſtance. Yet I lifted up my heart in gratitude to the POWER, who had once more brought me within the

circle of nature. As a brute I was more thankful for a mitigation of puniſhment, than as a King I had been for offers of the higheſt happineſs and honour. And who, that is not taught by affliction, can juſtly eſtimate the bounties of Heaven?

As ſoon as the firſt tumult of my mind was paſt, I felt an irreſiſtible inclination once more to viſit the apartments of my Seraglio. I placed myſelf behind an Emir whom I knew to have been the friend of ALIBEG, and was permitted to follow him into the preſence. The perſons and the place, the retroſpection of my life which they produced, and the compariſon of what I was with what I had been, almoſt overwhelmed me. I went unobſerved into the garden, and lay down under the ſhade of an almond-tree, that I might indulge thoſe reflections, which, though they oppreſſed me with melancholy, I did not wiſh to loſe.

I had not been long in this place, before a little dog, which I knew to be the ſame that I ſpurned from me when he careſſed me at my return from hunting, came and fawned at my feet. My heart now ſmote me, and I ſaid to myſelf, "Doſt thou "know me under this diſguiſe? Is thy fidelity to "thy lord unſhaken? Cut off as I am from the "converſe of mankind, haſt thou preſerved for me "an affection, which I once ſo lightly eſteemed, and "requited with evil? This forgetfulneſs of injury, "and this ſteady friendſhip, are they leſs than hu-"man, or are they more?" I was not prevented by theſe reflections from returning the careſſes that I received; and ALIBEG, who juſt then entered the garden, took notice of me, and ordered that I ſhould not be turned out.

In the Seraglio I ſoon learned, that a body, which was thought to be mine, was found dead in the chamber; and that ALIBEG had been choſen to ſucceed me, by the unanimous voice of the people: but I gained

gained no intelligence of SELIMA, whoſe apartment I found in the poſſeſſion of another, and for whom I had ſearched every part of the palace in vain. I became reſtleſs; every place was irkſome; a deſire to wander prevailed; and one evening I went out at the garden gate, and travelling till midnight, I lay down at the foot of a ſycamore-tree, and ſlept

In the morning I beheld, with ſurprize, a wall of marble that ſeemed to reach to heaven, and gates that were ſculptured with every emblem of delight. Over the gate was inſcribed in letters of gold, "Within "this wall liberty is unbounded, and felicity com- "plete: Nature is not oppreſſed by the tyranny of "religion, nor is pleaſure awed by the frown of vir- "tue. The gate is obedient to thy wiſh, whoſoever "thou art; enter therefore, and be happy."

When I read this inſcription, my boſom throbbed with tumultuous expectation: but my deſire to enter was repreſſed by the reflection, that I had loſt the form, in which alone I could gratify the appetites of a man. Deſire and curioſity were notwithſtanding predominant: the door immediately opened inward; I entered, and it cloſed after me.

NUMB. 22. SATURDAY, *January* 20, 1753.

Rurſus et in veterem fato revoluta figuram. VIRG.

His native form at length by fate reſtor'd.

BUT my ears were now ſtunned with the diſſonance of riot, and my eye ſickened at the contortions of miſery: diſeaſe was viſible in every countenance, however otherwiſe impreſſed with the character of rage, of drunkenneſs, or of luſt. Rape and murder, revel-

revelling and ſtrife, filled every ſtreet and every dwelling.

As my retreat was cut off, I went forward with timidity and circumſpection; for I imagined, that I could no otherwiſe eſcape injury, than by eluding the notice of wretches, whoſe propenſity to ill was reſtrained by no law, and I perceived too late, that to puniſh vice is to promote happineſs.

It was now evening, and that I might paſs the night in greater ſecurity, I quitted the public way, perceiving a houſe that was incircled by a mote, I ſwam over to it, and choſe an obſcure corner of the area for my aſylum. I heard from within the ſound of dancing and muſic: but after a ſhort interval, was alarmed with the menaces of rage, the ſhrieks of terror, and the wailings of diſtreſs. The window of the banqueting room flew open, and ſome veniſon was thrown out, which fell juſt at my feet. As I had eaten nothing ſince my departure from the Seraglio, I regarded this as a fortunate accident; and after the pleaſure of an unexpected repaſt, I again lay down in expectation of the morning, with hope and fear; but in a ſhort time, many perſons ruſhed from the houſe with lights, and ſeemed ſolicitous to gather up the veniſon which had been thrown out; but not being able to find it, and at the ſame time perceiving me, they judged that I had devoured it. I was immediately ſeized and led into the houſe: but as I could not diſcover that I was the object either of malignity or kindneſs, I was in doubt what would be the iſſue of the event. It was not long before this doubt was reſolved; for I ſoon learned from the diſcourſe of thoſe about me, that I was ſuſpected to have eaten poiſon, which had been intended for another, and was ſecured, that the effect might either remove or confirm the ſuſpicion. As it was not expected that the poiſon would immediately operate, I was locked up in a room by myſelf, where I reflected

reflected upon the cauſe and the event of my confinement, with inexpreſſible anguiſh, anxiety, and terror.

In this gloomy interval, a ſudden light ſhone round me, and I found myſelf once more in the preſence of the GENIUS. I crawled towards him trembling and confounded, but not utterly without hope. "Yet "a few moments," ſaid he, "and the Angel of "Death ſhall teach thee, that the wants of nature "cannot be ſupplied with ſafety, where the inordi-"nate appetites of vice are not reſtrained. Thy "hunger required food; but the luſt and revenge of "others have given thee poiſon." My blood grew chill as he ſpake; I diſcovered and abhorred my folly: but while I wiſhed to expreſs my contrition, I fell down in an agony: my eyes failed me, I ſhivered, was convulſed, and expired.

That ſpark of immaterial fire which no violence can quench, roſe up from the duſt which had thus been reſtored to the earth, and now animated the form of a dove. On this new ſtate of exiſtence I entered with inexpreſſible delight; I imagined that my wings were not only a pledge of ſafety, but of the favour of SYNDARAC, whom I was now more than ever ſolicitous to pleaſe. I flew immediately from the window, and turning towards the wall through which I had entered, I endeavoured to riſe above it, that I might quit for ever a place in which guilt and wretchedneſs were complicated in every object, and which I now deteſted as much as before I had deſired. But over this region a ſulphureous vapour hovered like a thick cloud, which I had no ſooner entered than I fell down panting for breath, and had ſcarce ſtrength to keep my wings ſufficiently extended to break my fall. It was now midnight, and I alighted near the mouth of a cave, in which I thought there appeared ſome faint glimmerings of light. Into this place I entered without much apprehen-

prehenſion; as it ſeemed rather to be the retreat of penitence, than the receſs of luxury: but leſt the noiſe of my wings ſhould diſcover me to any hateful or miſchievous inhabitant of this gloomy ſolitude, I entered in ſilence and upon my feet. As I went forward the cave grew wider; and by the light of a lamp which was ſuſpended from the roof, I diſcovered a hermit liſtening to a young lady, who ſeemed to be greatly affected with the events which ſhe was relating. Of the hermit I had no knowledge; but the lady I diſcerned to be SELIMA. I was ſtruck with amazement at this diſcovery; I remembered with the deepeſt contrition my attempts upon her virtue, and I now ſecretly rejoiced that ſhe had rendered them ineffectual. I watched her lips with the utmoſt impatience of curioſity, and ſhe continued her narrative.

"I was ſitting on a ſofa one evening after I had "been careſſed by AMURATH, and my imagination "kindled as I muſed. Why, ſaid I aloud, ſhould I "give up the delights of love with the ſplendor of "royalty? Since the preſumption of my father has "prevented my marriage, why ſhould I not accept "the bleſſings that are ſtill offered? Why is deſire "reſtrained by the dread of ſhame? and why is the "pride of virtue offended by the ſoftneſs of nature? "Immediately a thick cloud ſurrounded me; I felt "myſelf lifted up and conveyed through the air with "incredible rapidity. I deſcended, the cloud diſſi-"pated, and I found myſelf ſitting in an alcove, by "the ſide of a canal that encircled a ſtately edifice "and a ſpacious garden. I ſaw many perſons paſs "along; but diſcovered in all ſomething either diſ-"ſolute or wretched, ſomething that alarmed my "fears, or excited my pity. I ſuddenly perceived "many men with their ſwords drawn, contending "for a woman, who was forced along irreſiſtibly by "the crowd, which moved directly towards the

"place

" place in which I was ſitting. I was terrified, and " looked round me with eagerneſs, to ſee where I " could retreat for ſafety. A perſon richly dreſſed " perceived my diſtreſs, and invited me into the " houſe which the canal ſurrounded. Of this invi- " tation I haſtily accepted with gratitude and joy: " but I ſoon remarked ſeveral incidents, which filled " me with new perplexity and apprehenſion. I was " welcomed to a place in which infamy and honour " were equally unknown; where every wiſh was in- " dulged without the violation of any law, and where " the will was therefore determined only by appetite. " I was preſently ſurrounded by women, whoſe beha- " viour covered me with bluſhes; and tho' I rejected " the careſſes of the perſon into whoſe power I was " delivered, yet they became jealous of the diſtinc- " tion with which he treated me: my expoſtulations " were not heard, and my tears were treated with " merriment: preparations were made for revelling " and jollity; I was invited to join the dance, and " upon my refuſal was entertained with muſic. In " this dreadful ſituation, I ſighed thus to myſelf: " How ſevere is that juſtice, which tranſports thoſe " who form licentious wiſhes, to a ſociety in which " they are indulged without reſtraint! Who ſhall " deliver me from the effects of my own folly? who " ſhall defend me againſt the vices of others? At " this moment I was thus encouraged by the voice " of ſome inviſible being, 'The friends of VIRTUE " are mighty; reject not their protection, and thou " art ſafe.' As I renounced the preſumptuous wiſh " which had once polluted my mind, I exulted in " this intimation with an aſſurance of relief; and " when ſupper was ſet before me, I ſuffered the " principal lady to ſerve me with ſome veniſon; but " the friendly voice having warned me that it was " poiſoned, I fell back in my ſeat and turned pale: " the lady enquired earneſtly what had diſordered

" me;

"me; but inſtead of making a reply, I threw the "veniſon from the window, and declared that ſhe "had intended my death. The maſter of the table, "who perceived the lady to whom I ſpoke change "countenance, was at once convinced that ſhe had "indeed attempted to poiſon me, to preſerve that "intereſt which as a rival ſhe feared I ſhould ſub-"vert. He roſe up in a rage, and commanded the "veniſon to be produced; a dog that was ſuppoſed "to have eaten it was brought in: but before the "event could be known, the tumult was become "general, and my rival, after having ſuddenly ſtab-"bed her patron, plunged the ſame poignard in her "own boſom.

"In the midſt of this confuſion I found means to "eſcape, and wandered through the city in ſearch of "ſome obſcure receſs, where, if I received not the "aſſiſtance which I hoped, death at leaſt might "ſecure my perſon from violation, and cloſe my eyes "on thoſe ſcenes, which, wherever I turned, filled "me not only with diſguſt, but with horror. By "that BENEVOLENT POWER, who, as a preſervative "from miſery, has placed in us a ſecret and irreſiſt-"ible diſapprobation of vice, my feet have been di-"rected to thee, whoſe virtue has participated in my "diſtreſs, and whoſe wiſdom may effect my deli-"verance."

I gazed upon SELIMA, while I thus learned the ardour of that affection which I had abuſed, with ſentiments that can never be conceived but when they are felt. I was touched with the moſt bitter remorſe, for having produced one wiſh that could ſtain ſo amiable a mind; and abhorred myſelf for having uſed the power which I derived from her tenderneſs, to effect her deſtruction. My fondneſs was not leſs ardent, but it was more chaſte and tender; deſire was not extinguiſhed, but it was almoſt abſorbed in eſteem. I felt a paſſion, to which, till now, I had been

been a ſtranger: and the moment LOVE was kindled in my breaſt, I reſumed the form proper to the nature in which alone it can ſubſiſt, and SELIMA beheld AMURATH at her feet. At my ſudden and unexpected appearance, the colour faded from her cheeks, the powers of life were ſuſpended, and ſhe ſunk into my arms. I claſped her to my breaſt, and, looking towards the hermit for his aſſiſtance, I beheld in his ſtead the friendly GENIUS, who had taught me happineſs by affliction. At the ſame inſtant SELIMA recovered. "Ariſe," ſaid SYNDARAC, "and look "round." We looked round; the darkneſs was ſuddenly diſſipated, and we perceived ourſelves in the road to Golcanda, and the ſpires of the city ſparkled before us. "Go," ſaid he, "AMURATH, hence- "forth the huſband of SELIMA, and the father of "thy people! I have revealed thy ſtory to ALIBEG "in a viſion; he expects thy return, and the cha- "riots are come out to meet thee. Go, and I will "proclaim before thee, AMURATH the Sultan of "the Eaſt, the judge of nations, the taught of hea- "ven; AMURATH, whoſe ring is equal to the ring "of SOLOMON, returns to reign with wiſdom, and "diffuſe felicity." I now lifted up my eyes, and beheld the chariots coming forward. We were received by ALIBEG with ſentiments which could not be uttered, and by the people with the loudeſt acclamations: SYNDARAC proclaimed our return, in thunder that was heard through all the nations of my empire; and has prolonged my reign in proſperity and peace.

For the world I have written, and by the world let what I write be remembered: for to none who hear of the ring of AMURATH, ſhall its influence be wanting. Of this, is not thy heart a witneſs, thou whoſe eye drinks inſtruction from my pen? Haſt thou not a MONITOR who reproaches thee in ſecret, when thy foot deviates from the paths of virtue?

Neglect

Neglect not the firſt whiſpers of this friend to thy ſoul; it is the voice of a greater than SYNDARAC, to reſiſt whoſe influence is to invite deſtruction.

THE THEATRE COMPARED TO LIFE.

NUMB. 24. SATURDAY, *January* 27, 1753.

Longa mora eſt, quantum noxæ ſit ubique repertum,
Enumerare.----- OVID.

The various ills ordain'd to man by fate,
Where'er he turns, 'tis tedious to relate.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

YOU have lately remarked, that the ſedentary and recluſe, thoſe who have not acquired an extenſive and experimental knowledge of mankind, are frequently warmed with conceptions, which, when communicated, are received with the moſt frigid indifference. As I have no pretenſions to this knowledge, it is probable, that the ſubject of my letter, though it pleaſed me in the fervour of my imagination, may yet appear to others trite and unimportant: to your judgment, therefore, I appeal, as the ſubſtitute of the public, and leave you to determine both for them and for me.

I have a ſmall eſtate in a remote and ſequeſtered part of the kingdom, upon which I have conſtantly reſided. As in this place I was not ſeduced to entertainments that endangered either my virtue or my fortune, I indulged my inclination to books; and by reading I could always prevent ſolitude from becoming irkſome. My library conſiſted chiefly of books of entertainment, but they were the beſt of their kind; and, therefore, though I was moſt delighted with dramatic writers, I had no plays but Shakeſpeare's. Shakeſpeare was, indeed, my favourite

vourite author; and after my fancy had been buſied in attempting to realize the ſcenes that he drew, I ſometimes regretted the labour, and ſometimes repined that it was ineffectual. I longed to ſee them repreſented on a theatre; and had formed romantic ideas of the force they would derive from proper action, habits and machinery.

The death of a wealthy relation of my wife's, who has made my little boy his heir, called me this winter to London. I ſet out alone: and as I had been uſed to that reciprocation of affection and duty, which conſtitutes the happineſs of a family; as we all met together in the evening, after having been ſeparated by the different employments of the day, with ſmiles of complacency and good-humour, and mutually rejoiced in the ſatisfaction which each derived from the preſence of the other; I found myſelf, after my firſt day's journey, in a very forlorn and comfortleſs ſituation at an inn. My evening was paſſed among people, with whom I had no tender connexion; and when I went to bed, I reflected, that there was not within many miles a ſingle perſon, who cared whether I ſhould be found living or dead in the morning.

The melancholy which this ſituation, and theſe reflections, however whimſical, brought upon me, increaſed as my home became more diſtant. But the moment I entered London, ſpeculation was at an end; the innumerable objects which ruſhed upon my ſenſes left me power only to hear and ſee.

When I turned into the inn-yard, the firſt thing that caught my attention was a large ſheet of paper, printed in characters that differed not only in ſize but colour, ſome being red and others black. By the peruſal of this pompous page, I learned that a comedy and a pantomime were to be performed at the theatre in the evening. It was now two o'clock; and I reſolved to atone for the want of enjoyments which I had left behind me, by ſecuring what I had been

been uſed to think the higheſt intellectual entertainment which art could furniſh: the play was not indeed a tragedy, nor Shakeſpear's; but if it was not excellent, it was new to me, and therefore equally excited my curioſity. As ſoon as I had taken poſſeſſion of a room, and ſafely depoſited my portmanteau, I communicated my purpoſe to my hoſt, who told me I could not have a better opportunity; for that both the play and entertainment were thought by the beſt judges to be very fine, and the principal parts were to be performed by the moſt celebrated actors of the age. My imagination was fired with this account; and being told that the houſe would be ſo ſoon full, that to ſecure a good place I muſt be there by four o'clock; I haſtily ſwallowed my dinner, and getting into a hackney-coach, was driven to the theatre, and by the coachman conducted to the door that leads to the pit.

At this door I waited near half an hour with the utmoſt impatience; and the moment it was open ruſhed in, driven forward by the croud that had gathered round me. Following the example of others, I paid my three ſhillings, and entering the pit among the firſt that gained admittance, ſeated myſelf as near as I could to the centre. After having gazed once or twice round me with wonder and curioſity, my mind was wholly taken up in the anticipation of my entertainment, which did not, however, much alleviate the torments of delay. At length, the ſtage was illuminated, the laſt muſic was played, and I beheld the curtain riſe with an emotion which, perhaps, was little inferior to that of a lover, when he is firſt admitted to the preſence of his miſtreſs.

But juſt at this moment a very tall man, by the contrivance of two ladies, who had kept a ſeat for him by ſpreading their hoops, placed himſelf ſo exactly before me, that his head intercepted great part of the ſtage, and I could now ſee the actors no lower than the knee. This incident, after all my care and

ſolicitude

ſolicitude to ſecure an advantageous ſituation, was extremely vexatious: my attention to the play was for ſome time ſuſpended, and I ſuffered much more than I enjoyed: but it was not long before the ſcenery and the dialogue wholly poſſeſſed my mind; I accommodated myſelf the beſt I could to the inconvenience of my ſeat, and thought of it no more. The firſt act, as it was little more than a prelude to the action, pleaſed me rather by what it promiſed, than by what it gave: I expected the ſequel with yet more ardour, and ſuffered the interval with all the fretfulneſs of ſuſpended curioſity. The ſecond act gratified my imagination with a greater variety of incidents; but they were ſuch as had a direct tendency to render appetite too ſtrong for the curb of reaſon: I this moment rioted in the luxurious banquet, that was by a kind of enchantment placed before me; and the next reflected with regret and indignation upon thoſe arts, under the influence of which I perceived my virtue to be enervated, and that I became contemptible even to myſelf. But this ſtruggle did not laſt long: theſe images, which could not be ſeen without danger, were ſtill multiplying before me; my reſiſtance grew proportionably more languid; and at length I indulged every ſenſation, without enquiring whether I was animated to the imitation of virtue, or ſeduced by the blandiſhments of vice.

In the third act I was become acquainted with the characters, which the author intended to exhibit; and diſcerned that, though ſome of them were ſuſtained with great judgment and addreſs, yet others were miſtaken: I had ſtill ſome perſon before me, whoſe manner was that of a player, and who, when I had been introduced into ſcenes of real life by the ſkill of another, immediately brought me back to a croud and a theatre: I found that, upon the whole, I was not ſo conſtantly preſent to the events

events of the drama, as if I had read them ſilently in my ſtudy, though ſome circumſtances might be more forciby repreſented: but theſe critical remarks, as they leſſened my pleaſure, I reſolved to remit. In the fourth act, therefore, I endeavoured to ſupply every defect of the performer by the force of my own fancy, and in ſome degree I ſucceeded: but my pleaſure was now interrupted by another cauſe; for though my entertainment had not been equal to my expectation, yet I now began to regret that it was almoſt at an end, and earneſtly wiſhed that it was again to begin. In the fifth act, curioſity was no longer excited; I had diſcovered in what events the action would terminate, and what was to be the fate of the perſons: nothing remained but the forms neceſſary to the concluſion of the play; the marriage of lovers, their reconciliation with offended parents, and the ſudden reformation of a rake, who had, through the whole repreſentation, been employed to produce incidents which might render his vices contagious, and to diſplay qualities that might ſave them from contempt. But though the laſt act was thus rendered inſipid, yet I was ſorry when it was over: I reflected with a ſigh, that the time was at hand, in which I muſt return to the comfortleſs ſolitude of my inn.

But this thought, however mortifying, was tranſient; I pleaſed myſelf with the expectation of the pantomime, an entertainment of which I had no conception, and of which I had heard the higheſt encomium from thoſe about me: I, therefore, once more ſat down upon the riſing of the curtain, with an intention to the ſtage which nothing could divert. I gazed at the prodigies which were every moment produced before me with aſtoniſhment; I was bewildered in the intricacies of enchantment; I ſaw woods, rivers, and mountains, alternately appear, and vaniſh; but I knew not in what cauſe, or

to

to what end. The entertainment was not adapted to my underſtanding, but to my ſenſes; and my ſenſes were indeed captivated with every object of delight; in particular, the dreſs of the women diſcovered beauties which I could not behold without confuſion; the wanton careſſes which they received and returned, the deſire that languiſhed in their eyes, the kiſs ſnatched with eagerneſs, and the embrace prolonged with reciprocal delight, filled my breaſt with tumultuous wiſhes, which, though I feared to gratify, I did not wiſh to ſuppreſs. Beſides all theſe incentives to diſſolute pleaſure, there was the dance, which indulged the ſpectators with a view of almoſt every charm that apparel was intended to conceal; but of the pleaſure of this indulgence I was deprived by the head of the tall man who ſat before me, and I ſuffered again all the vexation which had interrupted my attention to the firſt act of the play. But before the laſt ſcene, my mind had been ſo violently agitated, and the inconveniences of ſo long a confinement, in a multitude, were become ſo ſenſible, I was ſo much oppreſſed with heat, and offended with the ſmell of the candles that were either burning in the ſockets or expiring in ſmoke, that I grew weary of my ſituation; my faculties were ſuſpended as in a dream, and I continued to ſit motionleſs, with my eyes fixed upon the curtain, ſome moments after it fell. When I was rouzed from my reverie, I found myſelf almoſt alone; my attachment to the place was diſſolved, the company that had ſurrounded me were gone out, and, without reflecting whither I was to go, I wiſhed to follow them.

When I was returned to the inn, and had locked myſelf into my room, I endeavoured to recover that pleaſing tranquillity in which I had been uſed to reſign myſelf to ſleep, and which I now regretted to have once changed for tumult and diſſipation: of my theatrical adventure I remembered no incident with

pleaſure, but that which when it happened I regarded as a misfortune, the ſtature of the perſon who ſat before me, which intercepted the more groſs indecencies, and defended me from their influence. This reflection immediately opened a new vein of thought; I conſidered the evening which I had juſt ſpent as an epitome of life, and the ſtage as an emblem of the world.

The youth is all ardour and expectation; he looks around with wonder and curioſity, and he is impatient for the time in which the world is to be thrown open before him. This time arrives; but he finds ſome unexpected obſtacle to enjoyment, and in the firſt act of life he diſcovers, that his hopes are rather transferred to more diſtant objects, than fulfilled by thoſe which are preſent. As he proceeds, the ſcene grows more buſy, and his attachments to life increaſe in number and in ſtrength: he is now ſeduced by temptation; and the moment its influence is ſuſpended, and the pleaſure which it promiſed is at an end, he abhors it as debaſing his nature, diſappointing his higheſt hopes, and betraying him to remorſe and regret.

This is the criſis of life, the period upon which immortality depends. Some continue the conteſt, and become more than conquerors; they reflect, with gratitude to PROVIDENCE, upon circumſtances which intercepted temptations by adverſity, and perceive that they owe their ſafety to incidents which they laboured to prevent. Others abandon themſelves to ſenſuality; and, affecting to believe all things uncertain, eagerly catch at whatever is offered by the preſent moment, as the whole of their portion: but at length novely, that mighty charm, that beauty of perpetual influence, novelty is no more! every object that gave delight is become familiar; and is therefore beheld, not with deſire but with diſguſt.

Thus

Thus life at length almoſt ceaſes to be a poſitive good; and men would ſcarce deſire to live, but that they fear to die. Yet the ſame enjoyments which are deſpiſed, are alſo regretted; in time they are remembered without the circumſtances that diminiſhed their value; and the wretch who has ſurvived them, wiſhes that they would return. Life, from this period, is more weariſome in proportion as it is prolonged; nothing is expected with ardour, becauſe age has been too often cheated to truſt to the promiſes of time, and becauſe to-day has anticipated the enjoyment of to-morrow. The play is now over, the powers of the mind are exhauſted, and intellectual pleaſure and pain are almoſt at an end. The laſt ſtage, the ſtage of dotage remains, and this is the pantomime of life; the images are new only in proportion as they are extravagant, and pleaſe only becauſe the imagination is diſtempered or infirm: but the ſenſibility of corporal miſery remains; infirmities multiply: the hours of pain and imbecillity paſs in anguiſh which none can alleviate, and in fretfulneſs which none regard: the paſſied dotard looks round with impotent ſolicitude; he perceives himſelf to be alone, he has ſurvived his friends, and he wiſhes to follow them; his wiſh is fulfilled, he drops torpid and inſenſible into that gulph which is deeper than the grave, and it cloſes over him for ever. From this dreadful picture I ſtarted with terror and amazement; it vaniſhed; and I was immediately relieved by reflecting that life and the joys of life were ſtill before me; that I ſhould ſoon return to my paternal inheritance; that my evenings would no more be paſſed in tumult, and end in ſatiety; but that they would cloſe upon ſcenes of domeſtic felicity, felicity which is pure and rational, and which is ſtill heightened by the hope that it will be repeated to-morrow. And is not the human mind a STRANGER and a SOJOURNER upon earth? has it not an inheri-

tance in a BETTER COUNTRY that is incorruptible and undefiled? an inheritance to which all may return, who are not ſo fooliſh as, after perpetual diſappointment in the ſearch of pleaſure which they never found, ſtill to continue the purſuit till every hope is precluded, and life terminates either in the ſtupor of inſenſibility, or the agonies of deſpair.

MORAL CONDUCT AND RELIGION.

NUMB. 28. SATURDAY, *February* 10, 1753.

Cœlo ſupinas ſi tuleris manus
Naſcente Lunâ, ruſtica Phidyle;
Nec peſtilentem ſentiet Africum
Fœcunda vitis---------- HOR.

If ruſtic Phidyle her prayer renews,
Her artleſs prayer, when ſecret hours return,
Her vines ſhall droop beneath no blighting dews,
Nor ſouthern ſtorms her yellow harveſt burn.

THAT mankind have any natural propenſity to ill, or that their minds are ſubject to the influence of any inviſible and malevolent being, are notions that of late have been treated with the utmoſt contempt and diſdain. And yet I have remarked, that men frequently neglect to practiſe thoſe duties of religion, without which they believe the DIVINE FAVOUR cannot be ſecured, though by ſuch neglect they do not obtain any immediate advantage.

The miſerable wretches who ſwarm in the ſtreets of this metropolis, covered with filth and rags, pining with cold and hunger, and rotting with diſeaſes, will be found to have a general belief, that by going to church men pleaſe GOD, and obtain the pardon of their ſins; and yet thoſe who expect to be relieved by the congregation, will linger at the church door till the

the ſervice is at an end. In this inſtance, ſurely, they become, in their own opinion, the ſervants of ſin, for no other wages than death. To the rich, irreligion, as well as vice, ſometimes offers immediate pleaſure; and it is eaſy to conceive, why they ſhould rather ſink in a luxurious ſlumber on a bed of down, than kneel at the altar; but why does the beggar, in the ſeverity of winter, ſhiver at the porch, when he might take ſhelter in the aiſle? If he was as near to any other building which he could as eaſily enter, he would not heſitate a moment; but rather than become a candidate for the bleſſing of GOD, he will forego the advantage of exciting the charity of the devout, by an appearance of devotion.

Of the duties and the privileges of religion, prayer is generally acknowledged to be the chief: and yet I am afraid, that there are few who will not be able to recollect ſome ſeaſons, in which their unwillingneſs to pray has been more than in proportion to the labour and the time that it required; ſeaſons in which they would have been leſs willing to repeat a prayer than any other compoſition; and rather than have ſpent five minutes in an addreſs to GOD, would have devoted an equal ſpace of time wholly to the convenience of another, without any enjoyment or advantage to themſelves.

Theſe facts, I believe, will ſcarce be controverted by any; and thoſe who cannot ſhew that they have adequate natural cauſes, muſt allow that they have ſome other. It alſo muſt be acknowledged, that if men are tempted to neglect the worſhip of GOD by any ſpiritual enemy, to worſhip GOD is by ſuch an enemy known to be their intereſt: but becauſe I would not reſt much upon this argument in favour of religion, I ſhall only ſay, that it has more force than any that I have heard againſt it.

I believe, indeed, there are ſome who, with whatever reluctance, punctually conform to the rituals of

religion, as an atonement for an allowed and perpetual neglect of virtue; who dream, that by going to church on Sunday, they balance the account of the week, and may again lie, defraud, ſwear, and be drunken with impunity. Theſe wretches, although in ſpite of indignation they move my pity, I ſhall not here reprove, becauſe their conduct does not only imply the groſſeſt ignorance, but the moſt deplorable ſtupidity; and it is hopeleſs to write for thoſe, of whom it cannot be expected that they ſhould read.

There are others, who, believing that neither virtue nor religion alone is ſufficient to ſecure immortality, neglect RELIGION as uſeleſs, becauſe they cannot reſolve to practiſe VIRTUE: ſo the purchaſe of a teleſcope would be a ſuperfluous expence to a man that is blind, though all the advantages of ſight cannot be obtained without it by thoſe who can ſee.

Upon theſe ſlaves of ſenſuality, it is to be feared little effect can be produced, by an addreſs either to their reaſon or their paſſions: for their reaſon is already convinced, and their paſſions alarmed; they live in a perpetual violation of the dictates of conſcience; purpoſes of amendment are every moment formed and broken; they look backward with remorſe, and forward with terror; and they accumulate guilt, even while they are anticipating judgment. Nor can I preſs them to put on an appearance of religion for mere temporary purpoſes; not only becauſe it would be an aggravation of their wickedneſs, but becauſe it would conceal their true character, and might, therefore, injure ſociety.

A man who apparently lives without religion, declares to the world, that he is without virtue, however he may otherwiſe conceal his vices: for when the obſtacles to virtue are ſurmounted, the obſtacles to religion are few. What ſhould reſtrain him who has

has broken the bonds of appetite, from riſing at the call of devotion? Will not he, who has accompliſhed a work of difficulty, ſecure his reward at all events, when to ſecure it is eaſy? Will not he that has panted in the race, ſtretch forth his hand to receive the prize?

It may, perhaps, be expected, that from this general cenſure I ſhould except thoſe, who believe that all religion is the contrivance of tyranny and cunning; and that every human action which has DEITY for its object, is enthuſiaſtic and abſurd. But of theſe there are few, who do not give other evidence of their want of virtue, than their neglect of religion; and even of this few it muſt be acknowledged, that they have not equal motives to virtue, and therefore to ſay, that they have not equal virtue, is only to affirm that effects are proportionate to their cauſes; a propoſition which, I am confident, no philoſopher will deny.

By theſe motives, I do not mean merely the hope and fear of future reward and puniſhment; but ſuch as ariſe from the exerciſe of religious duties, both in public and private, and eſpecially of prayer.

I know, that concerning the operation and effects of prayer, there has been much doubtful diſputation, in which innumerable metaphyſical ſubtilties have been introduced, and the underſtanding has been bewildered in ſophiſtry, and affronted with jargon: Thoſe who have no other proofs of the fitneſs and advantage of prayer than are to be found among theſe ſpeculations, are but little acquainted with the practice.

He who has acquired an experimental knowledge of this duty, knows that nothing ſo forcibly reſtrains from ill, as the remembrance of a recent addreſs to HEAVEN for protection and aſſiſtance. After having petitioned for power to reſiſt temptation, there is ſo great an incongruity in not continuing the ſtrug-

gle, that we bluſh at the thought, and perſevere, leſt we loſe all reverence for ourſelves. After fervently devoting our ſouls to GOD, we ſtart with horror at immediate apoſtacy: Every act of deliberate wickedneſs is then complicated with hypocriſy and ingratitude: it is a mockery of the FATHER OF MERCY; the forfeiture of that peace in which we cloſed our addreſs, and a renunciation of the hope that it inſpired.

For a proof of this, let every man aſk himſelf, as in the preſence of "HIM who ſearches the heart," whether he has never been deterred from prayer, by his fondneſs for ſome criminal gratification, which he could not with ſincerity profeſs to give up, and which he knew he could not afterwards repeat without greater compunction. If prayer and immorality appear to be thus incompatible, prayer ſhould not ſurely be lightly rejected by thoſe, who contend that moral virtue is the ſummit of human perfection; nor ſhould it be incumbered with ſuch circumſtances, as muſt inevitably render it leſs eaſy and leſs frequent: It ſhould be conſidered as the wings of the ſoul, and ſhould be always ready, when a ſudden impulſe prompts her, to ſpring up to GOD. We ſhould not think it always neceſſary to be either in a church or in our cloſet, to expreſs joy, love, deſire, truſt, reverence, or complacency, in the fervour of a ſilent ejaculation. Adoration, hope, and even a petition, may be conceived in a moment; and the deſire of the heart may aſcend, without words, to "HIM by "whom our thoughts are known afar off." He who conſiders himſelf as perpetually in the preſence of the ALMIGHTY, need not fear that gratitude or homage can ever be ill-timed, or that it is prophane thus to worſhip in any circumſtances that are not criminal.

There is no preſervative from vice, equal to this habitual and conſtant intercourſe with GOD; neither does

does any thing equally alleviate diſtreſs, or heighten proſperity; in diſtreſs, it ſuſtains us with hope; and in proſperity, it adds to every other enjoyment the delight of gratitude.

Let thoſe, therefore, who have rejected religion, as they have given up inconteſtible advantages, try whether they cannot yet be recovered; let them review the arguments by which their judgment has been determined, and ſee whether they compel the aſſent of reaſon; and let thoſe, who, upon this recollection, perceive, that, though they have profeſſed infidelity, they do indeed believe and tremble, no longer ſacrifice happineſs to folly, but purſue that WISDOM "whoſe ways are pleaſantneſs and "peace."

NUMB. 30. SATURDAY, *February* 17, 1752.

GOOD NATURE.

I KNOW that GOOD NATURE has, like SOCRATES, been ridiculed in the habit of FOLLY; and that FOLLY has been dignified by the name of GOOD NATURE. But by GOOD NATURE, I do not mean that flexible imbecillity of mind which complies with every requeſt, and inclines a man at once to accompany an acquaintance to a brothel at the expence of his health, and to keep an equipage for a wife at the expence of his eſtate. Perſons of this diſpoſition have ſeldom more benevolence than fortitude, and frequently perpetrate deliberate cruelty.

In true GOOD NATURE, there is neither the acrimony of ſpleen, nor the ſulleneſs of malice; it is neither clamorous nor fretful, neither eaſy to be offended, nor impatient to revenge; it is a tender ſenſibility, a participation of the pains and pleaſures of others; and is, therefore a forcible and conſtant

motive, to communicate happineſs, and alleviate miſery.

As human nature is, from whatever cauſe, in a ſtate of great imperfection, it is ſurely to be deſired, that a perſon whom it is moſt our intereſt to pleaſe, ſhould not ſee more of this imperfection, than we do ourſelves.

I ſhall, perhaps, be told, that "a man of ſenſe "can never uſe a woman ill." The latter part of this propoſition is a phraſe of very extenſive and various ſignification: whether a man of ſenſe can "uſe "a woman ill," I will not inquire, but I ſhall endeavour to ſhew, that he may make her extremely wretched.

Perſons of keen penetration, and great delicacy of ſentiment, as they muſt neceſſarily be more frequently offended than others; ſo, as a puniſhment for the offence, they can inflict more exquiſite pain, becauſe they can wound with more poignant reproach: and by him whom GOOD NATURE does not reſtrain from retaliating the pain that he feels, the offence, whether voluntary or not, will always be thus puniſhed.

If this puniſhment is ſuffered with ſilence, confuſion and tears, it is poſſible that the tyrant may relent; but this, like the remorſe of a murderer, is too late; the dread of incurring the ſame anguiſh by a like fault, will ſubſtitute for the ſmile of cheerfulneſs, that ſunſhine of beauty, the glooms of doubt, ſolicitude, and anxiety. The offence will, notwithſtanding, be again repeated; the puniſhment, the diſtreſs, and the remorſe will again return; becauſe error is involuntary, and anger is not reſtrained. If the reproach is retorted, and whether it was deſerved, becomes the ſubject of debate; the conſequences are yet more dreadful: after a vain attempt to ſhew an incongruity, which can no more be perceived than ſounds by the deaf, the huſband will be

inſulted

inſulted for cauſeleſs and capricious diſpleaſure, and the wife for folly, perverſeneſs, and obſtinacy. In theſe circumſtances, what will become of "the re-"fined, the exalted, and the permanent felicity, "which alone is worthy of reaſonable beings, and "which elevated genius only can beſtow?"

That this conduct is, by a man of ſenſe, known to be wrong, I am content to allow: but it muſt alſo be granted, that the diſcernment of wrong is not always a propenſity to right; and that if pain was never inflicted, but when it was known to produce ſalutary effects, mankind would be much more happy then they are.

GOOD NATURE, therefore, if intellectual excellence cannot atone for the want of it, muſt be admitted as the higheſt perſonal merit. If, without it, Wiſdom is not kind; without it, Folly muſt be brutal. Let it, therefore, be once more repeated, "The quality moſt eſſential to conjugal felicity is "GOOD NATURE." And ſurely, whatever accidental difference there may happen to be in the conceptions or judgment of a huſband and wife, if neither can give pain or pleaſure without feeling it themſelves, it is eaſy to perceive which ſenſation they will concur to produce.

It may now be expected, that I ſhould give ſome general rules, by which the Ladies may diſcover the diſpoſition of thoſe, by whom they are addreſſed: but it is extremely difficult to detect malevolence amidſt the aſſiduities of courtſhip, and to diſtinguiſh the man under that almoſt inſcrutable diſguiſe, the Lover. GOOD NATURE, however, is not indicated by the fulſome fawning of a perpetual grin, the loud laughter which almoſt anticipates the jeſt, or the conſtant echo of every ſentiment; neither is it ſafe to truſt the appearance of profuſe liberality, or buſy officiouſneſs. Let it rather be remarked, how the Lover is affected by incidents, in which the Lady

is not concerned; what is his behaviour to his immediate dependants, and whether they approach him with a ſlaviſh timidity, or with the cheerful reverence of voluntary ſervitude. Is he ever merry at the expence of another; or does he ever attempt thus to excite mirth in his miſtreſs? Does he mention the abſent with candour, and behave to thoſe who are preſent with a manly complacency? By a diligent attendance to theſe circumſtances, perhaps a probable judgment may be formed of his character.

To conclude with a general remark, GOOD NATURE is not of leſs importance to ourſelves than to others. The moroſe and petulant firſt feel the anguiſh that they give: Reproach, revilings, and invective, are but the overflowings of their own infelicity, and are conſtantly again forced back upon their ſource. Sweetneſs of temper is not, indeed, an acquired, but a natural excellence; and, therefore, to recommend it to thoſe who have it not, may be deemed rather an inſult than advice. But let that which in happier natures is inſtinct, in theſe be reaſon; let them purſue the ſame conduct, impelled by a nobler motive. As the ſourneſs of the crab inhances the value of the graft, ſo that which on its parent plant is GOOD NATURE, will, on a leſs kindly ſtock be improved into VIRTUE. No action by which others receive pleaſure or pain, is indifferent: the Sacred rule, "Do that to others which ye "would that others ſhould do to you," extends to every deed; and "every word ſhall be brought "into judgment."

RELIGION

RELIGION THE FOUNDATION OF CONTENT.

NUMB. 32. SATURDAY, *February* 24, 1752.

Mundæ---parvo ſub lare Pauperum
Cœnæ, ſine aulæis et oſtro,
Sollicitam explicuêre frontem. HOR.

To frugal treats and humble cells,
With grateful change the wealthy fly,
Where health-preſerving plainneſs dwells,
Far from the carpet's gaudy dye.
Such ſcenes have charm'd the pangs of care,
And ſmooth'd the clouded forehead of deſpair. FRANCIS.

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabis, which riſes on the eaſt of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man ſitting penſive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. OMAR regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man alſo ſeemed to gaze ſtedfaſtly on OMAR; but ſuch was the abſtraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he ſtarted as from a dream, he covered his face in confuſion, and bowed himſelf to the ground. "Son of affliction," ſaid OMAR, "who art thou, "and what is thy diſtreſs?" "My name," replied the ſtranger, "is HASSAN, and I am a native of "this city: the Angel of adverſity has laid his hand "upon me; and the wretch whom thine eye com-"paſſionates, thou can'ſt not deliver." "To de-"liver thee," ſaid OMAR, "belongs to HIM only, "from whom we ſhould receive with humility both "good and evil; yet hide not thy life from me; "for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at "leaſt enable thee to ſuſtain." HASSAN fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained ſome time ſilent;

ſilent: then fetching a deep ſigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his requeſt.

It is now ſix years, ſince our mighty lord the Caliph ALMALIC, whoſe memory be bleſſed, firſt came privately to worſhip in the temple of the holy city. The bleſſings which he petitioned of the Prophet, as the Prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to diſpenſe; in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city, relieving diſtreſs and reſtraining oppreſſion: the widow ſmiled under his protection, and the weakneſs of age and infancy was ſuſtained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but ſickneſs, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was ſinging at my work, when ALMALIC entered my dwelling. He looked round with a ſmile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and that though I was poor I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I haſtened to receive him with ſuch hoſpitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulneſs was rather increaſed than reſtrained by his preſence. After he had accepted ſome coffee, he aſked me many queſtions; and though by my anſwers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I ſuſpected that he had ſome knowledge of me, and therefore inquired his country and his name. "HASSAN," ſaid he, "I "have raiſed thy curioſity, and it ſhall be ſatisfied; "he who now talks with thee is ALMALIC, the ſo"vereign of the faithful, whoſe ſeat is the throne of "Medina, and whoſe commiſſion is from above." Theſe words ſtruck me dumb with aſtoniſhment, though I had ſome doubt of their truth: but ALMALIC, throwing back his garment, diſcovered the peculiarity of his veſt, and put the royal ſignet upon his finger. I then ſtarted up, and was about to proſtrate myſelf before him, but he prevented me:

"HASSAN,"

"HASSAN," said he, "forbear; thou art greater "than I, and from thee I have at once derived hu- "mility and wisdom." I answered, "Mock not "thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee: "life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and "misery are the daughters of thy will." "HAS- "SAN," he replied, "I can no otherwise give life "or happiness than by not taking them away: thou "art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and "possessed of felicity which I can neither commu- "nicate nor obtain. My influence over others, fills "my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; "and yet my influence over others extends only to "their vices, whether I would reward or punish. "By the bow-string, I can repress violence and "fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can "transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambi- "tion from one object to another; but with respect "to virtue, I am impotent: if I could reward it, I "would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and "hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to "exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of thy "life, and diminish that happiness which I have no "power either to increase or to continue." He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the CALIPH left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost; and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerful-

cheerfulneſs, and vigour, I dreamt of ſplendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illuſions that had vaniſhed. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I ſold all my moveables for ſubſiſtence: and reſerved only a mattraſs, upon which I ſometimes lay from one night to another.

In the firſt moon of the following year, the CALIPH came again to Mecca, with the ſame ſecrecy, and for the ſame purpoſes. He was willing once more to ſee the man, whom he conſidered as deriving felicity from himſelf. But he found me, not ſinging at my work, ruddy with health, and vivid with cheerfulneſs; but pale and dejected, ſitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to ſubſtitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatneſs. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wiſhed for another opportunity to addreſs the CALIPH; yet I was confounded at his preſence, and throwing myſelf at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was ſpeechleſs. "HASSAN," ſaid he, "what canſt thou have loſt, "whoſe wealth was the labour of thy own hand; "and what can have made thee ſad, the ſpring of "whoſe joy was in thy own boſom? What evil "hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, "thou art happy." I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, "Let my Lord forgive the "preſumption of his ſervant, who rather than utter "a falſehood would be dumb for ever. I am be-"come wretched by the loſs of that which I never "poſſeſſed: thou haſt raiſed wiſhes which indeed I "am not worthy thou ſhouldſt ſatisfy; but why "ſhould it be thought, that he who was happy in ob-"ſcurity and indigence, would not have been ren-"dered more happy by eminence and wealth."

When

When I had finiſhed this ſpeech, ALMALIC ſtood ſome moments in ſuſpenſe, and I continued proſtrate before him. "HASSAN," ſaid he, "I perceive, "not with indignation but regret, that I miſtook "thy character; I now diſcover avarice and ambi- "tion in thy heart, which lay torpid only becauſe "their objects were too remote to rouze them. I "cannot, therefore, inveſt thee with authority, be- "cauſe I would not ſubject my people to oppreſſion; "and becauſe I would not be compelled to puniſh "thee for crimes which I firſt enabled thee to com- "mit. But as I have taken from thee that which "I cannot reſtore, I will at leaſt gratify the wiſhes "that I excited, leſt thy heart accuſe me of injuſ- "tice, and thou continue ſtill a ſtranger to thyſelf. "Ariſe, therefore, and follow me." I ſprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle: I kiſſed the hem of his garment in an extaſy of grati- tude and joy; and when I went out of my houſe, my heart leaped as if I had eſcaped from the den of a lion. I followed ALMALIC to the Caravanſera in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the Seraglio; I was attended by his own ſervants; my proviſions were ſent from his own table; and I received every week a ſum from his treaſury, which exceeded the moſt romantic of my expectations. But I ſoon diſcovered, that no dainty was ſo taſteful, as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no ſlumbers ſo ſweet, as thoſe which wearineſs invited; and no time ſo well en- joyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its re- ward. I remembered theſe enjoyments with regret; and while I was ſighing in the midſt of ſuperfluities, which though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were ſuddenly taken away.

ALMARIC, in the midſt of the glory of his king- dom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired ſud- denly

denly in the bath; ſuch, thou knoweſt, was the deſtiny, which the ALMIGHTY had written upon his head.

His ſon AUBUBEKER, who ſucceeded to the throne, was incenſed againſt me, by ſome who regarded me at once with contempt and envy: he ſuddenly withdrew my penſion, and commanded that I ſhould be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with ſo much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myſelf in the ſtreets of Medina, indigent and friendleſs, expoſed to hunger and deriſion, with all the habits of luxury, and all the ſenſibility of pride. O! let not thy heart deſpiſe me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is miſery to loſe that which it is not happineſs to poſſeſs. O! that for me, this leſſon had not been written on the tablets of PROVIDENCE! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myſelf. How different are the ſtates in which I have been placed! the remembrance of both is bitter; for the pleaſure of neither can return. HASSAN having thus ended his ſtory, ſmote his hands together, and looking upward burſt into tears.

OMAR, having waited till this agony was paſt, went to him, and taking him by the hand, "My "ſon," ſaid he, "more is yet in thy power than "ALMALIC could give, or AUBUBEKER take away. "The leſſon of thy life the Prophet has in mercy "appointed me to explain.

"Thou waſt once content with poverty and la- "bour, only becauſe they were become habitual, "and eaſe and affluence were placed beyond thy "hope; for when eaſe and affluence approached "thee, thou waſt content with poverty and labour "no more. That which then became the object "was alſo the bound of thy hope; and he, whoſe "utmoſt hope is diſappointed, muſt inevitably be "wretched. If thy ſupreme deſire had been the de-

"lights

" lights of Paradiſe, and thou hadſt believed that by " the tenor of thy life theſe delights had been ſecu- " red, as more could not have been given thee, thou " wouldſt not have regretted that leſs was not offer- " ed. The content which was once enjoyed was " but the lethargy of the ſoul; and the diſtreſs which " is now ſuffered, will but quicken it to action.— " Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things: " put thy truſt in HIM, who alone can gratify the " wiſh of reaſon, and ſatisfy thy ſoul with good: " fix thy hope upon that portion, in compariſon of " which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and " the duſt of the balance. Return, my ſon, to thy " labour; thy food ſhall be again taſteful, and thy " reſt ſhall be ſweet: to thy content alſo will be " added ſtability, when it depends not upon that " which is poſſeſſed upon earth, but upon that which " is expected in HEAVEN."

HASSAN, upon whoſe mind the Angel of inſtruction impreſſed the counſel of OMAR, haſtened to proſtrate himſelf in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: he returned to his labour with cheerfulneſs; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of HASSAN were happier than the firſt.

EXTRA-

EXTRAVAGANCE.

NUMB. 34. SATURDAY, *March* 3, 1753.

Has toties optata exegit gloria pœnas. JUV.

Such fate purſues the votaries of praiſe.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR, *Fleet-Priſon, Feb.* 24.

TO a benevolent diſpoſition, every ſtate of life will afford ſome opportunities of contributing to the welfare of mankind. Opulence and ſplendor are enabled to diſpel the cloud of adverſity, to dry up the tears of the widow and the orphan, and to increaſe the felicity of all around them: their example will animate virtue, and retard the progreſs of vice. And even indigence and obſcurity, though without power to confer happineſs, may at leaſt prevent miſery, and apprize thoſe who are blinded by their paſſions that they are on the brink of irremediable calamity.

Pleaſed, therefore, with the thought of recovering others from that folly which has embittered my own days, I have preſumed to addreſs the ADVENTURER from the dreary manſions of wretchedneſs and deſpair, of which the gates are ſo wonderfully conſtructed, as to fly open for the reception of ſtrangers, though they are impervious as a rock of adamant to ſuch as are within them:

--------Facilis deſcenſus Averni;
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis:
Sed revocare gradum, ſuperaſque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus hic labor eſt. VIRG.

The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the deſcent, and eaſy is the way:
But to return and view the cheerful ſkies;
In this the taſk and mighty labour lies. DRYDEN.

Suffer

Suffer me to acquaint you, Sir, that I have glittered at the ball, and ſparkled in the circle; that I have had the happineſs to be the unknown favourite of an unknown lady at the maſquerade, have been the delight of tables of the firſt faſhion, and the envy of my brother beaux; and to deſcend a little lower, it is, I believe, ſtill remembered, that Meſſrs. Velours and d'Eſpagne ſtand indebted for a great part of their preſent influence at Guildhall, to the elegance of my ſhape, and the graceful freedom of my carriage.

----Sed quæ præclara et proſpera tanti,
Ut rebus lætis par ſit menſura malorum! Juv.

See the wild purchaſe of the bold and vain,
Where every bliſs is bought with equal pain!

As I entered into the world very young, with an elegant perſon and a large eſtate, it was not long before I diſentangled myſelf from the ſhackles of religion; for I was determined to the purſuit of pleaſure, which according to my notions conſiſted in the unreſtrained and unlimited gratifications of every paſſion and every appetite; and as this could not be obtained under the frowns of a perpetual dictator, I conſidered religion as my enemy; and proceeding to treat her with contempt and deriſion, was not a little delighted, that the unfaſhionableneſs of her appearance, and the unanimated uniformity of her motions, afforded frequent opportunities for the ſallies of my imagination.

Conceiving now that I was ſufficiently qualified to laugh away ſcruples, I imparted my remarks to thoſe among my female favourites, whoſe virtue I intended to attack; for I was well aſſured, that pride would be able to make but a weak defence, when religion was ſubverted; nor was my ſucceſs below my expectation: the love of pleaſure is too ſtrongly implanted

planted in the female breaſt, to ſuffer them ſcrupulouſly to examine the validity of arguments deſigned to weaken reſtraint; all are eaſily led to believe, that whatever thwarts their inclination muſt be wrong: little more, therefore, was required, than by the addition of ſome circumſtances, and the exaggeration of others, to make merriment ſupply the place of demonſtration; nor was I ſo ſenſeleſs as to offer arguments to ſuch as could not attend to them, and with whom a repartee or catch would more effectuaſly anſwer the ſame purpoſe. This being effected, there remained only "the dread of the world:" but ROXANA ſoared too high, to think the opinion of others worthy her notice; LÆTITIA ſeemed to think of it only to declare, that "if all her hairs were "worlds," ſhe ſhould reckon them "well loſt for "love;" and PASTORELLA fondly conceived, that ſhe could dwell for ever by the ſide of a bubbling fountain, content with her ſwain and fleecy care; without conſidering that ſtilneſs and ſolitude can afford ſatisfaction only to innocence.

It is not the deſire of new acquiſitions, but the glory of conqueſts, that fires the ſoldier's breaſt; as indeed the town is ſeldom worth much, when it has ſuffered the devaſtations of a ſiege; ſo that though I did not openly declare the effects of my own proweſs, which is forbidden by the laws of honour, it cannot be ſuppoſed that I was very ſolicitous to bury my reputation, or to hinder accidental diſcoveries. To have gained one victory, is an inducement to hazard a ſecond engagement: and though the ſucceſs of the general ſhould be a reaſon for increaſing the ſtrength of the fortification, it becomes, with many, a pretence for an immediate ſurrender, under the notion that no power is able to withſtand ſo formidable an adverſary; while others brave the danger, and think it mean to ſurrender, and daſtardly to fly. MELISSA, indeed knew better; and though ſhe could not boaſt

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the apathy, ſteadineſs, and inflexibility of a Cato, wanted not the more prudent virtue of Scipio, and gained the victory by declining the conteſt.

You muſt not, however, imagine, that I was, during this ſtate of abandoned libertiniſm, ſo fully convinced of the fitneſs of my own conduct, as to be free from uneaſineſs. I knew very well, that I might juſtly be deemed the peſt of ſociety, and that ſuch proceedings muſt terminate in the deſtruction of my health and fortune; but to admit thoughts of this kind was to live upon the rack: I fled, therefore, to the regions of mirth and jollity, as they are called, and endeavoured with burgundy, and a continual rotation of company, to free myſelf from the pangs of reflection. From theſe orgies we frequently ſallied forth in queſt of adventures, to the no ſmall terror and conſternation of all the ſober ſtragglers that came in our way: and though we never injured, like our illuſtrious progenitors, the Mohocks, either life or limbs; yet we have in the midſt of Covent-garden buried a taylor, who had been troubleſome to ſome of our fine gentlemen, beneath a heap of cabbage-leaves and ſtalks, with this conceit,

Satia te caule quem ſemper cupiſti.

Glut yourſelf with cabbage, of which you have always been greedy.

There can be no reaſon for mentioning the common exploits of breaking windows and bruiſing the watch; unleſs it be to tell you of the device of producing before the juſtice broken lanthorns, which have been paid for a hundred times: or their appearances with patches on their heads, under pretence of being cut by the ſword that was never drawn: nor need I ſay any thing of the more formidable attack of ſturdy chairmen, armed with poles; by a ſlight ſtroke of which, the pride of Ned Revel's face was at once laid flat, and that effected in an inſtant, which its moſt

moſt mortal foe had for years aſſayed in vain. I ſhall paſs over the accidents that attend attempts to ſcale windows, and endeavours to diſlodge ſigns from their hooks: there are many "hair-breadth 'ſcapes," beſides thoſe in the "imminent deadly breach;" but the rake's life, though it be equally hazardous with that of the ſoldier, is neither accompanied with preſent honour nor with pleaſing retroſpect: ſuch is and ſuch ought to be the difference, between the enemy and the preſerver of his country.

Amidſt ſuch giddy and thoughtleſs extravagance, it will not ſeem ſtrange, that I was often the dupe of coarſe flattery. When Monſ. L'Allonge aſſured me, that I thruſt quart over arm better than any man in England, what could I leſs than preſent him with a ſword that coſt me thirty pieces? I was bound for a hundred pounds for Tom Trippet, becauſe he had declared that he would dance a minuet with any man in the three kingdoms except myſelf. But I often parted with money againſt my inclination, either becauſe I wanted the reſolution to refuſe, or dreaded the appellation of a niggardly fellow; and I may be truly ſaid to have ſquandered my eſtate, without honour, without friends, and without pleaſure. The laſt may, perhaps, appear ſtrange to men unacquainted with the maſquerade of life: I deceived others, and I endeavoured to deceive myſelf: and have worn the face of pleaſantary and gaiety, while my heart ſuffered the moſt exquiſite torture.

By the inſtigation and encouragement of my friends, I became at length ambitious of a ſeat in parliament; and accordingly ſet out for the town of Wallop in the weſt, where my arrival was welcomed by a thouſand throats, and I was in three days ſure of a majority: but after drinking out one hundred and fifty hogſheads of wine, and bribing two-thirds of the corporation twice over, I had the mortification

tion to find, that the borough had been before ſold to Mr. Courtly.

In a life of this kind, my fortune, though conſiderable, was preſently diſſipated; and as the attraction grows more ſtrong the nearer any body approaches the earth, when once a man begins to ſink into poverty, he falls with velocity always increaſing; every ſupply is purchaſed at a higher and higher price, and every office of kindneſs obtained with greater and greater difficulty. Having now acquainted you with my ſtate of elevation, I ſhall, if you encourage the continuance of my correſpondence, ſhew you by what ſteps I deſcended from a firſt floor in Pall-Mall to my preſent habitation.

I am, SIR,

T Your humble ſervant,

MISARGYRUS.

ACTIVE LIFE PREFERABLE TO SOLITUDE.

NUMB. 38. SATURDAY, *March* 17, 1753.

Εὖ γαρ δὴ ὁ ἀποφηνάμενος, τὶ θεοῖς ὅμοιον ἔχοιμεν, "εὐερ-
"γεσίαν, εἶπε καὶ ἀλήθειαν."

PYTHAG. ap. LONGIN.

Pythagoras being aſked in what man could reſemble the DIVINITY, juſtly anſwered, "In beneficence "and truth."

In the Perſian chronicle of the five hundred and thirteenth year of the HEIGYRA, it is thus written.

Of the Letter of COSROU the Iman.

IT pleaſed our mighty ſovereign ABBAS CARASCAN, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to ſet MIRZA his ſervant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of MIRZA,

the balance of diſtribution was ſuſpended with impartiality; and under his adminiſtration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich: MIRZA, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced bleſſings upon his head. But it was obſerved that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffuſed: he became penſive and melancholy; he ſpent his leiſure in ſolitude; in his palace he ſat motionleſs upon a ſofa; and when he went out, his walk was ſlow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the buſineſs of ſtate with reluctance; and reſolved to relinquiſh the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He, therefore, obtained permiſſion to approach the throne of our ſovereign; and being aſked what was his requeſt, he made this reply: "May the "Lord of the world forgive the ſlave whom he has "honoured, if MIRZA preſume again to lay the "bounty of ABBAS at his feet. Thou haſt given "me the dominion of a country, fruitful as the "gardens of Damaſcus; and a city, glorious above "all others, except that only which reflects the "ſplendor of thy preſence. But the longeſt life "is a period ſcarce ſufficient to prepare for death: "all other buſineſs is vain and trivial, as the "toil of emmets in the path of the traveller under "whoſe foot they periſh for ever; and all enjoy-"ment is unſubſtantial and evaneſcent, as the "colours of the bow that appears in the interval "of a ſtorm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for "the approach of eternity; let me give up my "ſoul to meditation: let ſolitude and ſilence ac-"quaint me with the myſteries of devotion; let me "forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, "till the moment arrives, in which the veil of eter-"nity ſhall fall, and I ſhall be found at the bar of

"the

"the ALMIGHTY." MIRZA then bowed himſelf to the earth, and ſtood ſilent.

By the command of ABBAS it is recorded, that at theſe words he trembled upon that throne, at the footſtool of which the world pays homage: he looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king firſt broke ſilence, after it had continued near an hour.

"MIRZA, terror and doubt are come upon me. "I am alarmed, as a man who ſuddenly perceives "that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is "urged forward by an irreſiſtible force: but yet I "know not, whether my danger is a reality or a "dream. I am as thou art a reptile of the earth; "my life is a moment, and eternity, in which days "and years and ages are nothing, eternity is before "me, for which I alſo ſhould prepare: but by "whom then muſt the Faithful be governed? By "thoſe only who have no fear of judgment? by "thoſe only whoſe life is brutal, becauſe like brutes "they do not conſider that they ſhall die? Or who, "indeed, are the Faithful? Are the buſy multitudes, "that croud the city, in a ſtate of perdition? and is "the cell of the Derviſe alone the gate of Paradiſe? "To all, the life of a Derviſe is not poſſible: to "all, therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to "the houſe which has in this city been prepared for "thy reſidence: I will meditate the reaſon of thy "requeſt; and may he who illuminates the mind of "the humble, enable me to determine with wiſ-"dom."

MIRZA departed; and on the third day having received no command, he again requeſted an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal preſence, his countenance was more cheerful; he drew a letter from his boſom, and having kiſſed it, he preſented it with his right hand. "My lord,"

ſaid he, "I have learned by this letter, which I re-
"ceived from COSROU the Iman, who now ſtands
"before thee, in what manner life may be beſt im-
"proved. I am enabled to look back with plea-
"ſure, and forward with hope; and I ſhall now
"rejoice ſtill to be the ſhadow of thy power at
"Tauris, and to keep thoſe honours which I ſo
"lately wiſhed to reſign." The king, who had liſtened to MIRZA with a mixture of ſurprize and curioſity, immediately gave the letter to COSROU, and commanded that it ſhould be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary ſage, whoſe countenance was ſuffuſed with an honeſt bluſh; and it was not without ſome heſitation that he read theſe words:

"To MIRZA, whom the wiſdom of ABBAS our
"mighty Lord has honoured with dominion, be
"everlaſting health! When I heard thy purpoſe to
"withdraw the bleſſings of thy government from
"the thouſands of Tauris, my heart was wounded
"with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became
"dim with ſorrow. But who ſhall ſpeak before
"the king, when he is troubled; and who ſhall
"boaſt of knowledge, when he is diſtreſſed by
"doubt? To thee I will relate the events of my
"youth, which thou haſt renewed before me; and
"thoſe truths which they taught me, may the Pro-
"phet multiply to thee.

"Under the inſtruction of the phyſician ALU-
"ZAR, I obtained an early knowledge of his art.
"To thoſe who were ſmitten with diſeaſe, I could
"adminiſter plants, which the ſun has impregnated
"with the ſpirit of health. But the ſcenes of pain,
"languor, and mortality, which were perpetually
"riſing before me, made me often tremble for my-
"ſelf. I ſaw the grave open at my feet: I de-
"termined, therefore, to contemplate only the re-
"gions beyond it, and to deſpiſe every acquiſition

"which

" which I could not keep. I conceived an opinion, " that as there was no merit but in voluntary po- " verty, and ſilent meditation, thoſe who deſired " money were not proper objects of bounty, and " that by all who were proper objects of bounty, " money was deſpiſed. I therefore buried mine in " the earth; and renouncing ſociety, I wandered " into a wild and ſequeſtered part of the country: " my dwelling was a cave by the ſide of a hill, I " drank the running water from the ſpring, and " eat ſuch fruits and herbs as I could find. To in- " creaſe the auſterity of my life, I frequently watch- " ed all night, ſitting at the entrance of the cave " with my face to the eaſt, reſigning myſelf to the " ſecret influences of the Prophet, and expecting " illuminations from above. One morning after " my nocturnal vigil, juſt as I perceived the ho- " rizon glow at the approach of the ſun, the power " of ſleep became irreſiſtible, and I ſunk under it. " I imagined myſelf ſtill ſitting at the entrance of " my cell; that the dawn increaſed; and that as I " looked earneſtly for the firſt beam of day, a dark " ſpot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it " was in motion; it increaſed in ſize as it drew " near, and at length I diſcovered it to be an eagle. " I ſtill kept my eye fixed ſteadfaſtly upon it, and " ſaw it alight at a ſmall diſtance, where I now " deſcried a fox, whoſe two fore-legs appeared to " be broken. Before this fox the eagle laid part of " a kid, which ſhe had brought in her talons, and " then diſappeared. When I awaked I laid my " forehead upon the ground, and bleſſed the Pro- " phet for the inſtruction of the morning. I re- " viewed my dream, and ſaid thus to myſelf: Cos- " ROU, thou haſt done well to renounce the tumult, " the buſineſs, and the vanities of life; but thou " haſt as yet only done it in part: thou art ſtill " every day buſied in the ſearch of food; thy mind

" is not wholly at reſt, neither is thy truſt in PRO-
" VIDENCE complete. What art thou taught by
" this viſion? If thou haſt ſeen an eagle commiſſion-
" ed by HEAVEN to feed a fox that is lame, ſhall
" not the hand of HEAVEN alſo ſupply thee with
" food; when that which prevents thee from pro-
" curing it for thyſelf, is not neceſſity but devo-
" tion? I was now ſo confident of a miraculous
" ſupply, that I neglected to walk out for my re-
" paſt, which, after the firſt day, I expected with
" an impatience that left me little power of atten-
" ing to any other object: this impatience, how-
" ever, I laboured to ſuppreſs, and perſiſted in my
" reſolution: but my eyes at length began to fail
" me, and my knees ſmote each other; I threw
" myſelf backward, and hoped my weakneſs would
" ſoon increaſe to inſenſibility. But I was ſuddenly
" rouzed by the voice of an inviſible being, who
" pronounced theſe words;" COSROU, I am the
Angel who, by the command of the ALMIGHTY,
have regiſtered the thoughts of thy heart, which I
am now commiſſioned to reprove. While thou
waſt attempting to become wiſe above that which is
revealed, thy folly has perverted the inſtruction
which was vouchſafed thee. Art thou diſabled as
the Fox? haſt thou not rather the powers of the
Eagle? Ariſe, let the Eagle be the object of thy
emulation. To pain and ſickneſs, be thou again
the meſſenger of eaſe and health. Virtue is not
reſt, but action. If thou doſt good to man, as an
evidence of thy love to GOD, thy virtue will be
exalted from moral to divine; and that happineſs
which is the pledge of Paradiſe, will be thy reward
upon earth.

" At theſe words I was not leſs aſtoniſhed than
" if a mountain had been overturned at my feet;
" I humbled myſelf in the duſt: I returned to the
" city; I dug up my treaſure; I was liberal, yet

" I

"I became rich. My ſkill in reſtoring health to "the body, gave me frequent opportunities of "curing the diſeaſes of the ſoul. I put on the ſa-"cred veſtments; I grew eminent beyond my me-"rit; and it was the pleaſure of the king that I "ſhould ſtand before him. Now, therefore, be "not offended; I boaſt of no knowledge that I "have not received; as the ſands of the deſert "drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the "morning; ſo do I alſo, who am but duſt, imbibe "the inſtructions of the Prophet. Believe then that "it is he who tells thee, all knowledge is prophane, "which terminates in thyſelf; and by a life waſted "in ſpeculation, little even of this can be gained. "When the gates of Paradiſe are thrown open be-"fore thee, thy mind ſhall be irradiated in a mo-"ment: here thou canſt little more than pile "error upon error; there thou ſhalt build truth "upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious "viſion; and in the mean time emulate the Eagle. "Much is in thy power; and, therefore, much is "expected of thee. Though the ALMIGHTY "only can give virtue, yet, as a prince, thou mayeſt "ſtimulate thoſe to beneficence, who act from no "higher motive than immediate intereſt: thou "canſt not produce the principle, but mayeſt en-"force the practice. The relief of the poor is "equal, whether they receive it from oſtentation "or charity; and the effect of example is the ſame, "whether it be intended to obtain the favour of "GOD or man. Let thy virtue be thus diffuſed: "and if thou believeſt with reverence, thou ſhalt "be accepted above. Farewell. May the ſmile "of HIM who reſides in the Heaven of Heavens, "be upon thee! and againſt thy name in the vo-"lume of HIS will, may happineſs be written!"

The King, whoſe doubts like thoſe of MIRZA were now removed, looked up with a ſmile that

communicated the joy of his mind. He diſmiſſed the prince to his government; and commanded theſe events to be recorded, to the end that poſterity may know, "that no life is pleaſing to GOD, "but that which is uſeful to Mankind!"

SLEEP.

NUMB. 39. TUESDAY, *March* 20, 1753.

—Οδυσῆϊ φύλλοισι καλύψατο, τῷ δ' ἄρ Αθήνη
Υπνον ἐπ' ὄμμασι χεῦ, ἵνα μιν παύσειε τάχιστα
Δυσμορίης καμάτοιο. HOM.

Pallas pour'd ſweet ſlumbers on his ſoul;
And balmy dreams, the gift of ſoft repoſe,
Calm'd all his pains, and baniſh'd all his woes, POPE.

IF every day did not produce freſh inſtances of the ingratitude of mankind, we might, perhaps, be at a loſs, why ſo liberal and impartial a benefactor as SLEEP, ſhould meet with ſo few hiſtorians or panegyriſts. Writers are ſo totally abſorbed by the buſineſs of the day, as never to turn their attention to that power, whoſe officious hand ſo ſeaſonably ſuſpends the burthen of life; and without whoſe interpoſition, man would not be able to endure the fatigue of labour however rewarded, or the ſtruggle with oppoſition however ſucceſsful.

Night, though ſhe divides to many the longeſt part of life, and to almoſt all the moſt innocent and happy, is yet unthankfully neglected, except by thoſe who pervert her gifts.

The aſtronomers, indeed, expect her with impatience, and felicitate themſelves upon her arrival: FONTENELLE has not failed to celebrate her praiſes; and to chide the ſun for hiding from his view the worlds, which he imagines to appear in every conſtellation.

ſtellation. Nor have the poets been always deficient in her praiſes: MILTON has obſerved of the Night, that it is "the pleaſant time, the cool, the "ſilent."

Theſe men may, indeed, well be expected to pay particular homage to Night; ſince they are indebted to her, not only for ceſſation of pain, but increaſe of pleaſure; not only for ſlumber, but for knowledge. But the greater part of her avowed votaries are the ſons of luxury; who appropriate to feſtivity the hours deſigned for reſt; who conſider the reign of pleaſure as commencing when day begins to withdraw her buſy multitudes, and ceaſes to diſſipate attention by intruſive and unwelcome variety; who begin to awake to joy, when the reſt of the world ſinks into inſenſibility; and revel in the ſoft effluence of flattering and artificial lights, which "more "ſhadowy ſet off the face of things."

Without touching upon the fatal conſequences of a cuſtom, which, as RAMAZZINI obſerves, will be for ever condemned, and for ever retained; it may be obſerved, that however Sleep may be put off from time to time, yet the demand is of ſo importunate a nature, as not to remain long unſatisfied; and if, as ſome have done, we conſider it as the tax of life, we cannot but obſerve it as a tax that muſt be paid, unleſs we could ceaſe to be men; for Alexander declared, that nothing convinced him that he was not a Divinity, but his not being able to live without Sleep.

To live without Sleep in our preſent fluctuating ſtate, however deſirable it might ſeem to the lady in CLELIA, can ſurely be the wiſh only of the young or the ignorant; to every one elſe, a perpetual vigil will appear to be a ſtate of wretchedneſs, ſecond only to that of the miſerable beings, whom SWIFT has in his travels ſo elegantly deſcribed, as "ſupremely "curſed with immortality."

Sleep is neceſſary to the happy, to prevent ſatiety, and to endear life by a ſhort abſence; and to the miſerable, to relieve them by intervals of quiet. Life is to moſt, ſuch as could not be endured without frequent intermiſſions of exiſtence: HOMER, therefore, has thought it an office worthy of the goddeſs of wiſdom, to lay Ulyſſes aſleep when landed on Phæacia.

It is related of BARRETIER, whoſe early advances in literature ſcarce any human mind has equalled, that he ſpent twelve hours of the four and twenty in Sleep: yet this appears, from the bad ſtate of his health, and the ſhortneſs of his life, to have been too ſmall a reſpite for a mind ſo vigorouſly and intenſely employed: it is to be regretted, therefore, that he did not exerciſe his mind leſs, and his body more; ſince by this means it is highly probable, that though he would not then have aſtoniſhed with the blaze of a comet, he would yet have ſhone with the permanent radiance of a fixed ſtar.

Nor ſhould it be objected, that there have been many men who daily ſpent fifteen or ſixteen hours in ſtudy: for by ſome of whom this is reported, it has never been done; others have done it for a ſhort time only; and of the reſt it appears that they employed their minds in ſuch operations as required neither celerity nor ſtrength, in the low drudgery of collating copies, comparing authorities, digeſting dictionaries, or accumulating compilations.

Men of ſtudy and imagination are frequently upbraided by the induſtrious and plodding ſons of care, with paſſing too great a part of their life in a ſtate of inaction. But theſe defiers of Sleep ſeem not to remember, that though it muſt be granted them that they are crawling about before the break of day, it can ſeldom be ſaid that they are perfectly awake; they exhauſt no ſpirits, and require no repairs; but lie torpid as a toad in marble, or at leaſt are known

to

to live only by an inert and ſluggiſh loco-motive faculty, and may be ſaid, like a wounded ſnake, to "drag their ſlow length along."

Man has been long known among philoſophers, by the appellation of the microcoſm, or epitome of the world: the reſemblance between the great and little world might, by a rational obſerver, be detailed to many particulars; and to many more by a fanciful ſpeculatiſt. I know not in which of theſe two claſſes I ſhall be ranged for obſerving, that as the total quantity of light and darkneſs alloted in the courſe of the year to every region of the earth, is the ſame, though diſtributed at various times and in different portions; ſo, perhaps, to each individual of the human ſpecies, nature has ordained the ſame quantity of wakefulneſs and ſleep; though divided by ſome into a total quieſcence and vigorous exertion of their faculties, and blended by others in a kind of twilight of exiſtence, in a ſtate between dreaming and reaſoning, in which they either think without action or act without thought.

The poets are generally well affected to Sleep; as men who think with vigour, they require reſpite from thought; and gladly reſign themſelves to that gentle power, who not only beſtows reſt, but frequently leads them to happier regions, where patrons are always kind, and audiences are always candid, where they are feaſted in the bowers of imagination, and crowned with flowers diveſted of their prickles, and laurels of unfading verdure.

The more refined and penetrating part of mankind, who take wide ſurveys of the wilds of life, who ſee the innumerable terrors and diſtreſſes that are perpetually preying on the heart of man, and diſcern with unhappy perſpicuity calamities yet latent in their cauſes, are glad to cloſe their eyes upon the gloomy proſpect, and loſe in a ſhort inſenſibility the

remembrance of others miſeries and their own. The hero has no higher hope, than that, after having routed legions after legions, and added kingdom to kingdom, he ſhall retire to milder happineſs, and cloſe his days in ſocial feſtivity. The wit or the ſage can expect no greater happineſs, than that, after having harraſſed his reaſon in deep reſearches, and fatigued his fancy in boundleſs excurſions, he ſhall ſink at night in the tranquillity of Sleep.

The poets, among all thoſe that enjoy the bleſſings of Sleep, have been leaſt aſhamed to acknowledge their benefactor. How much STATIUS conſidered the evils of life as aſſuaged and ſoftened by the balm of ſlumber, we may diſcover by that pathetic invocation, which he poured out in his waking nights: and that COWLEY, among the other felicities of his darling ſolitude, did no forget to number the privilege of ſleeping without diſturbance, we may learn from the rank that he aſſigns among the gifts of nature to the poppy; "which is ſcattered," ſays he, "over the fields of corn, that all the needs of man "may be eaſily ſatisfied, and that bread and ſleep "may be found together."

Si quis inviſum Cereri benignæ
Me putat germen, vehementer errat;
Illa mè in partem recipit libenter
Fertilis agri.

Meque frumentumque ſimul per omnes
Conſulens mundo Dea ſporgit oras;
Creſcite, O! dixit, duo magna ſuſtentacula vitæ.

Carpe, mortalis, mea dona lætus,
Carpe, nec plantas alias require,
Sed ſatur panis, ſatur et ſoporis,
Cætera ſperne.

He

He wildly errs who thinks I yield
Precedence in the well-cloath'd field,
  Tho' mix'd with wheat I grow:
Indulgent Ceres knew my worth,
And to adorn the teeming earth,
  She bade the POPPY blow.

Nor vainly gay the ſight to pleaſe,
But bleſt with power mankind to eaſe,
  The Goddeſs ſaw me riſe:
"Thrive with the life-ſupporting grain,"
She cry'd, "the ſolace of the ſwain,
  "The cordial of his eyes.

"Seize, happy mortal, ſeize the good;
"My hand ſupplies thy ſleep and food,
  "And makes thee truly bleſt:
"With plenteous meals enjoy the day,
"In ſlumbers paſs the night away.
  "And leave to fate the reſt." C. B.

Sleep, therefore, as the chief of all earthly bleſſings, is juſtly appropriated to induſtry and temperance; the refreſhing reſt, and the peaceful night, are the portion only of him who lies down weary with honeſt labour, and free from the fumes of indigeſted luxury; it is the juſt doom of lazineſs and gluttony, to be inactive without eaſe, and drowſy without tranquillity.

Sleep has been often mentioned as the image of death; "ſo like it," ſays Sir THOMAS BROWN, "that I dare not truſt it without my prayers:" their reſemblance is, indeed, apparent and ſtriking; they both, when they ſeize the body, leave the ſoul at liberty; and wiſe is he that remembers of both, that they can be ſafe and happy only by VIRTUE.

EXTRA-

EXTRAVAGANCE.

NUMB. 41. TUESDAY, *March* 27, 1753.

------Si mutabile pectus
Eſt tibi, conſiliis, non curribus, utere noſtris,
Dum potes, et ſolidis etiamnum ſedibus adſtas;
Dumque male optatos nondum premis inſcius axes. OVID.

------Th' attempt forſake,
And not my chariot but my counſel take;
While yet ſecurely on the earth you ſtand;
Nor touch the horſes with too raſh a hand. ADDISON.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR, *Fleet, March* 24.

I NOW ſend you the ſequel of my ſtory; which had not been ſo long delayed, if I could have brought myſelf to imagine, that any real impatience was felt for the fate of MISARGYRUS; who has travelled no unbeaten track to miſery, and conſequently can preſent the reader only with ſuch incidents as occur in daily life.

You have ſeen me, Sir, in the zenith of my glory; not diſpenſing the kindly warmth of an all-cheering ſun, but, like another Phaeton, ſcorching and blaſting every thing round me. I ſhall proceed, therefore, to finiſh my career, and paſs as rapidly as poſſible through the remaining viciſſitudes of my life.

When I firſt began to be in want of money, I made no doubt of an immediate ſupply. The newſpapers were perpetually offering directions to men, who ſeemed to have no other buſineſs than to gather heaps of gold for thoſe who place their ſupreme felicity in ſcattering it. I poſted away, therefore, to one of theſe advertiſers, who by his propoſals ſeemed to deal in thouſands; and was not a little chagrined to find, that this general benefactor would have nothing

thing to do with any larger ſum than thirty pounds, nor would venture that without a joint note from myſelf and a reputable houſekeeper, or for a longer time than three months.

It was not yet ſo bad with me, as that I needed to ſolicit ſurety for thirty pounds: yet partly from the greedineſs that extravagance always produces, and partly from a deſire of ſeeing the humour of a petty uſurer, a character of which I had hitherto lived in ignorance, I condeſcended to liſten to his terms. He proceeded to inform me of my great felicity in not falling into the hands of an extortioner; and aſſured me, that I ſhould find him extremely moderate in his demands: he was not, indeed, certain, that he could furniſh me with the whole ſum, for people were at this particular time extremely preſſing and importunate for money; yet as I had the appearance of a gentleman, he would try what he could do, and give me his anſwer in three days.

At the expiration of the time, I called upon him again; and was again informed of the great demand for money, and that "money was money now:" he then adviſed me to be punctual in my payment, as that might induce him to befriend me hereafter; and delivered me the money, deducting at the rate of five and thirty per cent. with another panegyric upon his own moderation.

I will not tire you with the various practices of uſurious oppreſſion; but cannot omit my tranſaction with Squeeze on Tower-hill, who finding me a young man of conſiderable expectations, employed an agent to perſuade me to borrow five hundred pounds, to be refunded by an annual payment of twenty per cent. during the joint lives of his daughter Nancy Squeeze and myſelf. The negotiator came prepared to enforce his propoſal with all his art; but finding that I caught his offer with the eagerneſs of neceſſity, he grew cold and languid: "he had mentioned it

"out

"out of kindneſs; he would try to ſerve me: Mr. "Squeeze was an honeſt man, but extremely cauti-"ous." In three days he came to tell me, that his endeavours had been ineffectual, Mr. Squeeze having no good opinion of my life: but that there was one expedient remaining; Mrs. Squeeze could influence her huſband, and her good-will might be gained by a compliment. I waited that afternoon on Mrs. Squeeze, and poured out before her the flatteries which uſually gain acceſs to rank and beauty: I did not then know, that there are places in which the only compliment is a bribe. Having yet credit with a jeweller, I afterwards procured a ring of thirty guineas, which I humbly preſented, and was ſoon admitted to a treaty with Mr. Squeeze. He appeared peeviſh and backward, and my old friend whiſpered me, that he would never make a dry bargain: I therefore invited him to a tavern. Nine times we met on the affair; nine times I paid four pounds for the ſupper and claret; and nine guineas I gave the agent for good offices. I then obtained the money, paying ten per cent. advance; and at the tenth meeting gave another ſupper, and diſburſed fifteen pounds for the writings.

Others, who ſtiled themſelves brokers, would only truſt their money upon goods: that I might, therefore, try every art of expenſive folly, I took a houſe and furniſhed it. I amuſed myſelf with deſpoiling my moveables of their gloſſy appearance, for fear of alarming the lender with ſuſpicions; and in this I ſucceeded ſo well, that he favoured me with one hundred and ſixty pounds upon that which was rated at ſeven hundred. I then found that I was to maintain a guardian about me, to prevent the goods from being broken or removed. This was, indeed, an unexpected tax; but it was too late to recede; and I comforted myſelf, that I might prevent a creditor, of whom I had

had ſome apprehenſions, from ſeizing, by having a prior execution always in the houſe.

By ſuch means I had ſo embarraſſed myſelf, that my whole attention was engaged in contriving excuſes, and raiſing ſmall ſums to quiet ſuch as words would no longer mollify. It coſt me eighty pounds in preſents to Mr. Leech, the attorney, for his forbearance of one hundred, which he ſolicited me to take when I had no need. I was perpetually harraſſed with importunate demands, and inſulted by wretches, who a few months before would not have dared to raiſe their eyes from the duſt before me. I lived in continual terror, frighted by every noiſe at the door, and terrified at the approach of every ſtep quicker than common. I never retired to reſt without feeling the juſtneſs of the Spaniſh proverb, "Let "him who ſleeps too much borrow the pillow of a "debtor;" my ſolicitude and vexation kept me long waking; and when I had cloſed my eyes, I was purſued or inſulted by viſionary bailiffs.

When I reflected upon the meanneſs of the ſhifts I had reduced myſelf to, I could not but curſe the folly and extravagance that had overwhelmed me in a ſea of troubles, from which it was highly improbable that I ſhould ever emerge. I had ſometime lived in hopes of an eſtate, at the death of my uncle; but he diſappointed me by marrying his houſekeeper; and, catching an opportunity ſoon after of quarrelling with me, for ſettling twenty pounds a year upon a girl whom I had ſeduced, told me that he would take care to prevent his fortune from being ſquandered upon proſtitutes.

Nothing now remained, but the chance of extricating myſelf by marriage; a ſcheme which, I flattered myſelf, nothing but my preſent diſtreſs would have made me think on with patience. I determined, therefore, to look out for a tender novice, with a large fortune at her own diſpoſal; and accordingly fixed

fixed my eyes upon Miſs Biddy Simper. I had now paid her ſix or ſeven viſits; and ſo fully convinced her of my being a gentleman and a rake, that I made no doubt that both her perſon and fortune would be ſoon mine.

At this critical time, Miſs Gripe called upon me, in a chariot bought with my money, and loaded with trinkets that I had in my days of affluence lavished on her. Thoſe days were now over; and there was little hope that they would ever return. She was not able to withſtand the temptation of ten pounds that Talon the bailiff offered her, but brought him into my apartment diſguiſed in a livery; and taking my ſword to the window, under pretence of admiring the workmanſhip, beckoned him to ſeize me.

Delay would have been expenſive without uſe, as the debt was too conſiderable for payment or bail: I therefore ſuffered myſelf to be immediately conducted to jail.

Veſtibulum ante ipſum primiſque in faucibus Orci,
Luctus & ultrices poſuere cubilia curæ;
Pallenteſque habitant morbi, triſtiſque ſenectus,
Et metus, et maleſuada fames, et turpis egeſtas.

VIRG.

Juſt in the gate and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful cares, and ſullen ſorrows dwell;
And pale diſeaſes, and repining age;
Want, fear, and famine's unreſiſted rage.

DRYDEN.

Confinement of any kind is dreadful; a priſon is ſometimes able to ſhock thoſe, who endure it in a good cauſe: let your imagination, therefore, acquaint you, with what I have not words to expreſs, and conceive, if poſſible, the horrors of impriſonment, attended with reproach and ignominy, of involuntary aſſoci-

aſſociation with the refuſe of mankind, with wretches who were before too abandoned for ſociety, but being now freed from ſhame or fear, are hourly improving their vices by conforting with each other.

There are, however, a few, whom like myſelf impriſonment has rather mortified than hardened: with theſe only I converſe; and of theſe you may perhaps hereafter receive ſome account from

Your humble ſervant,

T MISARGYRUS.

LOVE TO ENEMIES.

NUMB. 48. SATURDAY, *April* 21, 1753.

Ibat triumphans Virgo--------
Sunt qui rogatam rettulerint preces
Tuliſſe CHRISTO, *redderet ut rei*
Lumen jacenti, tum invenit halitum
Vitæ innovatum, viſibus integris. PRUDENT.

As reſcu'd from intended wrong,
The modeſt virgin pac'd along,
By blaſting heav'n depriv'd of day
Beneath her feet th' accuſer lay:
She mark'd, and ſoon the pray'r aroſe
To HIM who bade us love our foes;
By faith inforc'd the pious call
Again reſtor'd the ſightleſs ball.

TO LOVE AN ENEMY, is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a religion, which is not of man but of GOD. It could be delivered as a precept only by HIM, who lived and died to eſtabliſh it by his example.

At the cloſe of that ſeaſon, in which human frailty has commemorated ſufferings which it could not ſuſtain, a ſeaſon in which the moſt zealous devotion can only ſubſtitute a change of food for a total abſtinence of forty days; it cannot, ſurely, be incongruous to conſider,

conſider, what approaches we can make to that divine love which theſe ſufferings expreſſed, and how far man, in imitation of his SAVIOUR, can bleſs thoſe who curſe him, and return good for evil.

We cannot, indeed, behold the example but at a diſtance; nor conſider it without being ſtruck with a ſenſe of our own debility: every man who compares his life with this divine rule, inſtead of exulting in his own excellence, will ſmite his breaſt like the publican, and cry out, "GOD be merciful to me a "ſinner!" Thus to acquaint us with ourſelves, may, perhaps, be one uſe of the precept; but the precept cannot, ſurely, be conſidered as having no other.

I know it will be ſaid, that our paſſions are not in our power; and that therefore a precept, to love or to hate, is impoſſible; for if the gratification of all our wiſhes was offered us to love a ſtranger as we love a child, we could not fulfil the condition, however we might deſire the reward.

But admitting this to be true, and that we cannot love an enemy as we love a friend; it is yet equally certain, that we may perform thoſe actions which are produced by love, from a higher principle: we may, perhaps, derive moral excellence from natural defects, and exert our reaſon inſtead of indulging a paſſion. If our enemy hungers we may feed him, and if he thirſts we may give him drink: this, if we could love him, would be our conduct; and this may ſtill be our conduct, though to love him is impoſſible. The CHRISTIAN will be prompted to relieve the neceſſities of his enemy, by his love to GOD: he will rejoice in an opportunity to expreſs the zeal of his gratitude and the alacrity of his obedience, at the ſame time that he appropriates the promiſes and anticipates his reward.

But though he who is beneficent upon theſe principles, may in the ſcripture ſenſe be ſaid to love his enemy,

enemy, yet ſomething more may ſtill be effected: the paſſion itſelf in ſome degree is in our power; we may riſe to a yet nearer emulation of divine forgiveneſs, we may think as well as act with kindneſs, and be ſanctified as well in heart as in life.

Though love and hatred are neceſſarily produced in the human breaſt, when the proper objects of theſe paſſions occur, as the colour of material ſubſtances is neceſſarily perceived by an eye before which they are exhibited; yet it is in our power to change the paſſion, and to cauſe either love or hatred to be excited, by placing the ſame object in different circumſtances; as a changeable ſilk of blue and yellow may be held ſo as to excite the idea either of yellow or blue.

No act is deemed more injurious, or reſented with greater acrimony, than the marriage of a child, eſpecially of a daughter, without the conſent of a parent: it is frequently conſidered as a breach of the ſtrongeſt and tendereſt obligations; as folly and ingratitude, treachery and rebellion. By the imputation of theſe vices, a child becomes the object of indignation and reſentment: indignation and reſentment in the breaſt, therefore, of the parent, are neceſſarily excited: and there can be no doubt, but that theſe are ſpecies of hatred. But if the child is conſidered as ſtill retaining the endearing ſoftneſs of filial affection, as ſtill longing for reconciliation, and profaning the rites of marriage with tears; as having been driven from the path of duty, only by the violence of paſſions which none have always reſiſted, and which many have indulged with much greater turpitude; the ſame object that before excited indignation and reſentment, will now be regarded with pity, and pity is a ſpecies of love.

Thoſe, indeed, who reſent this breach of filial duty with implacability, though perhaps it is the only one of which the offender has been guilty, demonſtrate that

that they are without natural affection; and that they would have proſtituted their offspring, if not to luſt, yet to affections which are equally vile and ſordid, the thirſt of gold, or the cravings of ambition: for he can never be thought to be ſincerely intereſted in the felicity of his child, who when ſome of the means of happineſs are loſt by indiſcretion, ſuffers his reſentment to take away the reſt.

Among friends, ſallies of quick reſentment are extremely frequent. Friendſhip is a conſtant reciprocation of benefits, to which the ſacrifice of private intereſt is ſometimes neceſſary: it is common for each to ſet too much value upon thoſe which he beſtows, and too little upon thoſe which he receives; this mutual miſtake in ſo important an eſtimation, produces mutual charges of unkindneſs and ingratitude; each, perhaps, profeſſes himſelf ready to forgive, but neither will condeſcend to be forgiven. Pride, therefore, ſtill increaſes the enmity which it began; the friend is conſidered as ſelfiſh, aſſuming, injurious and revengeful; he conſequently becomes an object of hatred; and while he is thus conſidered, to love him is impoſſible. But thus to conſider him, is at once a folly and a fault: each ought to reflect, that he is, at leaſt in the opinion of the other, incurring the crimes that he imputes; that the foundation of their enmity is no more than a miſtake; and that this miſtake is the effect of weakneſs or vanity, which is common to all mankind: the character of both would then aſſume a very different aſpect, love would again be excited by the return of its object, and each would be impatient to exchange acknowledgements, and recover the felicity which was ſo near being loſt.

But if after we have admitted an acquaintance to our boſom as a friend, it ſhould appear that we had miſtaken his character; if he ſhould betray our confidence, and uſe the knowledge of our affairs, which

per-

perhaps he obtained by offers of ſervice, to effect our ruin; if he defames us to the world, and adds perjury to falſehood; if he violates the chaſtity of a wife, or ſeduces a daughter to proſtitution; we may ſtill conſider him in ſuch circumſtances as will incline us to fulfil the precept, and to regard him without the rancour of hatred or the fury of revenge.

Every character, however it may deſerve puniſhment, excites hatred only in proportion as it appears to be malicious; and pure malice has never been imputed to human beings. The wretch, who has thus deceived and injured us, ſhould be conſidered as having ultimately intended, not evil to us, but good to himſelf. It ſhould alſo be remembered, that he has miſtaken the means; that he has forfeited the friendſhip of HIM whoſe favour is better than life, by the ſame conduct which forfeited ours; and that to whatever view he ſacrificed our temporal intereſt, to that alſo he ſacrificed his own hope of immortality; that he is now ſeeking felicity which he can never find, and incurring puniſhment that will laſt for ever. And how much better than this wretch is he, in whom the contemplation of his condition can excite no pity? Surely, if ſuch an enemy hungers, we may, without ſuppreſſing any paſſion, give him food; for who that ſees a criminal dragged to execution, for whatever crime, would refuſe him a cup of cold water?

On the contrary, he whom GOD has forgiven muſt neceſſarily become amiable to man: to conſider his character without prejudice or partiality, after it has been changed by repentance, is to love him; and impartially to conſider it, is not only our duty but our intereſt.

Thus may we love our enemies, and add a dignity to our nature of which pagan virtue had no conception. But if to love our enemies is the glory of a CHRISTIAN, to treat others with coldneſs, neglect, and

and malignity, is rather the reproach of a fiend than a man. Unprovoked enmity, the frown of unkindneſs, and the menaces of oppreſſion, ſhould be far from thoſe who profeſs themſelves to be followers of HIM who in his life went about doing good; who inſtantly healed a wound that was given in his defence; and who, when he was fainting in his laſt agony, and treated with mockery and deriſion, conceived at once a prayer and an apology for his murderers; FATHER, FORGIVE THEM, THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.

MISERY WITHOUT GUILT.

NUMB. 52. SATURDAY, *May* 5, 1753.

---------Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent
In mala deriſum. HOR.

---------Triſles ſuch as theſe
To ſerious miſchiefs lead. FRANCIS.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THOUGH there are many calamities to which all men are equally expoſed, yet ſome ſpecies of intellectual diſtreſs are thought to be peculiar to the vicious. The various evils of diſeaſe and poverty, pain and ſorrow, are frequently derived from others; but ſhame and confuſion are ſuppoſed to proceed from ourſelves, and to be incurred only by the miſconduct which they puniſh. This ſuppoſition is indeed ſpecious; but I am convinced by the ſtrongeſt evidence that it is not true: I can oppoſe experience to theory; and as it will appear that I ſuffer conſiderable loſs by my teſtimony, it muſt be allowed to have the moſt diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of ſincerity.

That every man is happy in proportion as he is virtuous, was once my favourite principle: I advanced

ced and defended it in all companies; and as the laſt effort of my genius in its behalf, I contrived a ſeries of events by which it was illuſtrated and eſtabliſhed; and that I might ſubſtitute action for narrative, and decorate ſentiment with the beauties of poetry, I regulated my ſtory by the rules of the drama, and with great application and labour wrought it into a tragedy.

When it was finiſhed, I ſat down, like Hercules after his labours, exulting in the paſt, and enjoying the future by anticipation. I read it to every friend who favoured me with a viſit, and when I went abroad I always put it into my pocket. Thus it became known to a circle that was always increaſing; and was at length mentioned with ſuch commendation to a very great lady, that ſhe was pleaſed to favour me with a meſſage, by which I was invited to breakfaſt at nine the next morning, and acquainted that a ſelect company would then expect the pleaſure of hearing me read my play.

The delight that I received from the contemplation of my performance, the encomium of my friends, and eſpecially this meſſage, was in my opinion an experimental proof of my principles, and a reward of my merit. I reflected with great ſelf-complacence, upon the general complaint that genius was without patronage; and concluded, that all who had been neglected were unworthy of notice. I believed that my own elevation was not only certain but near; and that the repreſentation of my play would be ſecured by a meſſage to the manager, which would render the mortifying drudgery of ſolicitation and attendance unneceſſary.

Elated with theſe expectations, I roſe early in the morning, and being dreſſed long before it was time to ſet out, I amuſed myſelf by repeating the favourite paſſages of my tragedy aloud, forming polite anſwers

to the compliments that ſhould be made me, and adjuſting the ceremony of my viſit.

I obſerved the time appointed with ſuch punctuality, that I knocked at the door while the clock was ſtriking. Orders had been given for my admittance; and the porter being otherwiſe engaged, it happened that the ſervant whoſe place it was to introduce me, opened the door in his ſtead, and upon hearing my name, advanced directly before me into the room; ſo that no diſcovery was made of an enormous queue of brown paper, which ſome miſchievous brat had with a crooked pin hung between the two locks of my major periwig. I followed the valet into a magnificent apartment, where, after I had got within a very large Indian ſcreen, I found five ladies and a gentleman.

I was a little diſconcerted in my firſt addreſs, by the reſpect that was ſhewn me, and the curioſity with which I was regarded: however, I made my general obeiſance, and addreſſing myſelf in particular to the elder of the ladies, whom I conſidered as my patroneſs, I expreſſed my ſenſe of the honour ſhe had done me, in a ſhort ſpeech which I had preconceived for the purpoſe; but I was immediately informed, that the lady whoſe favour I had acknowledged, was not yet come down: this miſtake increaſed my confuſion; for as I could not again repeat the ſame words, I reflected, that I ſhould be at laſt unprepared for the occaſion on which they were to have been uſed. The company all this while continued ſtanding: I therefore haſtily turned about, to reconnoitre my chair; but the moment I was ſeated, I perceived every one labouring to ſtifle a laugh. I inſtantly ſuſpected that I had committed ſome ridiculous indecorum, and I attempted to apologize for I knew not what offence; but after ſome hesitation, my extreme ſenſibility ſtruck me ſpeechleſs. The gentleman, however, kindly diſcovered the cauſe of their merriment,

ment, by exclaiming againſt the rude licentiouſneſs of the vulgar, and at the ſame time taking from behind me the pendulous reproach to the honours of my head. This diſcovery afforded me inexpreſſible relief; my paper ramellie was thrown into the fire, and I joined in the laugh which it produced: but I was ſtill embarraſſed by the conſequences of my miſtake, and expected the lady by whom I had been invited, with ſolicitude and apprehenſion.

When ſhe came in, the deference with which ſhe was treated by perſons who were ſo much my ſuperiors, ſtruck me with awe; my powers of recollection were ſuſpended, and I reſolved to expreſs my ſentiments only by the lowneſs of my bow and the diſtance of my behaviour: I therefore haſtily retreated backward; and at the ſame time bowing with the moſt profound reverence, unhappily overturned the ſcreen, which in its fall threw down the breakfaſt table, broke all the china, and crippled the lap-dog. In the midſt of this ruin I ſtood torpid in ſilence and amazement, ſtunned with the ſhrieks of the ladies, the yelling of the dog, and the clattering of the china: and while I conſidered myſelf as the author of ſuch complicated miſchief, I believe I felt as keen anguiſh as he, who with a halter about his neck looks up, while the other end of it is faſtening to a gibbet.

The ſcreen, however, was ſoon replaced, and the broken china removed; and though the dog was the principal object of attention, yet the lady ſometimes adverted to me: ſhe politely deſired that I would conſider the accident as of no conſequence; the china, ſhe ſaid, was a trifle, and ſhe hoped Pompey was more frighted than hurt. I made ſome apology, but with great confuſion and incoherence: at length, however, we were again ſeated, and breakfaſt was brought in.

I was extremely mortified to perceive, that the diſcourſe turned wholly upon the virtues of Pompey,

and the conſequences of his hurt: it was examined with great attention and ſolicitude, and found to be a razure of the ſkin the whole length of one of his fore-legs. After ſome topical application, his cuſhion was placed in the corner by his lady, upon which he lay down, and indeed whined piteouſly.

I was beginning to recover from my perplexity, and had juſt made an attempt to introduce a new ſubject of converſation, when caſting my eye downward, I was again thrown into extreme confuſion, by ſeeing ſomething hang from the fore-part of my chair, which I imagined to be a portion of my ſhirt; though indeed it was no other than the corner of a napkin on which I ſat, and which, during the confuſion produced by the fall of the ſcreen, had been left in the chair.

My embarraſſment was ſoon diſcovered, though the cauſe was miſtaken; and the lady hoping to remove it, by giving me an opportunity to diſplay my abilities without the reſtraint of ceremony, requeſted that I would now give her the pleaſure which ſhe had impatiently expected, and read my play.

My play, therefore, I was obliged to produce, and having found an opportunity haſtily to button up the corner of the napkin while the manuſcript lay open in my lap, I began to read: and though my voice was at firſt languid, tremulous, and irreſolute, yet my attention was at length drawn from my ſituation to my ſubject; I pronounced with greater emphaſis and propriety, and I began to watch for the effects which I expected to produce upon my auditors; but I was extremely mortified to find, that whenever I pauſed to give room for a remark or an encomium, the interval was filled with an ejaculation of pity for the dog, who ſtill continued to whine upon his cuſhion, and was lamented in theſe affectionate and pathetic terms——"Ah! poor, dear, pretty, little "creature."

It

It happened, however, that by ſome incidents in the fourth act the paſſions were apparently intereſted, and I was juſt exulting in my ſucceſs, when the lady who ſat next me unhappily opening her ſnuff-box, which was not effected without ſome difficulty, the duſt that flew up threw me into a fit of ſneezing, which inſtantly cauſed my upper lip to put me again out of countenance: I therefore haſtily felt for my handkerchief, and it was not with leſs emotion than if I had ſeen a ghoſt, that I diſcovered it had been picked out of my pocket. In the mean time the opprobrious effuſion deſcended like an icicle to my chin; and the eyes of the company, which this accident had drawn upon me, were now turned away, with looks which ſhewed that their pity was not proof againſt the ridicule of my diſtreſs. What I ſuffered at this moment, can neither be expreſſed nor conceived: I turned my head this way and that in the anguiſh of my mind, without knowing what I ſought; and at laſt holding up my manuſcript before my face, I was compelled to make uſe of the end of my neckcloth, which I again buttoned into my boſom. After many painful efforts I proceeded in my lecture, and again fixed the attention of my hearers. The fourth act was finiſhed, and they expreſſed great impatience to hear the cataſtrophe: I therefore began the fifth with freſh confidence and vigour; but before I had read a page, I was interrupted by two gentlemen of great quality, profeſſors of Buckiſm, who came with a deſign to wait upon the ladies to an auction.

I roſe up with the reſt of the company when they came in; but what was my aſtoniſhment, to perceive the napkin, which I had unfortunately ſecured by one corner, hang down from my waiſt to the ground! From this dilemma, however, I was delivered by the noble buck who ſtood neareſt to me; who ſwearing an oath of aſtoniſhment, twitched the napkin

from me, and throwing it to the ſervant, told him that he had redeemed it from the rats, who were dragging it by degrees into a place where he would never have looked for it. The young ladies were ſcarce leſs confounded at this accident than I; and the noble matron herſelf was ſomewhat diſconcerted; ſhe ſaw my extreme confuſion; and thought fit to apologize for her cou..n's behaviour; "He is a wild "boy, Sir," ſays ſhe, "he plays theſe tricks with "every body; but it is his way, and no body minds "it." When we were once more ſeated, the Bucks, upon the peremptory refuſal of the ladies to go out, declared they would ſtay and hear the laſt act of my tragedy; I was therefore requeſted to go on. But my ſpirits were quite exhauſted by the violent agitation of my mind; and I was intimidated by the preſence of two perſons, who appeared to conſider me and my performance as objects only of merriment and ſport. I would gladly have renounced all that in the morning had been the object of my hope, to recover the dignity which I had already loſt in my own eſtimation; and had ſcarce any wiſh but to return without further diſgrace into the quiet ſhade of obſcurity. The ladies, however, would take no denial, and I was at length obliged to comply.

I was much pleaſed and ſurprized at the attention with which my new auditors ſeemed to liſten as I went on: the dog was now ſilent; I increaſed the pathos of my voice in proportion as I aſcended the climax of diſtreſs, and flattered myſelf that poetry and truth would be ſtill victorious: but juſt at this criſis, the gentleman, who had diſengaged me from the napkin, deſired me to ſtop half a moment; ſomething, he ſaid, had juſt ſtarted into his mind, which if he did not communicate he might forget: then turning to his companion, "Jack," ſays he, "there "was ſold in Smithfield no longer ago than laſt Sa-"turday, the largeſt ox that ever I beheld in my life."

The

The ridicule of this malicious apoſtrophe was ſo ſtriking, that pity and decorum gave way, and my patroneſs herſelf burſt into laughter: upon me, indeed, it produced a very different effect; for if I had been detected in an unſucceſsful attempt to pick a pocket, I could not have felt more ſhame, confuſion and anguiſh. The laughter into which the company had been ſurprized, was, however, immediately ſuppreſſed, and a ſevere cenſure paſſed upon the perſon who produced it. To atone for the mortification which I had ſuffered, the ladies expreſſed the utmoſt impatience to hear the concluſion, and I was encouraged by repeated encomiums to proceed; but though I once more attempted to recollect myſelf, and again began the ſpeech in which I had been interrupted, yet my thoughts were ſtill diſtracted; my voice faltered, and I had ſcarce breath to finiſh the firſt period.

This was remarked by my tormenter the Buck, who ſuddenly ſnatched the manuſcript out of my hands, declared that I did not do my play juſtice, and that he would finiſh it himſelf. He then began to read; but the affected gravity of his countenance, the unnatural tone of his voice, and the remembrance of his late anecdote of the ox, excited ſenſations that were incompatible both with pity and terror, and rendered me extremely wretched by keeping the company perpetually on the brink of laughter.

In the action of my play, virtue had been ſuſtained by her own dignity, and exulted in the enjoyment of intellectual and independent happineſs, during a ſeries of external calamities that terminated in death; and vice, by the ſucceſs of her own projects, had been betrayed into ſhame, perplexity, and confuſion. Theſe events were indeed natural; and therefore I poetically inferred, with all the confidence of demonſtration, that "the torments of Tartarus, and the "felicity of Elyſium, were not neceſſary to the juſti-"fication of the Gods; ſince whatever inequality

" might be pretended in the diſtribution of exter-
" nals, peace is ſtill the prerogative of virtue, and
" intellectual miſery can be inflicted only by guilt."

But the intellectual miſery which I ſuffered at the very moment when this favourite ſentiment was read, produced an irreſiſtible conviction that it was falſe; becauſe, except the dread of that puniſhment which I had indirectly denied, I felt all the torment that could be inflicted by guilt. In the proſecution of an undertaking which I believed to be virtuous, peace had been driven from my heart, by the concurrence of accident with the vices of others; and the miſery that I ſuffered, ſuddenly propagated itſelf: for not only enjoyment but hope was now at an end, my play, upon which both had depended, was overturned from its foundation; and I was ſo much affected, that I took my leave with the abrupt haſte of diſtreſs and perplexity. I had no concern about what ſhould be ſaid of me when I was departed; and, perhaps, at the moment when I went out of the houſe, there was not in the world any human being more wretched than myſelf. The next morning, when I reflected coolly upon theſe events, I would willingly have reconciled my experience with my principles, even at the expence of my morals. I would have ſuppoſed that my deſire of approbation was inordinate, and that a virtuous indifference about the opinion of others would have prevented all my diſtreſs; but I was compelled to acknowledge, that to acquire this indifference was not poſſible, and that no man becomes vicious, by not effecting impoſſibilities: there may be heights of virtue beyond our reach, but to be vicious, we muſt either do ſomething from which we have power to abſtain, or neglect ſomething which we have power to do: there remained, therefore, no expedient to recover any part of the credit I had loſt, but ſetting a truth, which

which I had newly diſcovered by means ſo extraordinary, in a new light; and with this view I am a candidate for a place in the ADVENTURER.

I am, SIR, your's, &c.

DRAMATICUS.

FALSEHOOD.

NUMB. 54. SATURDAY, *May* 12, 1753.

------Senſim labefacta cadebat
Religio------ CLAUDIANUS.

------His confidence in heav'n
Sunk by degrees------

IF a recluſe moraliſt, who ſpeculates in a cloyſter, ſhould ſuppoſe every practice to be infamous in proportion as it is allowed to be criminal, no man would wonder; but every man who is acquainted with life, and is able to ſubſtitute the diſcoveries of experience for the deductions of reaſon, knows that he would be miſtaken.

Lying is generally allowed to be leſs criminal than adultery; and yet it is known to render a man much more infamous and contemptible; for he who would modeſtly acquieſce in an imputation of adultery as a compliment, would reſent that of a lie as an inſult for which life only could atone. Thus are men tamely led hood-winked by cuſtom, the creature of their own folly, and while imaginary light flaſhes under the bandage which excludes the reality, they fondly believe that they behold the ſun.

Lying, however, does not incur more infamy than it deſerves, though other vices incur leſs. I have before remarked, that there are ſome practices, which, though they degrade a man to the loweſt claſs of moral characters, do yet imply ſome natural

ſuperiority; but lying is, on the contrary, always an implication of weakneſs and defect. Slander is the revenge of a coward, and diſſimulation his defence: lying boaſts are the ſtigma of impotent ambition, of obſcurity without merit, and pride totally deſtitute of intellectual dignity: and even lies of apology imply indiſcretion or ruſticity, ignorance, folly, or indecorum.

But there is equal turpitude, and yet greater meanneſs, in thoſe forms of ſpeech which deceive without direct falſehood. The crime is committed with greater deliberation, as it requires more contrivance; and by the offenders the uſe of language is totally perverted: they conceal a meaning oppoſite to that which they expreſs; their ſpeech is a kind of riddle propounded for an evil purpoſe; and as they may, therefore, be properly diſtinguiſhed by the name of Sphinxes, there would not perhaps be much cauſe for regret, if, like the firſt monſter of the name, they ſhould break their necks upon the ſolution of their enigmas.

Indirect lies more effectually than others deſtroy that mutual confidence, which is ſaid to be the band of ſociety: they are more frequently repeated, becauſe they are not prevented by the dread of detection: and he who has obtained a virtuous character is not always believed, becauſe we know not but that he may have been perſuaded by the ſophiſtry of folly, that to deceive is not to lie, and that there is a certain manner in which truth may be violated without incurring either guilt or ſhame.

But lying, however practiſed, does, like every other vice, ultimately diſappoint its own purpoſe: "A lying tongue is but for a moment." Detraction, when it is diſcovered to be falſe, confers honour, and diſſimulation provokes reſentment; the falſe boaſt incurs contempt, and the falſe apology aggravates the offence.

Is is not, therefore, aſtoniſhing, that a practice, for whatever reaſon, ſo univerſally infamous and unſucceſsful, ſhould not be more generally and ſcrupuouſly avoided? To think, is to renounce it: and, that I may fix the attention of my readers a little longer upon the ſubject, I ſhall relate a ſtory, which, perhaps, by thoſe who have much ſenſibility, will not ſoon be forgotten.

CHARLOTTE and MARIA were educated together at an eminent boarding-ſchool near London: there was little difference in their age, and their perſonal accompliſhments were equal: but though their families were of the ſame rank, yet, as CHARLOTTE was an only child, ſhe was conſiderably ſuperior in fortune.

Soon after they were taken home, CHARLOTTE was addreſſed by Captain FREEMAN, who, beſides his commiſſion in the guards, had a ſmall paternal eſtate: but as her friends hoped for a more advantageous match, the Captain was deſired to forbear his viſits, and the lady to think of him no more. After ſome fruitleſs ſtruggles they acquieſced: but the diſcontent of both was ſo apparent, that it was thought expedient to remove Miſs into the country. She was ſent to her aunt, the Lady MEADOWS, who, with her daughter, lived retired at the family ſeat, more than one hundred miles diſtant from the metropolis. After ſhe had repined in this dreary ſolitude from April to Auguſt, ſhe was ſurprized with a viſit from her father, who brought with him Sir JAMES FORREST, a young gentleman who had juſt ſucceeded to a baronet's title, and a very large eſtate in the ſame county. Sir JAMES had good nature and good-ſenſe, an agreeable perſon and an eaſy addreſs: Miſs was inſenſibly pleaſed with his company; her vanity, if not her love, had a new object; a deſire to be delivered from a ſtate of dependence and obſcurity, had almoſt abſorbed

ſorbed all the reſt; and it is no wonder that this deſire was gratified, when ſcarce any other was felt: or that in compliance with the united ſolicitations of her friends, and her lover, ſhe ſuffered herſelf within a few weeks to become a lady and a wife. They continued in the country till the beginning of October, and then came up to London, having prevailed upon her aunt to accompany them, that Miſs Meadows, with whom the bride had contracted an intimate friendſhip, might be gratified with the diverſions of the town during the winter.

Captain FREEMAN, when he heard that Miſs CHARLOTTE was married, immediately made propoſals of marriage to MARIA, with whom he became acquainted during his viſits to her friend, and ſoon after married her.

The friendſhip of the two young ladies ſeemed to be rather increaſed than diſmiſſed by their marriage; they were always of the ſame party both in the private and public diverſions of the ſeaſon, and viſited each other without the formalities of meſſages and dreſs.

But neither Sir JAMES nor Mrs. FREEMAN could reflect without uneaſineſs upon the frequent interviews which this familiarity and confidence produced between a lover and his miſtreſs, whom force only had divided; and though of theſe interviews they were themſelves witneſſes, yet Sir JAMES inſenſibly became jealous of his lady, and Mrs. FREEMAN of her huſband.

It happened in the May following, that Sir JAMES went about ten miles out of town to be preſent at the election of member of parliament for the county, and was not expected to return till the next day. In the evening his lady took a chair and viſited Mrs. FREEMAN: the reſt of the company went away early, the Captain was upon guard, Sir JAMES was out of town, and the two ladies after ſupper ſat down to piquet, and continued the game without

without once reflecting upon the hour till three in the morning. Lady FORREST would then have gone home; but Mrs. FREEMAN, perhaps chiefly to conceal a contrary deſire, importuned her to ſtay till the Captain came in, and at length with ſome reluctance ſhe conſented.

About five the Captain came home, and Lady FORREST immediately ſent out for a chair: a chair, as it happened, could not be procured: but a hackney-coach being brought in its ſtead, the Captain inſiſted upon waiting upon her ladyſhip home. This ſhe refuſed with ſome emotion; it is probable that ſhe ſtill regarded the Captain with leſs indifference than ſhe wiſhed, and was therefore more ſenſible of the impropriety of his offer: but her reaſons for rejecting it, however forcible, being ſuch as ſhe could not alledge, he perſiſted, and her reſolution was overborne. By this importunate complaiſance the Captain had not only thrown Lady FORREST into confuſion, but diſpleaſed his wife: ſhe could not, however, without unpoliteneſs, oppoſe it; and leſt her uneaſineſs ſhould be diſcovered, ſhe affected a negligence which in ſome degree revenged it: ſhe deſired that when he came back he would not diſturb her, for that ſhe ſhould go directly to bed; and added, with a kind of drowſy inſenſibility, "I am "more than half aſleep already."

Lady FORREST and the Captain were to go from the Haymarket to Groſvenor Square. It was about half an hour after five when they got into the coach; the morning was remarkably fine, the late conteſt had ſhaken off all diſpoſition to ſleep, and Lady FORREST could not help ſaying, that ſhe had much rather take a walk in the Park than go home to bed. The Captain zealouſly expreſſed the ſame ſentiment, and propoſed that the coach ſhould ſet them down at St. James's Gate. The lady, however, had nearly the ſame objections againſt being ſeen in the Mall without

out any other company than the Captain, that ſhe had againſt its being known that they were alone together in a hackney-coach: ſhe, therefore, to extricate herſelf from this ſecond difficulty, propoſed that they ſhould call at her father's in Bond-ſtreet, and take her couſin Meadows, whom ſhe knew to be an early riſer, with them. This project was immediately put in execution; but Lady FORREST found her couſin indiſpoſed with a cold. When ſhe had communicated the deſign of this early viſit, Miſs Meadows intreated her to give up her walk in the Park, to ſtay till the family roſe, and go home after breakfaſt; "No," replied Lady FORREST, "I am "determined upon a walk; but as I muſt firſt get "rid of Captain FREEMAN, I will ſend down word "that I will take your advice." A ſervant was accordingly diſpatched to acquaint the Captain, who was waiting below, that Miſs Meadows was indiſpoſed, and had engaged Lady FORREST to breakfaſt.

NUMB. 55. TUESDAY, *May* 15, 1753.

Quid quiſque vitet, nunquam homini ſatis.
Cautum eſt in horas. HOR.

While dangers hourly round us lies,
No caution guards us from ſurprize. FRANCIS.

THE Captain diſcharged the coach; but being piqued at the behaviour of his wife, and feeling that flow of ſpirits which uſually returns with the morning, even to thoſe who have not ſlept in the night, he had no deſire to go home, and therefore reſolved to enjoy the fine morning in the Park alone.

Lady FORREST, not doubting but that the Captain would immediately return home, congratulated herſelf upon her deliverance; but at the ſame time,

time, to indulge her deſire of a walk, followed him into the Park.

The Captain had reached the top of the Mall, and turning back met her before ſhe had advanced two hundred yards beyond the palace. The moment ſhe perceived him, the remembrance of her meſſage, the motives that produced it, the detection of its falſehood, and diſcovery of its deſign, her diſappointment and conſciouſneſs of that very ſituation which ſhe had ſo much reaſon to avoid, all concurred to cover her with confuſion which it was impoſſible to hide: pride and good-breeding were, however, ſtill predominant over truth and prudence; ſhe was ſtill zealous to remove from the Captain's mind any ſuſpicion of a deſign to ſhun him, and therefore, with an effort perhaps equal to that of a hero who ſmiles upon the rack, ſhe affected an air of gaiety, ſaid ſhe was glad to ſee him, and as an excuſe for her meſſage and her conduct, prattled ſomething about the fickleneſs of woman's mind, and concluded with obſerving, that ſhe changed her's too often ever to be mad. By this conduct a retreat was rendered impoſſible, and they walked together till between eight and nine: but the clouds having inſenſibly gathered, and a ſudden ſhower falling juſt as they reached Spring-Gardens, they went out inſtead of going back; and the Captain having put the lady into a chair took his leave.

It happened that Sir JAMES, contrary to his firſt purpoſe, had returned from his journey at night. He learnt from the ſervants, that his lady was gone to Captain FREEMAN's, and was ſecretly diſpleaſed that ſhe had made this viſit when he was abſent; an incident which, however trifling in itſelf, was by the magic of jealouſy ſwelled into importance: yet upon recollection he reproved himſelf for this diſpleaſure, ſince the preſence of the Captain's lady would ſufficiently ſecure the honour of his own. While he

was

was ſtruggling with theſe ſuſpicions, they increaſed both in number and ſtrength in proportion as the night wore away. At one he went to bed; but he paſſed the night in agonies of terror and reſentment, doubting whether the abſence of his lady was the effect of accident or deſign, liſtening to every noiſe, and bewildering himſelf in a multitude of extravagant ſuppoſitions. He roſe again at break of day; and after ſeveral hours of ſuſpence and irreſolution, whether to wait the iſſue, or go out for intelligence, the reſtleſſneſs of curioſity prevailed, and about eight he ſet out for Captain FREEMAN's; but left word with his ſervants, that he was gone to a neighbouring coffee-houſe.

MRS. FREEMAN, whoſe affected indifference and diſſimulation of a deſign to go immediately to bed, contributed to prevent the Captain's return, had during his abſence ſuffered inexpreſſible diſquiet; ſhe had, indeed, neither intention to go to bed, nor inclination to ſleep; ſhe walked backward and forward in her chamber, diſtracted with jealouſy and ſuſpence, till ſhe was informed that Sir JAMES was below, and deſired to ſee her. When ſhe came down, he diſcovered that ſhe had been in tears; his fear was now more alarmed than his jealouſy, and he concluded that ſome fatal accident had befallen his wife; but he ſoon learnt that ſhe and the Captain had gone from thence at five in the morning, and that he was not yet returned. Mrs. FREEMAN, by Sir JAMES's enquiry, knew that his lady had not been at home: her ſuſpicions, therefore, were confirmed; and in her jealouſy, which to prevent a duel ſhe laboured to conceal, Sir JAMES found new cauſe for his own. He determined, however, to wait, with as much decency as poſſible, till the Captain came in; and perhaps two perſons were never more embarraſſed by the preſence of each of other. While breakfaſt was getting ready, Doctor TATTLE came

came to pay Mrs. FREEMAN a morning viſit; and to the unſpeakable grief both of the lady and her gueſt was immediately admitted. Doctor TATTLE is one of thoſe male goſſips who in the common opinion are the moſt diverting company in the world. The Doctor ſaw that Mrs. FREEMAN was low-ſpirited, and made ſeveral efforts to divert her, but without ſucceſs: at laſt he declared with an air of ironical importance, that he could tell her ſuch news as would make her look grave for ſomething; "The Captain," ſays he, "has juſt huddled a "lady into a chair at the door of a bagnio near "Spring Gardens." He ſoon perceived, that this ſpeech was received with emotions very different from thoſe he intended to produce; and, therefore, added, "that ſhe need not, however, be jealous; "for notwithſtanding the manner in which he had "related the incident, the lady was certainly a wo-"man of character, as he inſtantly diſcovered by "her mien and appearance:" This particular confirmed the ſuſpicion it was intended to remove; and the Doctor finding that he was not ſo good company as uſual, took his leave, but was met at the door by the Captain, who brought him back. His preſence, however inſignificant, impoſed ſome reſtraint upon the reſt of the company: and Sir JAMES, with as good an appearance of jocularity as he could aſſume, aſked the Captain, "What he had done "with his wife." The Captain, with ſome irreſolution, replied, that "he had left her early in "the morning at her father's; and that having made "a point of waiting on her home, ſhe ſent word "down that her couſin Meadows was indiſpoſed, "and had engaged her to breakfaſt." The Captain, who knew nothing of the anecdote that had been communicated by the Doctor, judged by appearances that it was prudent thus indirectly to lie, by concealing the truth both from Sir JAMES and his

his wife: he ſuppoſed, indeed, that Sir JAMES would immediately enquire after his wife at her father's, and learn that ſhe did not ſtay there to breakfaſt; but as it would not follow that they had been together, he left her to account for her abſence as ſhe thought fit, taking for granted that what he had concealed ſhe alſo would conceal, for the ſame reaſons; or, if ſhe did not, as he had affirmed nothing contrary to truth, he might pretend to have concealed it in jeſt. Sir JAMES, as ſoon as he had received this intelligence, took his leave with ſome appearance of ſatisfaction, and was followed by the Doctor.

As ſoon as Mrs. FREEMAN and the Captain were alone, ſhe queſtioned him with great earneſtneſs about the lady whom he had been ſeen to put into a chair. When he had heard that this incident had been related in the preſence of Sir JAMES, he was greatly alarmed leſt Lady FORREST ſhould increaſe his ſuſpicions, by attempting to conceal that which, by a ſeries of enquiry to which he was now ſtimulated, he would probably diſcover: he condemned this conduct in himſelf, and, as the moſt effectual means at once to quiet the mind of his wife and obtain her aſſiſtance, he told her all that had happened, and his apprehenſion of the conſequences: he alſo urged her to go directly to Miſs Meadows, by whom his account would be confirmed, and of whom ſhe might learn farther intelligence of Sir JAMES; and to find ſome way to acquaint Lady FORREST with her danger, and admoniſh her to conceal nothing.

Mrs. FREEMAN was convinced of the Captain's ſincerity, not only by the advice which he urged her to give to Lady FORREST, but by the conſiſtency of the ſtory and the manner in which he was affected. Her jealouſy was changed into pity for her friend, and apprehenſion for her huſband.

She

She haſted to Miſs Meadows, and learnt that Sir JAMES had enquired of the ſervant for his lady, and was told that ſhe had been there early with Captain FREEMAN but went away ſoon after him: ſhe related to Miſs Meadows all that had happened, and thinking it at leaſt poſſible that Sir JAMES might not go directly home, ſhe wrote the following letter to his lady:

"My dear Lady FORREST,

"I AM in the utmoſt diſtreſs for you. Sir "James has ſuſpicions which truth only can re- "move, and of which my indiſcretion is the cauſe. "If I had not concealed my deſire of the Cap- "tain's return, your deſign to diſengage yourſelf "from him, which I learn from Miſs Meadows, "would have been effected. Sir James breakfaſt- "ed with me in the Haymarket; and has ſince "called at your father's, from whence I write: he "knows that your ſtay here was ſhort, and has "reaſon to believe the Captain put you into a "chair ſome hours afterwards at Spring-Gardens. "I hope therefore, my dear lady, that this will "reach your hands time enough to prevent your "concealing any thing. It would have been bet- "ter if Sir James had known nothing, for then "you would not have been ſuſpected; but now he "muſt know all, or you cannot be juſtified. For- "give the freedom with which I write, and believe "me moſt affectionately

"Yours,

"MARIA FREEMAN.

"P. S. I have ordered the bearer to ſay he came "from Mrs. Faſhion the milliner."

This letter was given to a chairman, and he was ordered to ſay he brought it from the milliner's; becauſe, if it ſhould be known to come from Mrs. FREE-

FREEMAN, and ſhould fall by accident into Sir JAMES's hand, his curioſity might prompt him to read it, and his jealouſy to queſtion the lady, without communicating the contents.

NUMB. 56. SATURDAY, *May* 19, 1753.

--------Multos in" ſumma pericula miſit
Venturi timor ipſe mali. LUCANUS.

How oft the fear of ill to ill betrays!

SIR JAMES being convinced that his lady and the Captain had paſſed the morning at a bagnio, by the anſwer which he received at her father's, went directly home. His lady was juſt arrived before him, and had not recovered from the confuſion and dread which ſeized her when ſhe heard that Sir JAMES came to town the night before, and at the ſame inſtant anticipated the conſequences of her own indiſcretion. She was told he was then at a coffee-houſe, and in a few minutes was thrown into an univerſal tremor upon hearing him knock at the door. He perceived her diſtreſs, not with compaſſion but rage, becauſe he believed it to proceed from the conſciouſneſs of guilt: he turned pale, and his lips quivered; but he ſo far reſtrained his paſſion as to aſk her, without invective, "Where, and how ſhe "had paſſed the night." She replied, "At Cap-"tain FREEMAN's; that the Captain was upon "guard, that ſhe ſat up with his lady till he came "in, and that then inſiſting to ſee her home ſhe "would ſuffer the coach to go no farther than her "father's, where he left her early in the morning:" ſhe had not fortitude to relate the ſequel, but ſtopped with ſome appearance of irreſolution and terror. Sir JAMES then aſked, "If ſhe came directly from "her

"her father's home." This queſtion, and the manner in which it was aſked, increaſed her confuſion: to appear to have ſtopped ſhort in her narrative, ſhe thought would be an implication of guilt, as it would betray a deſire of concealment: but the paſt could not be recalled, and ſhe was impelled by equivocation to falſehood, which, however, ſhe could have been kept back by fear, if Sir James had not deceived her into a belief that he had been no farther than the neighbourhood. After theſe tumultuous reflections which paſſed in a moment, ſhe ventured to affirm, that "ſhe ſtaid with Miſs "Meadows till eight, and then came home:" but ſhe uttered this falſehood with ſuch marks of guilt and ſhame, which ſhe had indeed no otherwiſe than by this falſehood incurred or deſerved, that Sir JAMES no more doubted her infidelity than her exiſtence. As her ſtory was the ſame with that of the Captain's, and as one had concealed the truth and the other denied it, he concluded there was a confederacy between them; and determining firſt to bring the Captain to account, he turned from her abruptly, and immediately left the houſe.

At the door he met the chairman who had been diſpatched by Mrs. FREEMAN to his lady; and fiercely interrogating him what was his buſineſs, the man produced the letter, and ſaying, as he had been ordered, that he brought it from Mrs. FASHION. Sir JAMES ſnatched it from him, and muttering ſome expreſſions of contempt and reſentment thruſt it into his pocket.

It happened that Sir JAMES did not find the Captain at home; he, therefore, left a billet, in which he requeſted to ſee him at a neighbouring tavern, and added that he had put on his ſword.

In the mean time, his lady, dreading a diſcovery of the falſehood which ſhe had aſſerted, diſpatched a billet to Captain FREEMAN; in which ſhe conjured him

him as a man of honour, for particular reaſons not to own to Sir JAMES, or any other perſon, that he had ſeen her after he had left her at her father's: ſhe alſo wrote to her couſin Meadows, intreating, that if ſhe was queſtioned by Sir JAMES, he might be told that ſhe ſtaid with her till eight o'clock, an hour at which only herſelf and the ſervants were up.

The billet to Miſs Meadows came ſoon after the chairman had returned with an account of what had happened to the letter; and Mrs. FREEMAN was juſt gone in great haſte to relate the accident to the Captain, as it was of importance that he ſhould know it before his next interview with Sir JAMES: but the Captain had been at home before her, and had recieved both Sir JAMES's billet and that of his lady. He went immediately to the tavern, and inquiring for Sir JAMES FORREST, was ſhewn into a back room one pair of ſtairs: Sir JAMES received his ſalutation without reply, and inſtantly bolted the door. His jealouſly was complicated with that indignation and contempt, which a ſenſe of injury from a perſon of inferior rank never fails to produce: he, therefore, demanded of the Captain in a haughty tone, "Whether he had not that morning "been in company with his wife, after he had left "her at her father's?" The Captain, who was incenſed at Sir JAMES's manner, and deemed himſelf engaged in honour to keep the lady's ſecret, anſwered, that "after what he had ſaid in the morn-"ing, no man had a right to ſuppoſe he had ſeen "the lady afterwards; that to inſinuate the contrary, "was obliquely to charge him with a falſehood; "that he was bound to anſwer no ſuch queſtions, "till they were properly explained; and that as a "gentleman he was prepared to vindicate his ho-"nour." Sir JAMES juſtly deemed this reply an equivocation and an inſult; and being no longer able to reſtrain his rage, he curſed the Captain as

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a liar and a ſcoundrel, and at the ſame time ſtriking him a violent blow with his fiſt, drew his ſword and put himſelf in a poſture of defence. Whatever deſign the Captain might have had to bring his friend to temper, and reconcile him to his wife, when he firſt entered the room, he was now equally enraged, and indeed had ſuffered equal indignity; he, therefore, drew at the ſame inſtant, and after a few deſperate paſſes on both ſides, he received a wound in his breaſt, and reeling backward a few paces fell down.

The noiſe had brought many people to the door of the room, and it was forced open juſt as the Captain received his wound: Sir JAMES was ſecured, and a meſſenger was diſpatched for a ſurgeon. In the mean time, the Captain perceived himſelf to be dying; and whatever might before have been his opinion of right and wrong, and honour and ſhame, he now thought all diſſimulation criminal, and that his murderer had a right to that truth which he thought it meritorious to deny him when he was his friend: he, therefore, earneſtly deſired to ſpeak a few words to him in private. This requeſt was immediately granted; the perſons who had ruſhed in withdrew, contenting themſelves to keep guard at the door; and the Captain beckoning Sir JAMES to kneel down by him, thentold him, that "however his lady might have been ſurprized or "betrayed by pride or fear into diſſimulation or "falſehood, ſhe was innocent of the crime which "he ſuppoſed her ſolicitous to conceal:" he then briefly related all the events as they had happened; and at laſt, graſping his hand, urged him to eſcape from the window, that he might be a friend to his widow and to his child, if its birth ſhould not be prevented by the death of its father. Sir JAMES yielded to the force of this motive, and eſcaped as the Captain had directed. In his way to Dover he

he read the letter which he had taken from the chairman, and the next poſt incloſed it in the following to his lady;

" My dear CHARLOTTE,

" I AM the moſt wretched of all men; but I do " not upbraid you as the cauſe: would to God that " I were not more guilty than you! We are the " martyrs of diſſimulation. By diſſimulation dear " Captain FREEMAN was induced to waſte thoſe " hours with you, which he would otherwiſe have " enjoyed with the poor unhappy diſſembler his " wife. Truſting in the ſucceſs of diſſimulation, " you was tempted to venture into the Park, where " you met him whom you wiſhed to ſhun. By de- " tecting diſſimulation in the Captain, my ſuſpi- " cions were increaſed; and by diſſimulation and " falſehood you confirmed them. But your diſſimu- " lation and falſehood were the effects of mine; " yours were ineffectual, mine ſucceeded: for I left " word that I was gone no farther than the Coffee- " houſe, that you might not ſuſpect I had learned " too much to be deceived. By the ſucceſs of a lie " put into the mouth of a chairman, I was prevent- " ed from reading a letter which at laſt would have " undeceived me; and by perſiſting in diſſimulation, " the Captain has made his friend a fugitive, and " his wife a widow. Thus does inſincerity termi- " nate in miſery and confuſion, whether in its im- " mediate purpoſe it ſucceeds or is diſappointed. " O my dear CHARLOTTE! if ever we meet a- " gain——to meet again in peace is impoſſible—— " but if ever we meet again, let us reſolve to be " ſincere: to be ſincere is to be wiſe, innocent, and " ſafe. We venture to commit faults which ſhame " or fear would prevent, if we did not hope to con- " ceal them by a lie. But in the labyrinth of falſe-

" hood,

" hood, men meet thoſe evils which they ſeek to
" avoid: and as in the ſtrait path of truth alone they
" can ſee before them, in the ſtrait path of truth
" alone they can purſue felicity with ſucceſs.
" Adieu! I am—— dreadful!—I can ſubſcribe
" nothing that does not reproach and torment me.
' Adieu!"

Within a few weeks after the receipt of this letter, the unhappy lady heard that her huſband was caſt away in his paſſage to France.

HEROISM AND MODERN HONOUR.

NUMB. 64. SATURDAY, *June* 16, 1753.

Notitiam primoſque gradus vicinia fecit;
Tempore crevit amor. OVID.

Acquaintance grew, th' acquaintance they improve
To friendſhip, friendſhip ripen'd into love. EUSDEN.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

YOUR paper of laſt Tueſday ſe'nnight, which I did not read till to-day, determined me to ſend you an account of my friend Eugenio, by whoſe diſtreſs my mind has been long kept in perpetual agitation: and, perhaps, my narrative may not only illuſtrate your allegory, but contribute to recover Opinion from her defection.

As Orgilio, the father of Eugenio, had no principles but thoſe of a man of honour, he avoided alike both the virtues and the vices which are incompatible with that character: religion he ſuppoſed to be a contrivance of prieſts and politicians, to keep

the vulgar in awe; and uſed by thoſe in the rank of gentlemen who pretend to acknowledge its obligations, only as an expedient to conceal their want of ſpirit. By a conduct regulated upon theſe principles he gradually reduced a paternal eſtate of two thouſand pounds per annum to five hundred. Beſides Eugenio, he had only one child, a daughter: his wife died while they were infants. His younger brother, who had acquired a very conſiderable fortune in trade, retired unmarried into the country: he knew that the paternal eſtate was greatly reduced: and, therefore, took the expence of his nephew's education upon himſelf: after ſome years had been ſpent at Weſtminſter ſchool, he ſent him to the univerſity, and ſupported him by a very genteel annuity.

Eugenio, though his temper was remarkably warm and ſprightly, had yet a high reliſh of literature, and inſenſibly acquired a ſtrong attachment to a college life. His apartment adjoined to mine, and our acquaintance was ſoon improved into friendſhip. I found in him great ardour of benevolence, and a ſenſe of generoſity and honour which I had conceived to conſiſt only in romance. With reſpect to CHRISTIANITY, indeed, he was as yet a ſceptic: but I found it eaſy to obviate general objections; and, as he had great penetration and ſagacity, was ſuperior to prejudice, and habituated to no vice which he wiſhed to countenance by infidelity, he began to believe as ſoon as he began to enquire: the evidence for REVELATION at length appeared inconteſtible; and without buſying himſelf with the cavils of ſubtilty againſt particular doctrines, he determined to adhere inviolably to the precepts as a rule of life, and to truſt in the promiſes as the foundation of hope. The ſame ardour and firmneſs, the ſame generoſity and honour, were now exerciſed with more exalted views, and upon a more perfect plan. He conſidered

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me as his preceptor, and I conſidered him as my example: our friendſhip increaſed every day: and I believe he had conceived a deſign to follow me into orders. But when he had continued at college about two years, he received a command from his father to come immediately to town; for that his earneſt deſire to place him in the army was now accompliſhed, and he had procured him a captain's commiſſion. By the ſame poſt he received a letter from his uncle, in which he was ſtrongly urged to continue at college, with promiſes of ſucceeding to his whole eſtate; his father's project was zealouſly condemned, and his neglect of a brother's concurrence reſented. Eugenio, though it was greatly his deſire to continue at college, and his intereſt to oblige his uncle, yet obeyed his father without the leaſt heſitation.

When he came to town, he diſcovered that a warm altercation had been carried on between his uncle and his father upon this ſubject: his uncle, not being able to produce any effect upon the father, as a laſt effort had written to the ſon; and being equally offended with both, when his application to both had been equally ineffectual, he reproached him with folly and ingratitude; and dying ſoon after by a fall from his horſe, it appeared, that in the height of his reſentment, he had left his whole fortune to a diſtant relation in Ireland whom he had never ſeen.

Under this misfortune Eugenio comforted himſelf by reflecting, that he had incurred it by obedience to his father; and though it precluded hopes that were dearer than life, yet he never expreſſed his diſpleaſure either by invective or complaint.

Orgilio had very early in life contracted an intimacy with Agreſtis, a gentleman whoſe character and principles were very different from his own. Agreſtis had very juſt notions of right and wrong, by which he regulated his conduct without any regard to the opinion of others: his integrity was univerſal

and inflexible, and his temper ardent and open; he abhorred whatever had the appearance of diſingenuity, he was extremely jealous of his authority, and there was a rough ſimplicity in his manner, which many circumſtances of his life had contributed to produce. His father left him a fortune of two hundred thouſand pounds; but as the parſimony which enabled him to amaſs it, extended to the education of his ſon, by whom it was to be poſſeſſed, he had been taught neither politeneſs nor literature. He married a lady, whoſe influence would have poliſhed the rough diamond by degrees; but ſhe died within the firſt year of her marriage, leaving him a daughter to whom he gave her name, Amelia, and transferred all his affection: he therefore continued to live in great privacy; and being uſed to have only ſervants and dependants about him, he indulged the peculiarities of his humour without that compliaiſance which becomes inſenſibly habitual to thoſe, who mix in the company of perſons whom it is their apparent intereſt to pleaſe, and whoſe preſence is a perpetual reſtraint upon ſuch irregular ſtarts of temper as would incur contempt by arrogating a ſuperiority which none would acknowledge. To this diſpoſition his daughter accommodated herſelf as ſhe grew up, from motives both of affection and duty: as he knew and regretted the defect of his own education, he ſpared no coſt to complete her's; and ſhe is indeed the moſt accompliſhed character I ever knew: her obedience is cheerful and implicit, her affection tender and without parade; her looks expreſs the utmoſt ſweetneſs and ſenſibility, and yet there is a dignity in her manner which commands reſpect.

The intimacy between the father of Eugenio and Agreſtis, produced a tender friendſhip between his ſiſter and Amelia, which began in their infancy, and increaſed with their years.

Such

Such characters as Amelia and Eugenio could not be long familiarly known to each other, without exciting mutual eſteem: the tranſition from eſteem to love, between perſons of different ſexes, is often imperceptible even to themſelves; and, perhaps, was not diſcovered till long after it had happened, either by Eugenio or Amelia. When he returned from the univerſity, ſhe was about eighteen; as her ſtature and her beauty were greatly increaſed during this interval, their firſt effect upon Eugenio was proportionably greater; and he perceived, from whatever cauſe, a more ſenſible emotion in her. He had too much diſcernment not to diſcover that ſhe loved him; and too much generoſity not to conceal his love of her, becauſe he was ſo much her inferior in fortune: ſometimes he reflected upon her partiality with pleaſure, and ſometimes with regret: but while they were thus mutually conſcious to deſires which they mutually ſuppreſſed, the late rebellion broke out, and Eugenio was commanded into Scotland. In this expedition he diſtinguiſhed himſelf equally by his courage and humanity: and though he had not much money, and therefore could but ſeldom diſplay his bounty; yet his concern for the real intereſt of his men was ſo apparent, as well in ſuch acts of kindneſs as were in his power, as in the ſtrict diſcipline which he maintained among them, that his perſonal influence was very powerful and extenſive. During this abſence, though he felt his paſſion for Amelia increaſe, notwithſtanding all his attempts to ſuppreſs it; yet he never wrote to her, but contented himſelf with mentioning her in general terms, and including her in his remembrance of other friends, when he wrote to his father and his ſiſter.

When he returned, as his ſiſter's intimacy with Amelia ſtill continued, his opportunities to ſee her were equally frequent: but the pleaſure of thoſe interviews were become yet more tumultuous and con-

fuſed; and the lovers were both conſcious, that their ſentiments were every moment involuntarily diſcovered to each other.

Amelia had diſmiſſed many ſuitors, who were not leſs diſtinguiſhed by their merit than their rank, becauſe ſhe ſtill hoped to enrich Eugenio with her fortune; and Eugenio perſiſted in a conduct by which this hope was diſappointed, becauſe he would not degrade Amelia by an alliance with dependance and poverty. The objections of duty might, indeed, have been removed by obtaining the conſent of Agreſtis; but thoſe of honour would ſtill have remained: he was not, however, abſolutely without hope; for though he had loſt his uncle's fortune by obedience to his father, yet as he had greatly recommended himſelf to his commanding officer, who was of the higheſt rank, he believed it poſſible that he might be advanced to a poſt in the army, which would juſtify his pretenſions to Amelia, and remove all his difficulties at once.

Agreſtis wondered at the conduct of his daughter, but neither aſked nor ſuſpected her motives: for he had always declared, that as he believed ſhe would never marry againſt his conſent, he would never urge her to marry againſt her own inclination.

Amelia, therefore, continued to decline every offer, and Eugenio to ſee her almoſt every day, without the leaſt intimation of his love, till the beginning of the laſt winter, when he loſt his ſiſter by the ſmall-pox. His interviews with Amelia were now leſs frequent, and therefore more intereſting: he feared, that as he would be ſeldom in her ſight, the aſſiduities of ſome fortunate rival might at length exclude him from her remembrance: he did not, however, faulter in his reſolution, nor did Amelia change her conduct.

HEROISM AND MODERN HONOUR CONTINUED.

NUMB. 65. TUESDAY, *June* 19, 1753.

Et furiis agitatus amor---------- VIRG.

Love, which the furies irritate to rage.

IT happened that about this time ſhe was addreſſed by Ventoſus, the eldeſt ſon of a noble family, who, beſides a large eſtate, had great expectations from his father's influence at court. Ventoſus, though he was ſtrongly recommended by Agreſtis, and was remarkable for perſonal accompliſhments, was yet received with great coldneſs by Amelia: he was ſurprized, mortified, and diſappointed; yet he continued his viſits, and was very diligent to diſcover what had prevented his ſucceſs. One evening, juſt as he was about to take his leave, after much ineffectual entreaty and complaint, Eugenio unexpectedly entered the room. Ventoſus inſtantly remarked the embarraſſment both of his miſtreſs and the ſtranger, whom he, therefore, ſuppoſed to be a rival, and no longer wondered at his own diſappointment: theſe ſuſpicions were every moment confirmed and increaſed: for his preſence produced emotions which could neither be concealed nor miſtaken; though by a leſs penetrating eye than that of jealouſy, they might have been overlooked.

He was now fired with reſentment and indignation; and having left the room ſomewhat abruptly, he was met upon the ſtairs by Agreſtis, with whom he deſired to ſpeak a few words in private. Agreſtis turned back into another apartment, and Ventoſus told him with ſome warmth, that he did not expect to have found his daughter pre-engaged; and that he could not help thinking himſelf ill treat-

ed. Agreſtis, with equal warmth, required him to explain his meaning; and after ſome time had been ſpent in eager altercation, they parted in better temper; Agreſtis perſuaded that a clandeſtine love had been carried on between his daughter and Eugenio, and Ventoſus convinced that Agreſtis had never encouraged the pretenſions of his rival.

Agreſtis immediately ſent for Amelia, and ſternly urged her with many queſtions, which ſhe could only anſwer with bluſhes and tears: her ſilence and confuſion convinced him that Ventoſus was not miſtaken; and, therefore, deſiſting from enquiry, he ſeverely reprehended her for the paſt, and enjoined her never to converſe with Eugenio again; to whom he alſo ſignified his diſpleaſure, and requeſted, that to prevent further uneaſineſs, he would come no more to his houſe till Amelia ſhould be married.

Eugenio, though his love was almoſt hopeleſs before, was yet greatly afflicted by this meſſage; becauſe he feared that Amelia had fallen under her father's diſpleaſure, and that now he was become jealous of his authority he might be tempted to abuſe it. As to ſecure her peace was the principal object of his wiſh, he concealed what had happened from his father, leſt a quarrel ſhould be produced between him and Agreſtis, in which Amelia's delicacy and tenderneſs would be yet more deeply wounded. When a viſit was intended to Agreſtis, he always took care to have ſome engagement at another place: Agreſtis, however, as he had no conception of the principles upon which Eugenio acted, did not doubt but that he had communicated the reaſon of his abſence to his father, and that his father was ſecretly offended; but as he expreſſed no reſentment, he believed that his ambition had for once reſtrained the petulance of his pride, that he diſſembled to prevent an open rupture, and had ſtill

hopes

hopes of affecting the purpoſe which he had concerted with his ſon.

A ſuſpicion of ill-will always produces it; but beſides this cauſe of alienation, Agreſtis had unjuſtly imputed a conduct to his friend, which rendered him the object of his contempt and averſion; he, therefore, treated him with coldneſs and reſerve, ſuppoſing that he well knew the cauſe, and neglected to return his viſits without thinking it neceſſary to aſſign any reaſon. This conduct was at length remarked by Orgilio, who conſidered it as the caprice of a character which he always deſpiſed; he, therefore, retorted neglect without expoſtulation: and thus all intercourſe between the families was at an end.

Eugenio in the mean time was inflexible in his purpoſe; and Amelia, in her next interview with Ventoſus, acquainted him that ſhe would ſee him no more. Ventoſus again appealed to her father: but the old gentleman was ſteady in his principles, notwithſtanding his reſentment; and told him, that he had exerted all the authority which GOD and nature had given him in his favour; and that, however provoked, he would never proſtitute his child, by compelling her to marry a perſon who was not the object of her choice.

Ventoſus, who was extremely mortified at this diſappointment, was very inquiſitive about Eugenio, for whom he ſtill ſuppoſed he had been rejected: he ſoon learned his ſituation and circumſtances, and his long intimacy with Amelia; he reflected upon the confuſion which both had expreſſed in the accidental interview at which he was preſent; and was willing to believe, that his rival, however contemptible, had been too ſucceſsful to be ſupplanted with honour by a huſband: this, however, if he did not believe, he was very diligent to propagate; and to remove the diſgrace of a refuſal, hinted that

for this reaſon he had abruptly diſcontinued his addreſſes, and congratulated himſelf upon his eſcape.

It happened that about ſix weeks ago, Ventoſus, as he was walking in the Mall, with a young officer of diſtinction, met Amelia in company of ſeveral ladies and a gentleman. He thought fit to bow to Amelia with a ſupercilious reſpect, which had greatly the air of an inſult: of this compliment Amelia, though ſhe looked him in the face, took no notice: by this calm diſdain he was at once diſappointed and confounded; he was ſtung by an effort of his own malignity, and his breaſt ſwelled with paſſion which he could not vent. In this agitation of mind he haſtily turned back, and determined, for whatever reaſon, to follow her. After he had advanced about fifty paces, he ſaw Eugenio coming forward, who, the moment he perceived Amelia, turned into another walk. This was obſerved by Ventoſus, whoſe contempt and indignation had now another object, upon which they might without violence to the laws of honour be gratified: he communicated his purpoſe to his companion, and haſtily followed Eugenio. When they had overtaken him, they burſt into a horſe-laugh, and puſhed ſo rudely by him, that he could ſcarce recover his ſtep: they did not, however, go on; but ſtopping ſuddenly, turned about as if to apologize for the accident, and affected great ſurprize at diſcovering to whom it had happened. Ventoſus bowed very low, and with much contemptuous ceremony begged his pardon; telling him at the ſame time, that there was a lady in the next walk who would be very glad of his company. To this inſult Eugenio anſwered, "That he was "not willing to ſuppoſe that an affront was intend-"ed, and that if the lady he meant was a woman of "honour, ſhe ought always to be mentioned with "reſpect." Ventoſus replied, "That whether the "lady he meant was a woman of honour, he would

"not

"not determine; but he believed ſhe had been very "kind; and was pleaſed to ſee that her favours "were not forgotten, though they were no longer "accepted." Eugenio was not now maſter of his temper, but turning ſuddenly upon Ventoſus, ſtruck him with ſuch violence that he fell at his feet: he roſe, however, in an inſtant, and laid his hand upon his ſword, but was prevented from drawing it by his companion; and the crowd beginning to gather about them, they parted with mutual expreſſions of contempt and rage.

In the morning the officer who had been in company with Ventoſus at the quarrel, delivered a challenge to Eugenio, which he anſwered by the following billet.

"SIR,

"YOUR behaviour laſt night has convinced me "that you are a ſcoundrel; and your letter this "morning that you are a fool. If I ſhould accept "your challenge, I ſhould myſelf be both. I owe "a duty to GOD and to my country, which I deem "infamous to violate; and I am intruſted with a "life, which I think cannot without folly be ſtaked "againſt yours. I believe you have ruined, but "you cannot degrade me. You may poſſibly, "while you ſneer over this letter, ſecretly exult in "your own ſafety; but remember, that to prevent "aſſaſſination I have a ſword, and to chaſtiſe inſo-"lence a cane."

With this letter the captain returned to Ventoſus, who read it with all the extravagancies of rage and diſdain: the captain, however, endeavoured to ſoothe and encourage him; he repreſented Eugenio as a poltroon and a beggar, whom he ought no otherwiſe to puniſh than by removing him from the rank into

which he had intruded; and this, he ſaid, would be very eaſily accompliſhed. Ventoſus, at length, acquieſced in the ſentiments of his friend; and it was ſoon induſtriouſly reported, that Eugenio had ſtruck a perſon of high rank, and refuſed him the ſatisfaction of a gentleman which he had condeſcended to aſk. For not accepting a challenge, Eugenio could not be legally puniſhed, becauſe it was made his duty as a ſoldier by the articles of war; but it drew upon him the contempt of his ſuperior officers, and made them very ſolicitous to find ſome pretence to diſmiſs him. The friends of Ventoſus immediately intimated, that the act of violence to which Eugenio had been provoked was commited within the verge of the court, and was, therefore, a ſufficient cauſe to break him; as for that offence he was liable to be puniſhed with the loſs of his hand, by a law which, though diſuſed was ſtill in force. This expedient was eagerly adopted, and Eugenio was accordingly deprived of his commiſſion.

HEROISM AND MODERN HONOUR CONTINUED.

NUMB. 66. SATURDAY, *June*, 23, 1753.

Nolo virum, facili redimit qui ſanguine famam:
Hunc volo, laudari qui ſine morte poteſt. MART.

Not him I prize who poorly gains
From death the palm which blood diſtains;
But him who wins with nobler ſtrife
An unpolluted wreath from life.

HE had concealed his quarrel with Ventoſus from his father, who was then at the family-ſeat about twenty miles from London, becauſe he was not willing

willing to acquaint him with the cauſe: but the effect was ſuch as could not be hidden; and it was now become neceſſary that he ſhould anticipate the report of others. He, therefore, ſet out immediately for the country; but his father about the ſame time arrived in London: ſome imperfect account had been ſent him of the proceedings againſt Eugenio; and though he concluded from his ſilence that he had been guilty of ſome indiſcretion, yet he did not ſuſpect an imputation of cowardice; and hoped by his intereſt to ſupport him againſt private reſentment. When he found that he had miſſed Eugenio in ſome of the avenues to town, he went immediately to the gentleman who had procured his commiſſion, from whom he learned all the circumſtances of the affair. The moment he heard that his ſon had refuſed a challenge, he was ſeized with rage ſo violent, that it had the appearance of diſtraction: he uttered innumerable oaths and execrations in a voice that was ſcarce human, declared his ſon to be unworthy of his name, and ſolemnly renounced him for ever.

Eugenio returned to London the ſame day, but it was late before he arrived: the ſervant that opened the door told him with tears in his eyes, that his father was gone to bed much diſordered, and had commanded that he ſhould no more be admitted into that houſe. He ſtood motionleſs a few moments; and then departing without reply, came directly to me; his looks were wild, his countenance pale, and his eyes ſwimming in tears: the moment he ſaw me, he threw himſelf into a chair; and putting a copy of his anſwer to Ventoſus's challenge into my hand, anticipated my enquiries by relating all that had happened.

After having adminiſtered ſuch conſolation as I could, I prevailed upon him with much difficulty to go to bed. I ſat up the reſt of the night, deviſing various

various arguments to convince Orgilio, that his ſon had added new dignity to his character. In the morning I went to his houſe; and after much ſolicitation was admitted to his chamber. I found him in bed, where he had lain awake all the night; and it was eaſy to ſee that his mind was in great agitation. I hoped that this tumult was produced by the ſtruggles of parental tenderneſs: but the moment I mentioned his ſon, he fell into an agony of rage that rendered him ſpeechleſs; and I came away, convinced that the eloquence of an angel upon the ſame ſubject would have been without effect. I did not, however, relate theſe diſcouraging circumſtances to Eugenio: I told him that it would be proper to wait a few days before any farther application was made; not only becauſe his father's reſentment would probably ſubſide, but becauſe he was now indiſpoſed

Eugenio, when he heard that his father was ill, changed colour and burſt into tears. He went every evening, and knocking ſoftly at the ſervant's window, enquired how he did; and when he found that his fever was become dangerous, he intreated me to go yet once more and intercede for him, that he might at leaſt be permitted to ſee his father, if he might not hope to be forgiven. I went; but when Orgilio heard my name, he fell into a freſh tranſport of rage, which ended in a delirium. The effect which this incident produced upon Eugenio, who waited at the end of the ſtreet for my return, cannot be deſcribed; I prevailed upon him to go back to my houſe, where he ſometimes haſtily traverſed the room, and ſometimes ſat fixed in a kind of ſtupid inſenſibility upon the floor. While he was in one of theſe fits, news was brought that his father was dead, and had the morning after he was taken ill diſinherited him, declaring that by the infamy of his conduct he had broke his heart.

Eugenio

Eugenio heard this account without any apparent ſurprize or emotion, but could not be perſuaded to change his poſture or receive any food: till his ſpirits being quite exhauſted, ſleep relieved him a few hours from the agony of his mind.

The night on which his father was buried, he wrapped himſelf up in a horſeman's coat that belonged to my ſervant, and followed the proceſſion at a diſtance on foot. When the ceremony was over, and the company departed, he threw himſelf on the grave; and hiding his face in the duſt, wept over it in ſilence that was interpreted only by groans. I, who had followed him unperceived, did not think it prudent to intrude upon the ſolemnity of his ſorrow, till the morning dawned: he was ſurprized, and I thought ſomewhat confounded to ſee me; he ſuffered me, however, to lead him away, but neither of us uttered a word.

He told me the next day, that he would trouble me a few nights longer for a lodging, and in the mean time think of ſome means by which he might obtain a ſubſiſtence: he was, indeed, totally deſtitute, without money and without a profeſſion; but he made no complaint, and obſtinately refuſed all pecuniary aſſiſtance.

In leſs than a week afterwards, having converted his watch, his ſword, a ſnuff-box, and ring, into money, he engaged as a common ſailor in a private undertaking to diſcover the north-weſt paſſage to India.

When he communicated this deſperate enterprize, he appeared perfectly compoſed; "My dear "friend," ſaid he, "it has been always my point "of honour to obey the commands of GOD, the "prime author of my being and the ultimate object "of my hope, at whatever riſque; and I do not re-"pent that I have ſteadily adhered to this prin-"ciple at the expence of all that is valuable upon "earth:

" earth: I have ſuffered the loſs of fortune, of love, " and of fame, but I have preſerved my integrity, " and I know that I ſhall not loſe my reward. To " theſe I would, indeed, add the eſteem, though " not the love of Amelia. She will hear of me as " degraded and diſinherited, a coward, a vagabond, " and a fugitive; and her eſteem, I think, I have " ſufficient reaſon to give up: grief will wound her " deeper than contempt; it is, therefore, beſt that " ſhe ſhould deſpiſe me. Some of thoſe, by whom " ſhe is addreſſed, deſerve her: and I ought not to " withhold a felicity which I cannot enjoy. I ſhall " embark to-morrow; and your friendly embrace is " all the good that I expect to receive from this " country, when I depart in ſearch of others which " are unknown."

To this addreſs I was not in a condition to reply; and perceiving that I was overwhelmed with grief, he left me, perhaps, leſt his purpoſe ſhould be ſhaken, and my weakneſs ſhould prove contagious.

On the morrow I attended him to the ſhip. He talked to me of indifferent things; and when we parted wrung my hand, and turned from me abruptly without ſpeaking. I haſted into the boat which waited to bring me on ſhore, and would not again feel the pangs of yeſterday for all the kingdoms of the world.

Such is the friend I have loſt! ſuch is the man, whom the world has diſgraced for refuſing a challenge! But none who are touched with pity at his misfortunes, wiſh that he had avoided them by another conduct; and not to pity Eugenio, is ſurely to be a monſter rather than a man.

It may, perhaps, be queſtioned, whether I ought thus to have exhibited his ſtory under feigned names; or have a right to attempt that which he forbore. My love to him, is, indeed, my motive: but I think

think my conduct is juſt, when I conſider, that though it is poſſible that Amelia may, by the peruſal of theſe papers, ſuffer the moſt tender, and, therefore, the moſt exquiſite diſtreſs, by the re-eſtabliſhment of her eſteem for him who moſt deſerves it; yet the world may derive new virtue, from the dignity which the character of Eugenio reflects upon his conduct: his example is truly illuſtrious; and as it can ſcarce fail to excite emulation, it ought not to be concealed.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

BENEVOLUS.

FROLICKS UNLAWFUL.

NUMB. 68. SATURDAY, *June* 30, 1753.

Nocet empta dolore voluptas. OVID.

How vain the joy for which our pain muſt pay.

IT has been remarked, that the play of brutes is always a mock fight; and, perhaps, this is equally true of all the ſports that have been invented by reaſon for the amuſement of mankind. The celebrated games of antiquity were ſomething more; the conflict was often fatal, and the pleaſure of the ſpectators ſeems to have been proportioned to the danger of the combatants: nor does it appear, that any ſport has been ſince contrived, which can gratify pure benevolence, or entertain without producing an oppoſition of intereſt. There are, indeed, many external advantages which it has never been thought immoral to acquire, though an oppoſition of intereſt is neceſſarily implied; advantages, which, like a ſtake at cards, one party can only gain by the loſs of the other: for wealth and poverty, obſcurity and diſtinction,

tion, command and ſervitude, are mutually relative, and the exiſtence of each is by each reciprocally derived and given.

Play, therefore, is not unlawful, merely as a conteſt; nor can the pleaſure of them that win be imputed to a criminal want of benevolence, in this ſtate of imperfection, merely becauſe it is enjoyed at the expence of thoſe who loſe. But as in buſineſs, it has never been held lawful to circumvent thoſe whom we deſire to excel; ſo in play, the chance of loſs and gain ought to be always equal; at leaſt, each party ſhould be apprized of the force employed againſt him; and if then he plays againſt odds, no man has a right to enquire his motive, though a good man would decline to engage him.

There is, however, one ſpecies of diverſion which has not been generally condemned, though it is produced by an attack upon thoſe who have not voluntarily entered the liſts; who find themſelves buffeted in the dark, and have neither means of defence nor poſſibility of advantage.

Theſe feats are atchieved by the knights-errant of mirth, and known by the name of FROLICKS: under this name, indeed, many ſpecies of wanton cruelty have been practiſed, without incurring the infamy, or raiſing the indignation which they deſerve; and it is extremely difficult to fix upon any certain criterion, by which frolicks may be diſtinguiſhed into criminal and innocent. If we could diſcern effects while they are involved in their cauſes, and aſcertain every remote conſequence of our own actions, perhaps theſe ſallies might be allowed under the ſame reſtrictions as raillery: the falſe alarms and ridiculous diſtreſs into which others are betrayed to make us ſport, ſhould be ſuch only as will be ſubjects of merriment even to the ſufferer when they are paſt, and remembered neither with reſentment nor regret: but as every action may produce effects over which human

human power has no influence, and which human ſagacity cannot foreſee, we ſhould not lightly venture to the verge of evil, nor ſtrike at others though with a reed, leſt like the rod of MOSES it become a ſerpent in our hands.

During the hard froſt in the year MDCCXL, four young gentlemen of conſiderable rank rode into an inn, near one of the principal avenues to this city, at eleven o'clock at night without any attendant; and having expreſſed uncommon concern about their horſes, and overlooked the proviſion that was made for them, called for a room; ordering wine and tobacco to be brought in, and declaring, that as they were to ſet out very early in the morning, it was not worth while to go to bed. Before the waiter returned, each of them had laid a pocket piſtol upon the table, which when he entered they appeared to be very ſolicitous to conceal, and ſhewed ſome confuſion at the ſurprize. They perceived with great ſatisfaction, that the fellow was alarmed at his diſcovery; and having upon various pretences called him often into the room, one of them contrived to pull out a maſk with his handkerchief from the pocket of a horſeman's coat. They diſcourſed in dark and ambiguous terms, affected a buſy and anxious circumſpection, urged the man often to drink, and ſeemed deſirous to render him ſubſervient to ſome purpoſe which they were unwilling to diſcover. They endeavoured to conciliate his good-will, by extravagant commendations of his dexterity and diligence, and encouraged him to familiarity, by aſking him many queſtions: he was, however, ſtill cautious and reſerved; one of them, therefore, pretending to have known his mother, put a crown into his hand, and ſoon after took an opportunity to aſk him at what hour a ſtage-coach, the paſſengers of which they intended to HUMBUG, ſet out in the morning,

ing, whether it was full, and if it was attended with a guard.

The man was now confirmed in his ſuſpicions; and though he had accepted the bribe, reſolved to diſcover the ſecret. Having evaded the queſtions with as much art as he could, he went to his maſter, Mr. Spiggot, who was then in bed, and acquainted him with what he had obſerved.

Mr. Spiggot immediately got up, and held a conſultation with his wife what was to be done. She adviſed him immediately to ſend for the conſtable, with proper aſſiſtants, and ſecure them: but he conſidered, that as this would probably prevent a robbery, it would deprive him of an opportunity to gain a very conſiderable ſum, which he would become intitled to upon their conviction, if he could apprehend them after the fact; he, therefore, very prudently called up four or five of the oſtlers that belonged to the yard, and having communicated his ſuſpicions and deſign, engaged them to enliſt under his command as an eſcort to the coach, and to watch the motions of the highwaymen as he ſhould direct. But mine hoſt alſo wiſely conſidering, that this expedition would be attended with certain expence, and that the profit which he hoped was contingent, acquainted the paſſengers with their danger, and propoſed that a guard ſhould be hired by a voluntary contribution; a propoſal to which, upon a ſight of the robbers through the window, they readily agreed. Spiggot was now ſecured againſt pecuniary loſs at all events, and about three o'clock the knights of the frolick with infinite ſatisfaction beheld five paſſengers, among whom there was but one gentleman, ſtep into the coach with the aſpect of criminals going to execution; and enjoyed the ſignificant ſigns which paſſed between them and the landlord, concerning the precautions taken for their defence.

As

As ſoon as the coach was gone, the ſuppoſed highwaymen paid their reckoning in great haſte, and called for their horſes: care had already been taken to ſaddle them; for it was not Mr. Spiggot's deſire that the adventurers ſhould go far before they executed their purpoſe; and as ſoon as they departed he prepared to follow them with his poſſe. He was, indeed, greatly ſurprized to ſee, that they turned the contrary way when they went out of the inn-yard; but he ſuppoſed they might chuſe to take a ſmall circuit to prevent ſuſpicion, as they might eaſily overtake the coach whenever they would; he determined, however, to keep behind them; and therefore, inſtead of going after the coach, followed them at a diſtance, till to his utter diſappointment he ſaw them perſiſt in a different rout, and at length turn into an inn in Piccadilly, where ſeveral ſervants in livery appeared to have been waiting for them, and where his curioſity was ſoon gratified with their character and their names.

In the mean time the coach proceeded in its journey. The panic of the paſſengers increaſed upon perceiving that the guard which they had hired did not come up; and they began to accuſe Spiggot of having betrayed them to the robbers for a ſhare of the booty: they could not help looking every moment from the window, though it was ſo dark that a waggon could not have been ſeen at the diſtance of twenty yards: every tree was miſtaken for a man and horſe, the noiſe of the vehicle in which they rode was believed to be the trampling of purſuers, and they expected every moment to hear the coachman commanded to ſtop, and to ſee a piſtol thruſt in among them with the dreadful injunction, "Deliver "your money."

Thus far the diſtreſs, however great and unmerited, will be deemed ridiculous; the ſufferers will appear to have ingeniouſly tormented themſelves, by the

the ſagacity with which they reaſoned from appearances intended to deceive them, and their ſolicitude to prevent miſchiefs which none would attempt.

But it happened that when the coach had got about two miles out of town, it was overtaken by a horſeman who rode very hard, and called out with great eagerneſs to the driver to ſtop: this incident, among perſons who had ſuffered perpetual apprehenſion and alarm from the moment they ſet out, produced a proportionate effect. The wife of the gentleman was ſo terrified, that ſhe ſunk down from her ſeat; and he was ſo much convinced of his danger, ſo touched at her diſtreſs, and ſo incenſed againſt the ruffian who had produced it, that without uttering a word he drew a piſtol from his pocket, and ſeeing the man parley with the coachman, who had now ſtopped his horſes, he ſhot him dead upon the ſpot.

The man, however, who had thus fallen the victim of a frolick, was ſoon known to be the ſervant of a lady who had paid earneſt for the vacant place in the ſtage; and having by ſome accident been delayed till it was ſet out, had followed it in a hackney-coach, and ſent him before her to detain it till ſhe came up.

Here the ridicule is at an end; and we are ſurprized that we did not ſooner reflect, that the company had ſufficient cauſe for their fear and their precaution, and that the frolick was nothing more than a lie, which it would have been folly not to believe, and preſumption to diſregard.

The next day, while the Bucks were entertaining a polite circle at White's with an account of the farce they had played the night before, news arrived of the cataſtrophe. A ſudden confuſion covered every countenance; and they remained ſometime ſilent, looking upon each other, mutually accuſed, reproached and condemned.

This favourable moment was improved by a gentleman, who, though ſometimes ſeen in that aſſembly, is yet eminent for his humanity and his wiſdom. "A man," ſaid he, "who found himſelf bewildered in the intricacies of a labyrinth, "when the ſun was going down, would think himſelf happy, if a clue ſhould be put into his hand "by which he might be led out in ſafety: he would "not, ſurely, quit it for a moment, becauſe it might "poſſibly be recovered; and, if he did, would be "in perpetual danger of ſtumbling upon ſome other "wanderer, and bringing a common calamity upon "both. In the maze of life we are often bewil-"dered, and darkneſs and danger ſurround us: but "every one may at leaſt ſecure conſcience againſt "the power of accident, by adhering inviolably to "that rule, by which we are enjoined to abſtain "even from the APPEARANCES OF EVIL."

IDLE HOPE.

NUMB. 69. TUESDAY, *July* 3, 1753.

Ferè libenter homines id quod volunt credunt. CÆSAR.

Men willingly believe what they wiſh to be true.

TULLY has long ago obſerved, that no man, however weakened by long life, is ſo conſcious of his own decrepitude, as not to imagine that he may yet hold his ſtation in the world for another year.

Of the truth of this remark every day furniſhes new confirmation: there is no time of life, in which men for the moſt part ſeem leſs to expect the ſtroke of

of death, than when every other eye ſees it impending; or are more buſy in providing for another year than when it is plain to all but themſelves, that at another year they cannot arrive. Though every funeral that paſſes before their eyes evinces the deceitfulneſs of ſuch expectations, ſince every man who is borne to the grave thought himſelf equally certain of living at leaſt to the next year; the ſurvivor ſtill continues to flatter himſelf, and is never at a loſs for ſome reaſon why his life ſhould be protracted, and the voracity of death continue to be pacified with ſome other prey.

But this is only one of the innumerable artifices practiſed in the univerſal conſpiracy of mankind againſt themſelves: every age and every condition indulges ſome darling fallacy; every man amuſes himſelf with projects which he knows to be improbable, and which, therefore, he reſolves to purſue without daring to examine them. Whatever any man ardently deſires he very readily believes that he ſhall ſome time attain: he whoſe intemperance has overwhelmed him with diſeaſes, while he languiſhes in the ſpring, expects vigour and recovery from the ſummer ſun; and while he melts away in the ſummer, transfers his hopes to the froſts of winter: he that gazes upon elegance or pleaſure, which want of money hinders him from imitating or partaking, comforts himſelf that the time of diſtreſs will ſoon be at an end, and that every day brings him nearer to a ſtate of happineſs; though he knows it has paſſed not only without acquiſition of advantage, but perhaps without endeavours after it, in the formation of ſchemes that cannot be executed, and in the contemplation of proſpects, which cannot be approached.

Such is the general dream in which we all ſlumber out our time: every man thinks the day coming, in which he ſhall be gratified with all his wiſhes, in which

which he ſhall leave all thoſe competitors behind, who are now rejoicing like himſelf in the expectation of victory: the day is always coming to the ſervile in which they ſhall be powerful, to the obſcure in which they ſhall be eminent, and to the deformed in which they ſhall be beautiful.

If any of my readers has looked with ſo little attention on the world about him, as to imagine this repreſentation exaggerated beyond probability, let him reflect a little upon his own life; let him conſider what were his hopes and proſpects ten years ago, and what additions he then expected to be made by ten years to his happineſs: thoſe years are now elapſed; have they made good the promiſe that was extorted from them, have they advanced his fortune, enlarged his knowledge, or reformed his conduct, to the degree that was once expected? I am afraid, every man that recollects his hopes muſt confeſs his diſappointment; and own that day has glided unprofitably after day, and that he is ſtill at the ſame diſtance from the point of happineſs.

With what conſolations can thoſe, who have thus miſcarried in their chief deſign, elude the memory of their ill ſucceſs? With what amuſements can they pacify their diſcontent, after the loſs of ſo large a portion of life? They can give themſelves up again to the ſame deluſions, they can form new ſchemes of airy gratifications, and fix another period of felicity; they can again reſolve to truſt the promiſe which they know will be broken, they can walk in a circle with their eyes ſhut, and perſuade themſelves to think that they go forward.

Of every great and complicated event, part depends upon cauſes out of our power, and part muſt be effected by vigour and perſeverance. With regard to that which is ſtiled in common language the work of chance, men will always find reaſons for

confidence or diſtruſt, according to their different tempers or inclinations; and he that has been long accuſtomed to pleaſe himſelf with poſſibilities of fortuitous happineſs, will not eaſily or willingly be reclaimed from his miſtake. But the effects of human induſtry and ſkill are more eaſily ſubjected to calculation: whatever can be completed in a year, is diviſible into parts, of which each may be performed in the compaſs of a day; he, therefore, that has paſſed the day without attention to the taſk aſſigned him, may be certain that the lapſe of life has brought him no nearer to his object; for whatever idleneſs may expect from time, its produce will be only in proportion to the diligence with which it has been uſed. He that floats lazily down the ſtream, in purſuit of ſomething borne along by the ſame current, will find himſelf indeed move forward; but unleſs he lays his hand to the oar, and increaſes his ſpeed by his own labour, muſt be always at the ſame diſtance from that which he is following.

There have happened in every age ſome contingencies of unexpected and undeſerved ſucceſs, by which thoſe who are determined to believe whatever favours their inclinations, have been encouraged to delight themſelves with future advantages; they ſupport confidence by conſiderations, of which the only proper uſe is to chaſe away deſpair: it is equally abſurd to ſit down in idleneſs becauſe ſome have been enriched without labour, as to leap a precipice becauſe ſome have fallen and eſcaped with life, or to put to ſea in a ſtorm becauſe ſome have been driven from a wreck upon the coaſt to which they are bound.

We are all ready to confeſs, that belief ought to be proportioned to evidence or probability: let any man, therefore, compare the number of thoſe who have been thus favoured by fortune, and of thoſe who have failed of their expectations, and he will eaſily

eaſily determine, with what juſtneſs he has regiſtered himſelf in the lucky catalogue.

But there is no need on theſe occaſions for deep enquiries or laborious calculations; there is a far eaſier method of diſtinguiſhing the hopes of folly from thoſe of reaſon, of finding the difference between proſpects that exiſt before the eyes, and thoſe that are only painted on a fond imagination. Tom Drowſy had accuſtomed himſelf to compute the profit of a darling project, till he had no longer any doubt of its ſucceſs; it was at laſt matured by cloſe conſideration, all the meaſures were accurately adjuſted, and he wanted only five hundred pounds to become maſter of a fortune that might be envied by a director of a trading company. Tom was generous and grateful, and was reſolved to recompence this ſmall aſſiſtance with an ample fortune: he, therefore, deliberated for a time, to whom amongſt his friends he ſhould declare his neceſſities; not that he ſuſpected a refuſal, but becauſe he could not ſuddenly determine which of them would make the beſt uſe of riches, and was, therefore, moſt worthy of his favour. At laſt his choice was ſettled; and knowing that in order to borrow he muſt ſhew the probability of re-payment, he prepared for a minute and copious explanation of his project. But here the golden dream was at an end: he ſoon diſcovered the impoſſibility of impoſing upon others the notions by which he had ſo long impoſed upon himſelf; which way ſoever he turned his thoughts, impoſſibility and abſurdity aroſe in oppoſition on every ſide; even credulity and prejudice were at laſt forced to give way, and he grew aſhamed of crediting himſelf what ſhame would not ſuffer him to communicate to another.

To this teſt let every man bring his imaginations, before they have been too long predominant in his mind. Whatever is true will bear to be related,

whatever is rational will endure to be explained: but when we delight to brood in ſecret over future happineſs, and ſilently to employ our meditations upon ſchemes of which we are conſcious that the bare mention would expoſe us to deriſion and contempt; we ſhould then remember, that we are cheating ourſelves by voluntary deluſions; and giving up to the unreal mockeries of fancy, thoſe hours in which ſolid advantages might be attained by ſober thought and rational aſſiduity.

There is, indeed, ſo little certainty in human affairs, that the moſt cautious and ſevere examiner may be allowed to indulge ſome hopes, which he cannot prove to be much favoured by probability; ſince after his utmoſt endeavours to aſcertain events, he muſt often leave the iſſue in the hands of chance. And ſo ſcanty is our preſent allowance of happineſs, that in many ſituations life could ſcarcely be ſupported, if hope were not allowed to relieve the preſent hour by pleaſures borrowed from futurity; and re-animate the langour of dejection to new efforts, by pointing to diſtant regions of felicity, which yet no reſolution or perſeverance ſhall ever reach.

But theſe, like all other cordials, though they may invigorate in a ſmall quantity, intoxicate in a greater; theſe pleaſures, like the reſt, are lawful only in certain circumſtances, and to certain degrees; they may be uſeful in a due ſubſerviency to nobler purpoſes, but become dangerous and deſtructive, when once they gain the aſcendant in the heart: to ſoothe the mind to tranquillity by hope, even when that hope is likely to deceive us, may be ſometimes uſeful; but to lull our faculties in a lethargy, is poor and deſpicable.

Vices and errors are differently modified, according to the ſtate of the minds to which they are incident; to indulge hope beyond the warrant of reaſon,

ſon, is the failure alike of mean and elevated underſtandings; but its foundation and its effects are totally different; the man of high courage and great abilities, is apt to place too much confidence in himſelf, and to expect from a vigorous exertion of his powers more than ſpirit or diligence can attain; between him and his wiſh he ſees obſtacles indeed, but he expects to overleap or break them; his miſtaken ardour hurries him forward; and though perhaps he miſſes his end, he nevertheleſs obtains ſome collateral good, and performs ſomething uſeful to mankind and honourable to himſelf.

The drone of timidity preſumes likewiſe to hope, but without ground and without conſequence; the bliſs with which he ſolaces his hours, he always expects from others, though very often he knows not from whom; he folds his arms about him, and ſits in expectation of ſome revolution in the ſtate that ſhall raiſe him to greatneſs, or ſome golden ſhower that ſhall load him with wealth; he dozes away the day in muſing upon the morrow; and at the end of life is rouzed from his dream only to diſcover that the time of action is paſt, and that he can now ſhew his wiſdom only by repentence.

T

HEROISM AND MODERN HONOUR CONCLUDED.

NUMB. 70. SATURDAY, *July* 7, 1753.

VIRTUS, *repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ,*
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
Nec ſumit aut ponit ſecures,
Arbitrio popularis auræ. HOR.

Stranger to folly and to fear,
With pure untainted honour bright,
Virtue diſdains to lend an ear
To the mad people's ſenſe of right.

Mr. ADVENTURER,

I AM the perſon whom your correſpondent BENEVOLUS has thought fit to mention by the name of AGRESTIS. There are ſome particulars in my character, which, perhaps, he has miſtaken: but I love plain-dealing; and as he did not intend to flatter me, I forgive him: perhaps my heart is as warm as another's, and I am no ſtranger to any principles that would lead a man to a handſome thing. But to the point. I approve your publiſhing the ſtory of Eugenio; and I am determined the world ſhall not loſe the ſequel of it, in which you are more concerned than perhaps you may imagine.

You muſt know, Sir, that I had obſerved my girl to go moping about of late more than common; though in truth ſhe has been ſomewhat grave ever ſince ſhe diſmiſſed Ventoſus. I was determined to keep an eye upon her; and ſo watching her pretty cloſely, I catched her laſt Saturday was ſe'nnight almoſt drowned in tears, with your paper in her hand. I laid hold of it in an inſtant, and putting on my ſpectacles began to read, with a ſhrewd ſuſpicion that I ſhould find out a ſecret. Her paſſion of crying ſtill increaſed; and when I had looked here and there in the

the paper, I was convinced that ſhe was by ſome means deeply intereſted in the ſtory, which, indeed, appeared to me to be full of misfortune. In ſhort, I preſſed her ſo home upon the ſubject, that ſhe put the other two papers into my hand, and telling me who were meant by the names, I began to read with great eagerneſs; though to confeſs a truth, I could ſcarce ſee the three laſt pages. Odds-my-life, thinks I, what an honeſt fellow this Eugenio is! and leering up at my girl, I thought I never ſaw her look ſo like her mother before. I took her about the neck and kiſſed her; but I did not tell her what I had in my head: however, to encourage her, I bid her be a good child; and inſtantly ordering my coach, I went directly to Benevolus, of whom I enquired the ſhip's name on board of which Eugenio was embarked, and when ſhe ſailed. The doctor, whether he gueſſed at my intention or not, looked as if he would have leaped out of his ſkin; and told me, with a kind of wild eagerneſs, that the veſſel having met with an accident in going out, was put back, and then lay in the river near Graveſend.

With this intelligence I returned to my daughter, and told her my mind. "Emmy," ſays I, "the "Captain was always in my opinion a worthy man; "and when I had reaſon to believe you liked him, "I did not reſolve to part you, becauſe he was with-"out a title or an eſtate, but becauſe I could not be "reconciled to his profeſſion. I was determined "you ſhould never marry a cockade, and carry a "knapſack; and if he had been a general officer, I "would have preferred an honeſt citizen, who en-"courages trade and navigation, before him. Be-"ſides, I was angry that you ſhould hold a private "correſpondence, and think to carry your point "without me: but you were greatly miſrepreſented; "ſo was the Captain: he has gallantly removed all "my objections at once, he is not now in the army,

" nor has he ever attempted to ſubvert my autho-
" rity; he is a true heart, and I feel that I love him
" as my ſon. He is ſtill within reach, and you ſhall
" this moment write to him with your own hand,
" and tell him, that I ſay he ſhall be your huſband.
" I have money enough for ye both; and if I pleaſe,
" I can make him a lord." The poor child ſat with her handkerchief up to her eyes while I was ſpeaking, and I did not immediately perceive, that, upon hearing the Captain was not gone, ſhe had fainted. We could ſcarce keep life in her for above two hours; but at laſt ſhe a little recovered her ſpirits, and brought me the following billet:

To EUGENIO.

" SIR,

" MY dear [redacted] commands me to intreat, that
" you would immediately come on ſhore, and from
" this hour conſider his houſe as your own. He is
" greatly affected with the ſtory of your generoſity
" and diſtreſs, which he has juſt learnt by an acci-
" dent which I cannot now communicate; and he
" is determined to make you his heir, without pre-
" judice to,

" SIR, your humble ſervant,

" AMELIA."

When I had peruſed this epiſtle, " Pſhaw," ſays I, " put affectionate at the end of it, or elſe he won't " come now." This made her ſmile. I was glad to ſee her look cheerful; and having with ſome difficulty procured the proper addition, I diſpatched the letter inſtantly by my own ſervant on horſeback, and ordered a light chariot and four to follow him, and take up Eugenio's friend the doctor by the way. I will

will not tell you, Sir, how Eugenio, as he is called, behaved upon the receipt of this letter; it is enough, that in about eight hours he arrived with his friend at my houſe: neither will I tell you how the lovers behaved when they met: it is enough, that they are to be married next Thurſday. I add ſome particulars for your private inſpection in the poſtſcript, that you may give us your company at the wedding. I dare ſay you will ſhare the happineſs of which you have been the inſtrument; and I aſſure you that you will be extremely welcome to the company, but to none more than to

Yours heartily,

AGRESTIS.

I am extremely obliged to Agreſtis for his poſtſcript, but yet more for his letter; which, if I may be allowed to judge by its effect, is the moſt eloquent performance I ever read: its excellence, I am perſuaded, will be univerſally acknowledged, becauſe it will be felt. I ſhall, however, add ſome remarks, which, perhaps, may not occur to every mind, as every mind has not acquired a habit of ſpeculation.

Eugenio's heroic perſeverance in virtue, though it appeared to preclude all his hopes of temporal advantage, yet eventually fulfilled them. If he had with leſs generoſity engaged in a clandeſtine love, either he would have forfeited the eſteem of Amelia, or ſhe would have incurred the reſentment of her father; if he had ſucceeded to the remains of his paternal eſtate, he might ſtill have been ſuſpected by Agreſtis; and if he had continued in the army, however preferred, he would ſtill have been diſapproved.

Thus, perhaps, if remote conſequences could be diſcovered by human foreſight, we ſhould ſee the wiſdom and the kindneſs of DIVINE PRESCRIPTION; we ſhould ſee, that the precepts which we are now urged to neglect by our deſire of happineſs, were gi-

ven to prevent our being precipitated by error into miſery; at leaſt, it would appear, that if ſome immediate advantage is gained by the individual, an equivalent loſs is ſuſtained by ſociety; and as ſociety is only an aggregation of individuals, he who ſeeks his own advantage at the expence of ſociety, cannot long be exempted from the general calamity which he contributes to produce.

Such is the neceſſary imperfection of human laws, that many private injuries are perpetrated of which they take no cognizance: but if theſe were allowed to be puniſhed by the individual againſt whom they are committed, every man would be judge and executioner in his own cauſe, and univerſal anarchy would immediately follow. The laws, therefore, by which this practice is prohibited, ought to be held more ſacred than any other: and the violation of them is ſo far from being neceſſary to prevent an imputation of cowardice, that they are enforced, even among thoſe in whom cowardice is puniſhed with death, by the following clauſe in the nineteenth ARTICLE OF WAR:

"Nor ſhall any officer or ſoldier upbraid another "for REFUSING a CHALLENGE; ſince, according "to theſe our orders, they do but the DUTY of SOL-"DIERS, who ought to ſubject themſelves to diſci-"pline: and we do acquit and diſcharge all men "who have quarrels offered, or challenges ſent to "them, of all diſgrace or opinion of diſadvantage "in their obedience hereunto: and whoever ſhall "upbraid them, or offend in this caſe, ſhall be pu-"niſhed as a challenger."

It is to be preſumed, that of this clauſe no gentleman in the army is ignorant; and thoſe who, by the arrogance of their folly, labour to render it ineffectual, ſhould, as enemies to their country, be driven out of it with deteſtation and contempt.

THE

THE FOLLY OF HUMAN WISHES.

NUMB. 72. SATURDAY, *July* 14, 1753.

Πόλλα μεταξὺ πέλει κύλικος καὶ χείλεος ἄκρου. PROV. GR.

Many things happen between the cup and the lip.

THE following narrative is by an eaſtern tradition attributed to one Heli Ben Hamet, a moraliſt of Arabia, who is ſaid to have delivered his precepts in public and periodical orations. This tradition correſponds with the manner in which the narrative is introduced; and, indeed, it may poſſibly have no other foundation: but the tradition itſelf, however founded, is ſufficient authority to conſider Heli as the literary Adventurer of a remote age and nation; and as only one number of his work is extant, I ſhall not ſcruple to incorporate it with my own.

Doſt thou aſk a torch to diſcover the brightneſs of the morning? Doſt thou appeal to argument for proofs of DIVINE PERFECTION? Look down to the earth on which thou ſtandeſt, and lift up thine eye to the worlds that roll above thee. Thou beholdeſt ſplendor, abundance, and beauty; is not HE who produced them MIGHTY? Thou conſidereſt; is not HE who formed thy underſtanding WISE? Thou enjoyeſt; is not HE who gratifies thy ſenſes GOOD? Can aught have limited his bounty but his wiſdom? or can defects in his ſagacity be diſcovered by thine? To Heli, the preacher of humility and reſignation, let thine ear be again attentive, thou whoſe heart has rebelled in ſecret, and whoſe wiſh has ſilently accuſed thy MAKER.

I roſe early in the morning to meditate, that I might without preſumption hope to be heard. I left my habitation, and, turning from the beaten path, I wandered without remarking my way, or regarding any object that I paſſed, till the extreme heat of the ſun, which now approached the meridian, compelled my attention. The wearineſs which I had inſenſibly contracted by the length of my walk, became in a moment inſupportable; and looking round for ſhelter, I ſuddenly perceived that I was not far from the wood, in which Rhedi the hermit inveſtigates the ſecrets of nature, and aſcribes glory to GOD. The hope of improving my meditation by his wiſdom, gave me new vigour; I ſoon reached the wood, I was refreſhed by the ſhade, and I walked forward till I reached the cell. I entered, but Rhedi was abſent. I had not, however, waited long, before I diſcovered him through the trees at ſome diſtance, advancing towards me with a perſon whoſe appearance was, if poſſible, yet more venerable, and whom before I had never ſeen.

When they came near I roſe up, and laying my hand upon my lips, I bowed myſelf with reverence before them. Rhedi ſaluted me by my name, and preſented me to his companion, before whom I again bowed myſelf to the ground. Having looked ſteadfaſtly in my countenance, he laid his hand upon my head, and bleſſed me: "Heli," ſaid he, "thoſe who "deſire knowledge that they may teach virtue, ſhall "not be diſappointed: ſit down, I will relate events "which yet thou knoweſt but in part, and diſcloſe "ſecrets of Providence from which thou mayeſt "derive inſtruction." We ſat down, and I liſtened as to the counſel of an Angel, or the muſic of Paradiſe.

Amana, the daughter of Sanbad the ſhepherd, was drawing water at the wells of Adail, when a caravan which had paſſed the deſart arrived, and the driver

of

of the camels alighted to give them drink: thoſe which came firſt to the wells belonged to Nouraddin the merchant, who had brought fine linen and other merchandize of great value from Egypt. Amana, when the caravan drew near, had covered herſelf with her veil, which the ſervant of Nouraddin, to ſatisfy a brutal curioſity, attempted to withdraw.

Amana, provoked by the indignity, and encouraged by the preſence of others, ſtruck him with the ſtaff of the bucket; and he was about to retaliate the violence, when Nouraddin, who was himſelf with the caravan, called out to him to forbear, and immediately haſted to the well. The veil of Amana had fallen off in the ſtruggle, and Nouraddin was captivated with her beauty: the lovely confuſion of offended modeſty that glowed upon her cheek, the diſdain that ſwelled her boſom, and the reſentment that ſparkled in her eyes, expreſſed a conſciouſneſs of her ſex, which warmed and animated her beauty: they were graces which Nouraddin had never ſeen, and produced a tumult in his breaſt which he had never felt; for Nouraddin, though he had now great poſſeſſions, was yet a youth, and a ſtranger to woman: the merchandize which he was tranſporting, had been purchaſed by his father, whom the angel of death had intercepted in the journey, and the ſudden acceſſion of independence and wealth did not diſpoſe him to reſtrain the impetuoſity of deſire: he therefore demanded Amana of her parents; his meſſage was received with gratitude and joy; and Nouraddin, after a ſhort time, carried her back to Egypt, having firſt puniſhed the ſervant, by whom ſhe had been inſulted at the well, with his own hand.

But he delayed the ſolemnities of marriage, till the time of mourning for his father ſhould expire; and the gratification of a paſſion which he could not ſuppreſs, was without much difficulty ſuſpended now its object was in his power. He anticipated the happineſs

pineſs which he believed to be ſecured; and ſuppoſed that it would increaſe by expectation, like a treaſure by uſury, of which more is ſtill poſſeſſed, as poſſeſſion is longer delayed.

During this interval Amana recovered from the tumultuous joy of ſudden elevation; her ambition was at an end, and ſhe became ſuſceptible of love. Nouraddin, who regretted the obſcurity of her birth only becauſe it had prevented the cultivation of her mind, laboured inceſſantly to ſupply the defect: ſhe received his inſtruction not only with gratitude, but delight; while he ſpoke ſhe gazed upon him with eſteem and reverence, and had no wiſh but to return the happineſs which he was impatient to beſtow.

At this time Oſmin the Caliph was upon the throne of Egypt. The paſſions of Oſmin, thou knoweſt, were impetuous as the torrents of Alared, and fatal as the whirlwind of the deſart: to excite and to gratify, was the whole purpoſe of his mind; but his wiſh was ſtill unſatisfied, and his life was wretched. His ſeraglio was filled with beauty; but the power of beauty he had exhauſted; he became outrageous to revive deſire by a new object, which he demanded of Nardic the eunuch, whom he had not only ſet over his women but his kingdom, with menaces and execration. Nardic therefore cauſed a proclamation to be made, that whoever ſhould produce the moſt beautiful virgin within two days, ſhould ſtand in the preſence of the Caliph, and be deemed the third in his kingdom.

Caled, the ſervant who had been beaten by Nouraddin, returned with him to Egypt: the ſullen ferocity of his temper was increaſed by the deſire of revenge, and the gloom of diſcontent was deepened by deſpair: but when he heard the proclamation of Nardic, joy kindled in his aſpect like lightning in the darkneſs of a ſtorm; the offence which he had committed

mitted againſt Amana, enabled him to revenge the puniſhment which it produced. He knew that ſhe was yet a virgin, and that her marriage was near: he, therefore, haſted to the palace, and demanded to be brought before Nardic, who, in the midſt of magnificence and ſervility, the flattery of dependent ambition, and the zeal of unlimited obedience, was ſitting pale and ſilent, his brow contracted with anxiety, and his breaſt throbbing with apprehenſion.

When Caled was brought into his preſence, he fell proſtrate before him: "By the ſmile of my "Lord," ſaid he, "let another be diſtinguiſhed from "the ſlaves who mingle in obſcurity, and let his fa-"vour elevate another from the duſt; but let my "ſervice be accepted, and let the deſire of Oſmin "be ſatisfied with beauty. Amana will ſhortly be "eſpouſed by Nouraddin; but of Amana the ſove-"reign of Egypt only is worthy. Haſte, there-"fore, to demand her; ſhe is now with him in the "houſe, to which I will conduct the meſſenger of "thy will."

Nardic received this intelligence with tranſports of joy; a mandate was inſtantly written to Nouraddin; it was ſealed with the royal ſignet, and delivered to Caled, who returned with a force ſufficient to compel obedience.

On this day the mourning of Nouraddin expired: he had changed his apparel and perfumed his perſon; his features were brightened with the gladneſs of his heart; he had invited his friends to the feſtival of his marriage, and the evening was to accompliſh his wiſhes: the evening alſo was expected by Amana, with a joy which ſhe did not labour to ſuppreſs; and ſhe was hiding her bluſhes in the breaſt of Nouraddin, when Caled arrived with the mandate and the guard.

The domeſtics were alarmed and terrified; and Nouraddin, being inſtantly acquainted with the event,

event, ruſhed out of the apartment of Amana with diſorder and trepidation. When he ſaw Caled, he was moved with anger and diſdain; but he was intimidated by the appearance of the guard. Caled immediately advanced, and, with looks of inſolence and triumph, preſented the mandate. Nouraddin ſeeing the royal ſignet, kneeled to receive it; and having gazed a moment at the ſuperſcription, preſſed it upon his forehead in an agony of ſuſpence and terror. The wretch who had betrayed him enjoyed the anguiſh which he ſuffered; and perceiving that he was fainting, and had not fortitude to read the paper, acquainted him with the contents: at the name of Amana he ſtarted, as if he had felt the ſting of a ſcorpion, and immediately fell to the ground.

Caled proceeded to execute his commiſſion without remorſe; he was not to be moved by ſwooning, expoſtulation, entreaty, or tears; but having conducted Amana to the ſeraglio, preſented her to Nardic, with exultation and hope. Nardic, whoſe wiſh was flattered by her ſtature and her ſhape, lifted up her veil with impatience, timidity, and ſolicitude: but the moment he beheld her face, his doubts were at an end: he proſtrated himſelf before her, as a perſon on whoſe pleaſure his life would from that moment depend. She was conducted to the chamber of the women, and Caled was the ſame hour inveſted with his new dignity; an apartment was aſſigned him in the palace, and he was made captain of the guard that kept the gates.

Nouraddin, when he recovered his ſenſibility, and found that Amana had been conducted to the ſeraglio, was ſeized by turns with diſtraction and ſtupidity: he paſſed the night in agitations, by which the powers of nature were exhauſted, and in the morning he locked himſelf into the chamber of Amana, and threw himſelf on a ſofa, determined to admit no comforter, and to receive no ſuſtenance.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

NUMB. 73. TUESDAY, *July* 17, 1753.

------Numinibus vota exaudita malignis. JUV.

Prayers made and granted in a luckleſs hour. DRYDEN.

WHILE Nouraddin was thus abandoned to deſpair, Nardic's deſcription of Amana had rouzed Oſmin from his apathy. He commanded that ſhe ſhould be prepared to receive him, and ſoon after went alone into her apartment. Familiar as he was with beauty, and ſatiated with enjoyment, he could not behold Amana without emotion: he perceived, indeed, that ſhe was in tears, and that his preſence covered her with confuſion; yet he believed that her terrors would be eaſily removed, that by kindneſs ſhe might be ſoothed to familiarity, and by careſſes excited to dalliance; but the moment he approached her, ſhe threw herſelf at his feet, and entreated to be heard, with an importunity which he choſe rather to indulge than reſiſt; he, therefore, raiſed her from the ground, and ſupporting her in his arms, encouraged her to proceed, "Let my Lord," ſaid ſhe, "diſmiſs a wretch who is not worthy of "his preſence, and compaſſionate the diſtreſs which "is not ſuſceptible of delight. I am the daughter "of a ſhepherd, betrothed to the Merchant Nou-"raddin, from whom my body has been forced by "the perfidy of a ſlave, and to whom my ſoul is "united by indiſſoluble bonds. O! let not the "terrors of thy frown be upon me! Shall the ſo-"vereign of Egypt ſtoop to a reptile of the duſt? "ſhall the judge of nations retain the worthleſs "theft of treachery and revenge? or ſhall he, for "whom ten thouſand languiſh with deſire, rejoice "in the ſufferance of one alienated mind?"

Oſmin,

Oſmin, whoſe breaſt had by turns been inflamed with deſire and indignation, while he gazed upon the beauties of Amana and liſtened to her voice, now ſuddenly threw her from him, and departed without reply.

When he was alone, he remained a few moments in ſuſpence: but the paſſions which eloquence had repreſſed, ſoon became again predominant: and he commanded Amana to be told, that if within three hours ſhe did not come prepared to gratify his wiſhes, he would caſt the head of the ſlave for whom he was rejected at her feet.

The eunuch by whom this meſſage was delivered, and the woman who had returned to Amana when the Caliph retired, were touched with pity at her diſtreſs, and trembled at her danger: the evils which they could ſcarce hope to prevent, they were yet ſolicitous to delay; and, therefore, adviſed her to requeſt three days of preparation, that ſhe might ſufficiently recover the tranquillity of her mind, to make a juſt eſtimate of her own happineſs; and with this requeſt to ſend, as a pledge of her obedience, a bowl of ſherbet, in which a pearl had been diſſolved, and of which ſhe had firſt drank herſelf.

To this advice, after ſome throbs of deſperation, ſhe at length conſented, and prepared to put it in execution.

At the time when this reſolution was taken, Nouraddin ſuddenly ſtarted from a reſtleſs ſlumber; he was again ſtung by an inſtantaneous reflection upon his own miſery, and indulged the diſcontent of his mind in this exclamation: "If wiſdom and "goodneſs do indeed preſide over the works of "Omnipotence, whence is oppreſſion, injuſtice, "and cruelty? As Nouraddin alone has a right to "Amana, why is Amana in the power of Oſmin? "O that now the juſtice of HEAVEN would appear "in

" in my behalf! O that from this hour I was Of-
" min, and Oſmin Nouraddin!" The moment he had uttered this wiſh, his chamber was darkened as with a thick cloud, which was at length diſſipated by a burſt of thunder; and a being, whoſe appearance was more than human, ſtood before him. " Nouraddin," ſaid the viſion, " I am of the region " above thee: but my buſineſs is with the children " of the earth. Thou haſt wiſhed to be Oſmin, " and as far as this wiſh is poſſible it ſhall be ac-
" compliſhed; thou ſhalt be enabled to aſſume his " appearance, and to exerciſe his power. I know " not yet whether I am permitted to conceal Oſ-
" min under the appearance of Nouraddin, but till " to-morrow he ſhall not interrupt thee."

Nouraddin, who had been held motionleſs by aſtoniſhmen and terror, now recovered his fortitude as in the preſence of a friend; and was about to expreſs his gratitude and joy, when the Genius bound a taliſman on his left arm, and acquainted him with its power: " As often as this bracelet," ſaid he, " ſhall be applied to the region of thy heart, thou " ſhalt be alternately changed in appearance from " Nouraddin to Oſmin, and from Oſmin to Nou-
" raddin." The Genius then ſuddenly diſappeared, and Nouraddin, impatient to recover the poſſeſſion of Amana, inſtantly applied the ſtud of the bracelet to his breaſt, and the next moment found himſelf alone in an apartment of the ſeraglio.

During this interval the Caliph, who was expecting the iſſue of his meſſage to Amana, became reſtleſs and impatient: he quitted his apartment and went into the gardens, where he walked backward and forward with a violent but interrupted pace; and at length ſtood ſtill, frowning and penſive, with his eyes fixed on the clear ſurface of a fountain in the middle of the walk. The agitation of his mind continued, and at length broke out into this ſoliloquy;

quy: "What is my felicity, and what is my power? "I am wretched by the want of that which the ca- "price of women has beſtowed upon my ſlave. I "can gratify revenge, but not deſire; I can with- "hold felicity from him, but I cannot procure it to "myſelf. Why have I not power to aſſume the "form in which I might enjoy my wiſhes? I will "at leaſt enjoy them in thought. If I was Nou- "raddin, I ſhould be claſped with tranſport to the "boſom of Amana." He then reſigned himſelf to the power of imagination, and was again ſilent:—but the moment his wiſh was uttered, he became ſubject to the Genius who had juſt tranſported Nouraddin to his palace. This wiſh, therefore, was inſtantly fulfilled; and his eyes being ſtill fixed upon the water, he perceived, with ſudden wonder and delight, that his figure had been changed in a moment, and that the mirror reflected another image. His fancy had been warmed with the ideal careſſes of Amana; the tumult of his mind was increaſed by the prodigy; and the gratification of his appetite being the only object of his attention, he haſted inſtantly to the palace, without reflecting that, as he would not be known, he would be refuſed admittance. At the door, to which he advanced with eagerneſs and precipitation, he was ſtopped by a party of the guard that was now commanded by Caled: a tumult enſued, and Caled being haſtily called, believed that Nouraddin, in the phrenzy of deſperation, had ſcaled the walls of the garden to recover Amana; and rejoicing in an opportunity of revenge that exceeded his hope, inſtantly ſtabbed him with his poinard, but at the ſame time received that of the Caliph in his heart. Thus fell at once the tyrant and the traitor; the tyrant by the hand which had been armed to ſupport him in oppreſſion, and the traitor by the fury of the appetite which his perfidy had excited.

In

In the mean time the man who was believed to be ſlain, repoſed in ſecurity upon a ſofa; and Amana, by the direction of her women, had prepared the meſſage and the bowl. They were now diſpatched to the Caliph, and received by Nouraddin. He underſtood by the meſſage that Amana was yet inviolate: in the joy of his heart, therefore, he took the bowl, which having emptied, he returned by the eunuch, and commanded that Amana ſhould be brought into his preſence.

In obedience to this command, ſhe was conducted by her woman to the door, but ſhe entered alone pale and trembling; and though her lips were forced into a ſmile, the characters which grief, dread, and averſion, had written in her countenance, were not effaced. Nouraddin, who beheld her diſorder, exulted in the fidelity of her love, and ſpringing forward, threw his arms about her in an extaſy of tenderneſs and joy; which was ſtill heightened when he perceived, that in the character of Oſmin thoſe embraces were ſuffered with reluctance, which in his own were returned with ardour: he, therefore, retreating backward a few paces, applied the taliſman again to his breaſt, and having recovered his own form, would have ruſhed again into her arms; but ſhe ſtarted from him in confuſion and terror. He ſmiled at the effect of the prodigy; and ſuſtaining her on his boſom, repeated ſome tender incidents which were known to no other; told her by what means he had intercepted her meſſage: and urged her immediately to eſcape, that they might poſſeſs all their deſires in each other, and leave the incumbrance of royalty to the wretch whoſe likeneſs he had been enabled to aſſume, and was now impatient to renounce. Amana gazed at him with a fixed attention, till her ſuſpicion and doubts were removed; then ſuddenly turned from him, tore her garment, and looking up to heaven, imprecated curſes upon

upon her head, till her voice faultered, and ſhe burſt into tears.

Of this agony, which Nouraddin beheld with unutterable diſtreſs, the broken exclamations of Amana at length acquainted him with the cauſe. "In the bowl," ſaid ſhe, "which thou haſt intercepted, there was death. I wiſhed, when I took "it from my lips, that the draught which remained "might be poiſon: a powder was immediately ſhaken into it by an inviſible hand, and a voice whiſpered me, that him who drank the potion it would "inevitably deſtroy."

Nouraddin, to whoſe heart the fatal malignity had now ſpread, perceived that his diſſolution would be ſudden: his legs already trembled, and his eyes became dim: he ſtretched out his arms towards Amana, and his countenance was diſtorted by an ineffectual effort to ſpeak; impenetrable darkneſs came upon him, he groaned and fell backwards. In his fall the taliſman again ſmote his breaſt; his form was again changed, and the horrors of death were impreſſed upon the features of Oſmin. Amana, who ran to ſupport him, when ſhe perceived the laſt transformation, ruſhed out of the apartment with the wild impetuoſity of diſtraction and deſpair. The ſeraglio was alarmed in a moment: the body, which was miſtaken for that of Oſmin, was examined by the phyſicians; the effects of poiſon were evident; Amana was immediately ſuſpected; and by the command of Shomar, who ſucceeded his father, ſhe was put to death.

"Such," ſaid the companion of Rhedi, "was "the end of Nouraddin and Amana, of Oſmin "and Caled, from whoſe deſtiny I have withdrawn "the veil: let the world conſider it, and be "wiſe. Be thou ſtill the meſſenger of inſtruction, "and let increaſe of knowledge cloath thee with "humility."

While

While mine eye was fixed upon the hoary ſage, who had thus vouchſafed me counſel and knowledge, his countenance became bright as the morning, and his robe fleecy like a cloud; he roſe like a vapour from the ground, and the next moment I ſaw him no more.

I then turned towards Rhedi the hermit, chilled with reverence, and dumb with aſtoniſhment: but in the countenance of Rhedi was the calm cheerfulneſs of ſuperior virtue; and I perceived that the ſanctity of his life had acquainted him with divine intelligence. "Hamet," ſaid he, "the voice "which thou haſt heard, is the voice of Zachis the "genius; by whoſe power the wonders which he "has related were produced. It is the province of "Zachis to puniſh impatience and preſumption, "by fulfilling the deſires of thoſe who wish to interrupt the order of nature, and preſume to direct the hand of PROVIDENCE. Relate what "thou haſt heard, to preſerve others from his "power."

Now, therefore, let VIRTUE ſuffer adverſity with patience, and VICE dread to incur the miſery ſhe would inflict: for by him who repines at the ſcale of HEAVEN, his own portion of good is diminiſhed; and he who preſumptuouſly aſſumes the ſword, will turn the point upon his own boſom.

THE

THE MERCY OF AFFLICTION.

NUMB. 76. SATURDAY, *July* 28, 1753.

Duc me, PARENS, celſique dominator poli,
Quocunque placuit; nulla parendi mora eſt;
Adſum impiger. Fac nolle; comitabor gemens,
Maluſque patiar, quod bono licuit pati.

SENECA EX CLEANTHE.

Conduct me, thou of beings cauſe divine,
Where'er I'm deſtin'd in thy great deſign!
Active, I follow on: for ſhould my will
Reſiſt, I'm impious; but muſt follow ſtill. HARRIS.

BOZALDAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt ſecurely for many years in the ſilken pavilions of pleaſure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladneſs, when his only ſon Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treaſuries with gold, extended his dominions with conqueſts, and ſecured them with impregnable fortreſſes, was ſuddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the diſtraction of grief and deſpair, refuſed to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomieſt grotto in the neighbouring mountain: he there rolled himſelf on the duſt, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and daſhed the cup of conſolation that Patience offered him to the ground. He ſuffered not his minſtrels to approach his preſence; but liſtened to the ſcreams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the ſolitary vaults and echoing chambers of the Pyramids. "Can "that GOD be benevolent," he cried, "who thus "wounds the ſoul, as from an ambuſh, with un-"expected ſorrows, and cruſhes his creatures in a "moment

" moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying " Imans, prate to us no more of the juſtice and the " kindneſs of an all-directing and all-loving PRO- " VIDENCE! He, whom ye pretend reigns in " Heaven, is ſo far from protecting the miſerable " ſons of men, that he perpetually delights to blaſt " the ſweeteſt flowerets in the garden of HOPE; " and, like a malignant giant, to beat down the " ſtrongeſt towers of HAPPINESS with the iron " mace of his anger. If this Being poſſeſſed the " goodneſs and the power with which flattering " prieſts have inveſted him, he would doubtleſs be " inclined, and enabled to baniſh thoſe evils which " render the world a dungeon of diſtreſs, a vale " of vanity and woe.—I will continue in it no " longer!"

At that moment he furiouſly raiſed his hand, which Deſpair had armed with a dagger, to ſtrike deep into his boſom; when ſuddenly thick flaſhes of lightning ſhot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arreſted the arm of the trembling and aſtoniſhed Caliph, and ſaid with a majeſtic ſmile, " Follow me to the top of " this mountain."

" Look from hence," ſaid the awful conductor; " I am CALOC, the angel of PEACE; look from hence " into the valley."

Bozaldab opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a ſultry, and ſolitary iſland, in the midſt of which ſat a pale, meagre, and ghaſtly figure: it was a merchant juſt periſhing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a ſingle ſpring in this forlorn uninhabited deſert; and begging the protection of Heaven againſt the tigers that would now certainly deſtroy him, ſince he had conſumed the laſt fuel he had collected to make nightly fires

to affright them. He then caſt a caſket of jewels on the ſand, as trifles of no uſe; and crept, feeble and trembling to an eminence, where he was accuſtomed to ſit every evening to watch the ſetting ſun, and to give a ſignal to any ſhip that might haply approach the iſland.

"Inhabitant of Heaven," cried Bozaldab, "ſuffer not this wretch to periſh by the fury of "wild beaſts." "Peace," ſaid the Angel, "and "obſerve."

He looked again, and behold a veſſel arrived at the deſolate iſle. What words can paint the rapture of the ſtarving merchant, when the captain offered to tranſport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his caſket? No ſooner had this pityleſs commander received the ſtipulated ſum, than he held a conſultation with his crew, and they agreed to ſeize the remaining jewels and leave the unhappy exile in the ſame helpleſs and lamentable condition in which they diſcovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

"Will HEAVEN permit ſuch injuſtice to be "practiſed?" exclaimed Bozaldab. "Look again," ſaid the ANGEL, "and behold the very ſhip in "which, ſhort-ſighted as thou art, thou wiſhedſt "the merchant might embark, daſhed in pieces on "a rock: doſt thou not hear the cries of the ſinking "ſailors? Preſume not to direct the GOVERNOR "of the UNIVERSE in his diſpoſal of events. The "man whom thou haſt pitied ſhall be taken from "this dreary ſolitude, but not by the method thou "wouldſt preſcribe. His vice was avarice, by "which he became not only abominable, but wretched; he fancied ſome mighty charm in wealth, "which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify "every wiſh and obviate every fear. This wealth "he has now been taught not only to deſpiſe but "abhor:

" abhor: he caſts his jewels upon the ſand, and con-
" feſſed them to be uſeleſs; he offered part of them
" to the mariners, and perceived them to be per-
" nicious; he has now learnt, that they are render-
" ed uſeful or vain, good or evil, only by the ſitua-
" tion and temper of the poſſeſſor. Happy is he
" whom diſtreſs has taught wiſdom! But turn thine
" eyes to another and more intereſting ſcene."

The Caliph inſtantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the ſtatues of his anceſtors wrought in jaſper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, diſcovered a throne of diamonds, ſurrounded with the Rajas of fifty nations, and with ambaſſadors in various habits, and of different complexions; on which ſat Aboram, the much-lamented ſon of Bozaldab, and by his ſide a princeſs fairer than a Houri.

" Gracious ALLA!—it is my ſon," cried the Caliph—" O let me hold him to my heart!" " Thou canſt not graſp an unſubſtantial viſion," replied the Angel: " I am now ſhewing thee what " would have been the deſtiny of thy ſon, had he " continued longer on the earth." " And why," returned Bozaldab, " was he not permitted to con-
" tinue? Why was I not ſuffered to be a witneſs of
" ſo much felicity and power?" " Conſider the ſe-
" quel," replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earneſtly, and ſaw the countenance of his ſon, on which he had been uſed to behold the placid ſmile of ſimplicity and the vivid bluſhes of health, now diſtorted with rage, and now fixed in the inſenſibility of drunkenneſs: it was again animated with diſdain, it became pale with apprehenſion, and appeared to be withered by intemperance: his hands were ſtained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror: the palace ſo lately ſhining with oriental pomp, changed ſuddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his ſon lay ſtretched

out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before was ſeated by his ſide, enter with a bowl of poiſon, which ſhe compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the ſucceſſor to his throne.

"Happy," ſaid Caloc, "is he whom PROVIDENCE has by the angel of death ſnatched from "guilt! from whom that power is withheld, which, "if he had poſſeſſed, would have accumulated upon "himſelf yet greater miſery than it could bring upon "others."

"It is enough," cried Bozaldab; "I adore the "inſcrutable ſchemes of Omniſcience!——From "what dreadful evil has my ſon been reſcued by a "death, which I raſhly bewailed as unfortunate and "premature; a death of innocence and peace, which "has bleſſed his memory upon earth, and tranſmitted his ſpirit to the ſkies?"

"Caſt away the dagger," replied the heavenly meſſenger, "which thou waſt preparing to plunge "into thine own heart. Exchange complaint for "ſilence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal "look down, without giddineſs and ſtupefaction, "into the vaſt abyſs of Eternal Wiſdom? Can a "mind that ſees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend "any thing among an infinity of objects mutually "relative? Can the channels, which thou commandeſt to be cut to receive the annual inundations of the Nile, contain the waters of the "Ocean? Remember, that perfect happineſs cannot "be conferred on a creature; for perfect happineſs "is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect power "and eternity."

The Angel, while he was ſpeaking thus, ſtretched out his pinions to fly back to the Empyreum; and the flutter of his wings was like the ruſhing of a cataract.

THE MISCHIEFS OF SUPERSTITION AND INFIDELITY.

NUMB. 77. TUESDAY, *July* 31, 1753.

---------Peccare docentes
Fallax hiſtorias monet. HOR.

To tint th' attentive mind ſhe tries
With tales of exemplary vice.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I SHALL make no apology for the trouble I am about to give you, ſince I am ſure the motives that induce me to give it, will have as much weight with you as they have with me: I ſhall therefore, without further preface, relate to you the events of a life, which, however inſignificant and unentertaining, affords a leſſon of the higheſt importance; a leſſon, the value of which I have experienced, and may, therefore, recommend.

I am the daughter of a gentleman of good family, who, as he was a younger brother, purchaſed with the portion that was allotted him a genteel poſt under the government. My mother died when I was but twelve years old; and my father, who was exceſſively fond of me, determined to be himſelf my preceptor, and to take care that my natural genius, which his partiality made him think above the common rank, ſhould not want the improvements of a liberal education.

He was a man of ſenſe, with a tolerable ſhare of learning. In his youth he had been a free liver, and perhaps for that reaſon took ſome pains to become

what is called a free thinker. But whatever fashionable frailties he might formerly have allowed in himself, he was now in advanced life, and had at least worldly wisdom enough to know, that it was necessary his daughter should be restrained from those liberties, which he had looked upon as trifling errors in his own conduct. He, therefore, laboured with great application to inculcate in me the love of order, the beauty of moral rectitude, and the happiness and self-reward of virtue; but at the same time professed it his design to free my mind from vulgar prejudices and superstition, for so he called Revealed Religion. As I was urged to chuse virtue, and reject vice, from motives which had no necessary connection with immortality, I was not led to consider a future state either with hope or fear: my father, indeed, when I urged him upon that subject, always intimated that the doctrine of immortality, whether true or false, ought not at all to influence my conduct or interrupt my peace; because the virtue which secured happiness in the present state, would also secure it in a future: a future state, therefore, I wholly disregarded, and, to confess a truth, disbelieved: for I thought I could plainly discover that it was disbelieved by my father, though he had not thought fit explicitly to declare his sentiments. As I had no very turbulent passions, a ductile and good disposition, and the highest reverence for his understanding, as well as the tendereſt affection for him, he found it an easy task to make me adopt every sentiment and opinion which he proposed to me as his own; especially, as he took care to support his principles by the authority and arguments of the best writers against Christianity. At the age of twenty I was called upon to make use of all the philosophy I had been taught, by his death; which not only deprived me of a parent I most ardently loved, but with him of all the ease and affluence to which I had been

been accuſtomed. His income was only for life, and he had rather lived beyond than within it; conſequently, there was nothing left for me but the pride and helpleſſneſs of genteel life, a taſte for every thing elegant, and a delicacy and ſenſibility that has doubled all my ſufferings. In this diſtreſs a brother of my mother's, who was grown rich in trade, received me into his houſe, and declared he would take the ſame care of me as if I had been his own child. When the firſt tranſports of my grief were abated, I found myſelf in an eaſy ſituation, and from the natural cheerfulneſs of my temper, I was beginning once more to taſte of happineſs. My uncle, who was a man of a narrow underſtanding and illiberal education, was a little diſguſted with me for employing ſo much of my time in reading; but ſtill more ſo, when, happening to examine my books, he found by the titles that ſome of them were what he called blaſphemy, and tended, as he imagined, to make me an Atheiſt. I endeavoured to explain my principles, which I thought it beneath the dignity of virtue to diſguiſe or diſavow; but as I never could make him conceive any difference between a Deiſt and an Atheiſt, my arguments only ſerved to confirm him in the opinion that I was a wicked wretch, who, in his own phraſe, believed neither God nor Devil. As he was really a good man, and heartily zealous for the eſtabliſhed faith, though more from habit and prejudice than reaſon, my errors gave him great affliction: I perceived it with the utmoſt concern; I perceived too, that he looked upon me with a degree of abhorrence mixed with pity, and that I was wholly indebted to his good-nature for that protection which I had flattered myſelf I ſhould owe to his love. I comforted myſelf, however, with my own integrity, and even felt a conſcious pride in ſuffering this perſecution from ignorance and folly, only becauſe I was ſuperior to vulgar errors and popular ſuperſtition; and

that Chriſtianity deſerved theſe appellations, I was not more convinced by my father's arguments, than my uncle's conduct, who, as his zeal was not according to knowledge, was by no means qualified to "adorn the doctrine which he profeſſed to "believe."

I had lived a few months under the painful ſenſibility of receiving continual benefits from a perſon whoſe eſteem and affection I had loſt, when my uncle one day came into my chamber, and after preparing me for ſome unexpected good fortune, told me, he had juſt had a propoſal of marriage for me from a man to whom I could not poſſibly have any objection. He then named a merchant, with whom I had often been in company at his table. As the man was neither old nor ugly, had a large fortune and a fair character, my uncle thought himſelf ſufficiently authoriſed to pronounce as he did, that I could not poſſibly have any objection to him. An objection, however, I had, which I told my uncle was to me inſuperable; it was, that the perſon whom he propoſed to me as the companion, the guide and director of my whole life, to whom I was to vow not only obedience but love, had nothing in him that could ever engage my affection: his underſtanding was low, his ſentiments mean and indelicate, and his manner unpolite and unpleaſing.——"What ſtuff "is all this," interrupted my uncle, "ſentiments "indelicate! unpolite! his underſtanding, forſooth, "not equal to your own! Ah, child, if you had "leſs romance, conceit and arrogance, and more "true diſcretion and prudence, it would do you more "good than all the fine books you have confounded "your poor head with, and what is worſe, perhaps, "ruined your poor ſoul. I own, it went a little "againſt my conſcience to accept my honeſt friend's "kind offer, and give him ſuch a pagan for his wife. "But how know I whether the believing huſband

"may

" may not convert the unbelieving wife!——As to " your flighty objections, they are ſuch nonſenſe, " that I wonder you can ſuppoſe me fool enough to " be deceived by them. No, child; wiſe as you " are, you cannot impoſe upon a man who has lived " as many years in the world as I have. I ſee your " motive; you have ſome infidel libertine rake in " your eye, with whom you would go headlong to " perdition. But I ſhall take care not to have your " ſoul to anſwer for as well as your perſon. Either " I ſhall diſpoſe of you to an honeſt man, that may " convert you, or you ſhall diſpoſe of yourſelf how " you pleaſe for me; for I diſclaim all further care " or trouble about you: ſo I leave you to conſider, " whether or no the kindneſs I have ſhewn you, en- " titles me to ſome little influence over you, and " whether you chuſe to ſeek protection where you " can find it, or accept of the happy lot providence " has cut out for you."

He left me at the cloſe of this fine harangue, and I ſeriouſly ſet myſelf to conſider as he bade me, which of the two ſtates he had ſet before me I ought to chuſe; to ſubmit to a legal ſort of proſtitution, with the additional weight of perjury on my conſcience, or to expoſe myſelf to all the diſtreſſes of friendleſs poverty, and unprotected youth. After ſome hours of deliberation, I determined on the latter, and that more from principle than inclination; for though my delicacy would have ſuffered extremely in accepting a huſband, at leaſt indifferent to me; yet as my heart was perfectly diſengaged, and my temper naturally eaſy, I thought I could have been leſs unhappy in following my uncle's advice, than I might probably be by rejecting it: but then I muſt have ſubmitted to an action I could not think juſtifiable, in order to avoid mere external diſtreſſes. This would not have been philoſophical. I had always been taught, that virtue was of itſelf ſufficient to happineſs: and that

thoſe things which are generally eſteemed evils, could have no power to diſturb the felicity of a mind governed by the eternal rule of right, and truly enamoured of the charms of moral beauty. I reſolved, therefore, to run all riſques, rather than depart from this glorious principle; I felt myſelf raiſed by the trial, and exulted in the opportunity of ſhewing my contempt of the ſmiles or frowns of fortune, and of proving the power of virtue to ſuſtain the ſoul under all accidental circumſtances of diſtreſs.

I communicated my reſolution to my uncle, aſſuring him at the ſame time of my everlaſting gratitude and reſpect, and that nothing ſhould have induced me to offend or diſobey him, but his requiring me to do what my reaſon and conſcience diſapproved; that ſuppoſing the advantages of riches to be really as great as he believed, yet ſtill thoſe of virtue were greater, and I could not reſolve to purchaſe the one by a violation of the other; that a falſe vow was certainly criminal; and that it would be doing an act of the higheſt injuſtice, to enter into ſo ſolemn an engagement without the power of fulfilling it; that my affections did not depend on my own will; and that no man ſhould poſſeſs my perſon, who could not obtain the firſt place in my heart.

I was ſurpriſed that my uncle's impatience had permitted me to go on thus far; but looking in his face, I perceived that paſſion had kept him ſilent.—At length the gathering ſtorm burſt over my head, in a torrent of reproaches. My reaſons were condemned as romantic abſurdities, which I could not myſelf believe; I was accuſed of deſigning to deceive, and to throw myſelf away on ſome worthleſs fellow, whoſe principles were as bad as my own.—It was in vain for me to aſſert that I had no ſuch deſign, nor any inclination to marry at all; my uncle could ſooner have believed the groſſeſt contradiction, than that a young woman could ſo ſtrenuouſly refuſe

refuſe one man, without being prepoſſeſſed in favour of another. As I thought myſelf injured by his accuſations and tyranny, I gave over the attempt to mitigate his anger. He appealed to Heaven for the juſtice of his reſentment, and againſt my ingratitude and rebellion; and then giving me a note of fifty pounds, which he ſaid would keep me from immediate indigence, he bade me leave his houſe, and ſee his face no more. I bowed in ſign of obedience; and collecting all my dignity and reſolution, I aroſe, thanked him for his paſt benefits, and with a low curt'ſy left the room.

In leſs than an hour I departed with my little wardrobe to the houſe of a perſon who had formerly been my father's ſervant, and who now kept a ſhop and let lodgings. From hence I went the next day to viſit my father's nephew, who was in poſſeſſion of the family eſtate, and had lately married a lady of great fortune. He was a young gentleman of good parts, his principles the ſame as my father's, though his practice had not been quite agreeable to the ſtrict rules of morality: however, ſetting aſide a few of thoſe vices which are looked upon as genteel accompliſhments in young fellows of fortune, I thought him a good ſort of man; and as we had always lived in great kindneſs, I doubted not that I ſhould find him my friend, and meet with approbation and encouragement at leaſt, if not aſſiſtance from him. I told him my ſtory, and the reaſons that had determined me to the refuſal that had incurred my uncle's diſpleaſure. But how was I diſappointed, when, inſtead of the applauſe I expected for my heroic virtue and unmerited perſecutions, I perceived a ſmile of contempt on his face, when he interrupted me in the following manner: "And what, "in the devil's name, my dear couſin, could make "a woman of your ſenſe behave ſo like an idiot: "What! forfeit all your hopes from your uncle,

"refuſe an excellent match, and reduce yourſelf to "beggary, becauſe truly you were not in love?— "Surely, one might have expected better from you "even at fifteen. Who is it pray that marries the "perſon of their choice? For my own part, who "have rather a better title to pleaſe myſelf with a "good fifteen hundred a-year, than you who have "not a ſhilling, I found it would not do, and that "there was ſomething more to be ſought after in a "wife than a pretty face or a genius! Do you think "I cared three farthings for the woman I married? "No, faith. But her thirty thouſand pounds were "worth having; with that I can purchaſe a ſeraglio "of beauties, and indulge my taſte in every kind of "pleaſure. And pray what is it to me whether my "wife has beauty, or wit, or elegance, when her "money will ſupply me with all that in others? "You, couſin, had an opportunity of being as happy "as I am: the men, believe me, would not like you "a bit the worſe for being married: on the contrary, "you would find, that for one who took notice of "you as a ſingle woman, twenty would be your "admirers and humble ſervants when there was no "danger of being taken in. Thus you might have "gratified all your paſſions, made an elegant figure "in life, and have choſen out ſome gentle ſwain as "romantic and poetical as you pleaſed for your "Ceciſbee. The good John Trot huſband would "have been eaſily managed, and——" Here my indignation could be contained no longer, and I was leaving the room in diſdain, when he caught me by the hand—"Nay, prithee, my dear couſin, none of "theſe violent airs. I thought you and I had known "one another better. Let the poor ſouls, who are "taught by the prieſts and their nurſes to be afraid "of hell-fire, and to think they ſhall go to the devil "for following nature and making life agreeable, be "as outrageouſly virtuous as they pleaſe: you have

"too

" too much ſenſe to be frighted at bugbears; you " know that the term of your exiſtence is but ſhort; " and it is highly reaſonable to make it as pleaſant as " poſſible."—I was too angry to attempt confuting his arguments; but burſting from his hold, told him I would take care not to give him a ſecond opportunity of inſulting my diſtreſs, and affronting my underſtanding; and ſo left his houſe with a reſolution never to enter it again.

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NUMB. 78. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 4, 1753.

--------Propter vitam vivendi perdere cauſas. JUV.

Nor quit for life, what gives to life its worth.

I WENT home mortified and diſappointed. My ſpirits ſunk into a dejection, which took from me for many days all inclination to ſtir out of my lodging, or to ſee a human face. At length I reſolved to try whether indigence and friendſhip were really incompatible, and whether I ſhould meet with the ſame treatment from a female friend, whoſe affection had been the principal pleaſure of my youth. Surely, thought I, the gentle Amanda, whoſe heart ſeems capable of every tender and generous ſentiment, will do juſtice to the innocence and integrity of her unfortunate friend; her tenderneſs will encourage my virtue, and animate my fortitude; her praiſes and endearments will compenſate all my hardſhips. Amanda was a ſingle woman, of a moderate independent fortune, which I heard ſhe was going to beſtow on a young officer, who had little or nothing beſides his commiſſion. I had no doubt of her approbation of my refuſing a mercenary match, ſince ſhe herſelf had

had choſen from motives ſo oppoſite to thoſe which are called prudent. She had been in the country ſome months, ſo that my misfortune had not reached her ear till I myſelf related them to her. She heard me with great attention, and anſwered me with politeneſs enough, but with a coldneſs that chilled my very heart. "You are ſenſible, my dear Fidelia," ſaid ſhe, "that I never pretended to ſet my under-"ſtanding in competition with yours. I knew my "own inferiority; and though many of your noti-"ons and opinions appeared to me very ſtrange and "particular, I never attempted to diſpute them with "you. To be ſure, you know beſt; but it ſeems "to me a very odd conduct for one in your ſituation "to give offence to ſo good an uncle; firſt by main-"taining doctrines which may be very true for ought "I know, but which are very contrary to the re-"ceived opinions we are brought up in, and there-"fore are apt to ſhock a common underſtanding; "and ſecondly, to renounce his protection, and throw "yourſelf into the wide world, rather than marry "the man he choſe for you; to whom, after all, I "do not find you had any real objection, nor any "antipathy for his perſon."—Antipathy, my dear! ſaid I; are there not many degrees between loving and honouring a man preferably to all others, and beholding him with abhorrence and averſion? The firſt is, in my opinion, the duty of a wife, a duty voluntarily taken upon herſelf, and engaged in under the moſt ſolemn contract. As to the difficulties that may attend my friendleſs, unprovided ſtate, ſince they are the conſequences of a virtuous action, they cannot really be evils, nor can they diſturb that happineſs which is the gift of virtue. "I am heartily "glad," anſwered ſhe, "that you have found the "art of making yourſelf happy by the force of ima-"gination? I wiſh your enthuſiaſm may continue; "and that you may ſtill be further convinced, by

"your

" your own experience, of the folly of mankind, in " ſuppoſing poverty and diſgrace to be evils."

I was cut to the ſoul by the unkind manner which accompanied this ſarcaſm, and was going to remonſtrate againſt her unfriendly treatment, when her lover came in with another gentleman, who, in ſpite of my full heart, engaged my attention, and for a while made me forget the ſtings of unkindneſs. The beauty and gracefulneſs of his perſon caught my eye, and the politeneſs of his addreſs, and the elegance of his compliments, ſoon prejudiced me in favour of his underſtanding. He was introduced by the Captain to Amanda as his moſt intimate friend, and ſeemed deſirous to give credit to his friend's judgement by making himſelf as agreeable as poſſible. He ſucceeded ſo well, that Amanda was wholly engroſſed by the pleaſure of his converſation, and the care of entertaining her lover and her new gueſt; her face brightened, and her good humour returned. When I aroſe to leave her, ſhe preſſed me ſo earneſtly to ſtay dinner, that I could not, without diſcovering how much I reſented her behaviour, refuſe. This, however, I ſhould probably have done, as I was naturally diſpoſed to ſhew every ſentiment of my heart, had not a ſecret wiſh aroſe there to know a little more of this agreeable ſtranger. This inclined me to think it prudent to conceal my reſentment, and to accept the civilities of Amanda. The converſation grew more and more pleaſing; I took my ſhare in it, and had more than my ſhare of the charming ſtranger's notice and attention. As we all grew more and more unreſerved, Amanda dropt hints in the courſe of the converſation relating to my ſtory, my ſentiments, and unhappy ſituation. Sir George Freelove, for that was the young gentleman's name, liſtened greedily to all that was ſaid of me, and ſeemed to eye me with earneſt curioſity as well as admiration. We did not part till it was late,

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and Sir George inſiſted on attending me to my lodgings: I ſtrongly refuſed it, not without a ſenſation which more properly belonged to the female than the philoſopher, and which I condemned in myſelf as ariſing from diſhoneſt pride. I could not without pain ſuffer the polite Sir Geerge, upon ſo ſhort an acquaintance, to diſcover the meanneſs of my abode. To avoid this, I ſent for a chair; but was confuſed to find, that Sir George and his ſervants prepared to attend it on foot by way of guard; it was in vain to diſpute; he himſelf walked before, and his ſervants followed it. I was covered with bluſhes, when, after all this parade, he handed me in at the little ſhop door, and took leave with as profound reſpect as if he had guarded me to a palace. A thouſand different thoughts kept me from cloſing my eyes that night. The behaviour of Amanda wounded me to the ſoul: I found that I muſt look on her as no more than a common acquaintance; and that the world did not contain one perſon whom I could call my friend. My heart felt deſolate and forlorn; I knew not what courſe to take for my future ſubſiſtence; the pain which my pride had juſt given me, convinced me that I was far from having conquered the paſſions of humanity, and that I ſhould feel too ſenſibly all the mortifications which attend on poverty. I determined, however, to ſubdue this pride, and called to my aſſiſtance the examples of ancient ſages and philoſophers, who deſpiſed riches and honours, and felt no inconveniences from the malice of fortune. I had almoſt reaſoned myſelf into a contempt for the world, and fancied myſelf ſuperior to its ſmiles or frowns; when the idea of Sir George Freelove ruſhed upon my mind, and deſtroyed at once the whole force of my reaſoning. I found that however I might diſregard the reſt of the world, I could not be indifferent to his opinion; and the thought of being deſpiſed by him was inſupportable. I recol-

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lected that my condition was extremely different from that of an old philoſopher, whoſe rags perhaps were the means of gratifying his pride, by attracting the notice and reſpect of mankind: at leaſt, the philoſopher's ſchemes and wiſhes were very different from thoſe which at that time were taking poſſeſſion of my heart. The looks and behaviour of Sir George left me no doubt that I had made as deep an impreſſion in his favour, as he had done in mine. I could not bear to loſe the ground I had gained, and to throw myſelf into a ſtate below his notice. I ſcorned the thoughts of impoſing on him with regard to my circumſtances, in caſe he ſhould really have had favourable intentions for me; yet to diſgrace myſelf for ever in his eye, by ſubmitting to ſervitude, or any low way of ſupporting myſelf, was what I could not bring myſelf to reſolve on.

In the midſt of theſe reflections I was ſurpriſed the next morning by a viſit from Sir George. He made reſpectful apologies for the liberty he took; told me he had learnt from my friend, that the unkindneſs and tyranny of an uncle had caſt me into uneaſy circumſtances; and that he could not know, that ſo much beauty and merit were ſo unworthily treated by fortune, without earneſtly wiſhing to be the inſtrument of doing me more juſtice. He intreated me to add dignity and value to his life, by making it conducive to the happineſs of mine; and was going on with the moſt fervent offers of ſervice, when I interrupted him by ſaying, that there was nothing in his power that I could with honour accept, by which my life could be made happier, but that reſpect which was due to me as a woman and a gentlewoman, and which ought to have prevented ſuch offers of ſervice from a ſtranger, as could only be juſtified by a long experienced friendſhip; that I was not in a ſituation to receive viſits, and muſt decline his acquaintance, which nevertheleſs in a happier part of my life would have given me pleaſure. He

He now had recourſe to all the arts of his ſex, imputing his too great freedom to the force of his paſſion, proteſting the moſt inviolable reſpect, and imploring on his knees, and even with tears, that I would not puniſh him ſo ſeverely as to deny him the liberty of ſeeing me, and making himſelf more and more worthy of my eſteem. My weak heart was but too much touched by his artifices, and I had only juſt fortitude enough to perſevere in refuſing his viſits, and to inſiſt on his leaving me, which at laſt he did; but it was after ſuch a profuſion of tenderneſs, prayers, and proteſtations, that it was ſome time before I could recal my reaſon enough to reflect on the whole of his behaviour, and on my own ſituation, which compared, left me but little doubt of his diſhonourable views.

I determined never more to admit him to my preſence, and accordingly gave orders to be denied if he came again. My reaſon applauded, but my heart reproached me, and heavily repined at the rigid determination of prudence. I knew that I had acted rightly, and I expected that that conſciouſneſs would make me happy, but I found otherwiſe; I was wretched beyond what I had ever felt or formed any idea of; I diſcovered that my heart was entangled in a paſſion which muſt for ever be combated, or indulged at the expence of virtue. I now conſidered riches as truly deſirable, ſince they would have placed me above diſgraceful attempts, and given me reaſonable hopes of becoming the wife of Sir George Freelove. I was diſcontented and unhappy, but ſurpriſed and diſappointed to find myſelf ſo, ſince hitherto I had no one criminal action to reproach myſelf with; on the contrary, my difficulties were all owing to my regard for virtue.

I reſolved, however, to try ſtill farther the power of virtue to confer happineſs, to go on in my obedience to her laws, and patiently wait for the good effects

effects of it. But I had ſtronger difficulties to go through than any I had yet experienced. Sir George was too much practiſed in the arts of ſeduction, to be diſcouraged by a firſt repulſe: every day produced either ſome new attempt to ſee me, or a letter full of the moſt paſſionate proteſtations and entreaties for pardon and favour. It was in vain I gave orders that no more letters ſhould be taken in from him; he had ſo many different contrivances to convey them, and directed them in hands ſo unlike, that I was ſurpriſed into reading them contrary to my real intentions. Every time I ſtirred out he was ſure to be in my way, and to employ the moſt artful tongue that ever enſnared the heart of woman, in blinding my reaſon and awakening my paſſions.

My virtue, however, did not yet give way, but my peace of mind was utterly deſtroyed. Whenever I was with him, I ſummoned all my fortitude, and conſtantly repeated my commands that he ſhould avoid me. His diſobedience called for my reſentment, and, in ſpite of my melting heart, I armed my eyes with anger, and treated him with as much diſdain as I thought his unworthy deſigns deſerved. But the moment he left me all my reſolution forſook me. I repined at my fate: I even murmured againſt the SOVEREIGN RULER of all things, for making me ſubject to paſſions which I could not ſubdue, yet muſt not indulge: I compared my own ſituation with that of my libertine couſin, whoſe pernicious arguments I had heard with horror and deteſtation, who gave the reins to every deſire, whoſe houſe was the ſeat of plenty, mirth, and delight, whoſe face was ever covered with ſmiles, and whoſe heart ſeemed free from ſorrow and care. Is not this man, ſaid I, happier than I am? And if ſo, where is the worth of virtue? Have I not ſacrificed to her my fortune and my friends? Do I not daily ſacrifice to her my darling inclination? Yet what is the compenſation

ſhe

ſhe offers me? What are my proſpects in this world but poverty, mortification, diſappointment and grief? Every wiſh of my heart denied, every paſſion of humanity combated and hurt, though never conquered! Are theſe the bleſſings with which Heaven diſtinguiſhes its favourites? Can the KING OF HEAVEN want power or will to diſtinguiſh them? Or does he leave his wretched creatures to be the ſport of chance, the prey of wickedneſs and malice? Surely, no.—Yet is not the condition of the virtuous often more miſerable than that of the vicious? I myſelf have experienced that it is. I am very unhappy, and ſee no likelihood of my being otherwiſe in this world—and all beyond the grave is eternal darkneſs. Yet why do I ſay, that I have no proſpect of happineſs? Does not the moſt engaging of men offer me all the joys that love and fortune can beſtow? Will not he protect me from every inſult of the proud world that ſcoffs at indigence? Will not his liberal hand pour forth the means of every pleaſure, even of that higheſt and trueſt of all pleaſures, the power of relieving the ſufferings of my fellow-creatures, of changing the tears of diſtreſs into tears of joy and gratitude, of communicating my own happineſs to all around me? Is not this a ſtate far preferable to that in which virtue has placed me? But what is virtue? Is not happineſs the laudable purſuit of reaſon? Is it not laudable to purſue it by the moſt probable means? Have I not been accuſing Providence of unkindneſs, whilſt I myſelf only am in fault for rejecting its offered favours? Surely, I have miſtaken the path of virtue: it muſt be that which leads to happineſs.—The path which I am in is full of thorns and briars, and terminates in impenetrable darkneſs; but I ſee another that is ſtrowed with flowers, and bright with the ſunſhine of proſperity: this, ſurely, is the path of virtue, and the road to happineſs. Hither then let me turn my weary ſteps, nor let vain and idle

prejudices

prejudices fright me from felicity. It is ſurely impoſſible that I ſhould offend GOD, by yielding to a temptation which he has given me no motive to reſiſt. He has allotted me a ſhort and precarious exiſtence, and has placed before me good and evil.—What is good but pleaſure? What is evil but pain? Reaſon and nature direct me to chuſe the firſt, and avoid the laſt. I ſought for happineſs in what is called virtue, but I found it not: ſhall I not try the other experiment, ſince I think I can hardly be more unhappy by following inclination, than I am by denying it?

Thus had my frail thoughts wandered into a wilderneſs of error, and thus had I almoſt reaſoned myſelf out of every principle of morality, by purſuing through all their conſequences the doctrines which had been taught me as rules of life and preſcriptions for felicity, the taliſmans of Truth, by which I ſhould be ſecured in the ſtorms of adverſity, and liſten without danger to the ſyrens of temptation; when in the fatal hour of my preſumption, ſitting alone in my chamber, collecting arguments on the ſide of paſſion, almoſt diſtracted with doubts, and plunging deeper and deeper into falſehood, I ſaw Sir George Freelove at my feet, who had gained admittance, contrary to my orders, by corrupting my landlady. It is not neceſſary to deſcribe to you his arts, or the weak efforts of that virtue which had been graciouſly implanted in my heart, but which I had taken impious pains to undermine by falſe reaſoning, and which now tottered from the foundation: ſuffice it that I ſubmitted to the humiliation I have ſo well deſerved, and tell you, that, in all the pride of human reaſon, I dared to condemn, as the effect of weakneſs and prejudice, the ſtill voice of conſcience which would yet have warned me from ruin; that my innocence, my honour, was the ſacrifice to paſſion and ſophiſtry; that my

my boaſted philoſophy, and too much flattered underſtanding, preſerved me not from the loweſt depth of infamy, which the weakeſt of my ſex with humility and religion would have avoided.

I now experienced a new kind of wretchedneſs. My vile ſeducer tried in vain to reconcile me to the ſhameful life to which he had reduced me, by loading me with finery, and laviſhing his fortune in procuring me pleaſures which I could not taſte, and pomp which ſeemed an inſult on my diſgrace. In vain did I recollect the arguments which had convinced me of the lawfulneſs of accepting offered pleaſures, and following the dictates of inclination: the light of my underſtanding was darkened, but the ſenſe of guilt was not loſt. My pride and my delicacy, if, criminal as I was, I may dare to call it ſo, ſuffered the moſt intolerable mortification and diſguſt, every time I reflected on my infamous ſituation. Every eye ſeemed to upbraid me, even that of my triumphant ſeducer. O depth of miſery! to be conſcious of deſerving the contempt of him I loved, and for whoſe ſake I was become contemptible to myſelf.

NUMB. 79. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 7, 1753.

Quiſnam igitur liber? Sapiens: ſibi qui imperioſus;
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:
Reſponſare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, et in ſeipſo totus: teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari. HOR.

Who then is free?---The wiſe, who well maintains
An empire o'er himſelf: whom neither chains,
Nor want, nor death, with ſlaviſh fear inſpire;
Who boldly anſwers to his warm deſire;
Who can ambition's vaineſt gifts deſpiſe;
Firm in himſelf who on his ſelf relies;
Poliſh'd and round who runs his proper courſe,
And breaks misfortune with ſuperior force. FRANCIS.

THIS was the ſtate of my mind during a year which I paſſed in Sir George's houſe. His fondneſs was unabated for eight months of the time; and as I had no other object to ſhare my attention, neither friend nor relation to call off any part of my tenderneſs, all the love of a heart naturally affectionate centered in him. The firſt dawnings of unkindneſs were but too viſible to my watchful eyes. I had now all the torments of jealouſy to endure, till a cruel certainty put an end to them. I learnt at length, that my falſe lover was on the brink of marriage with a lady of great fortune. I immediately reſolved to leave him; but could not do it without firſt venting my full heart in complaints and reproaches. This provoked his rage, and drew on me inſolence, which though I had deſerved, I had not learnt to bear. I returned with ſcorn, which no longer became me, all the wages of my ſin, and the trappings of my ſhame, and left his houſe in the bittereſt anguiſh of reſentment and deſpair.

I re-

I returned to my old lodgings; but unable to bear a ſcene which recalled every circumſtance of my undoing, aſhamed to look in the face of any creature who had ſeen me innocent, wretched in myſelf, and hoping from change of place ſome abatement of my miſery, I put myſelf into a poſt-chaiſe at two in the morning, with orders to the driver to carry me as far from town as he could before the return of night, leaving it to him to chuſe the road.

My reaſon and my ſenſes ſeemed benumbed and ſtupified during my journey. I made no reflections on what I was about, nor formed any deſign for my future life. When night came, my conductor would have ſtopt at a large town, but I bid him go on to the next village. There I alighted at a paultry inn, and diſmiſſed my vehicle, without once conſidering what I was to do with myſelf or why I choſe that place for my abode. To ſay truth, I can give no account of my thoughts at this period of time: they were all confuſed and diſtracted. A ſhort frenzy muſt have filled up thoſe hours, of which my memory retains ſuch imperfect traces. I remember only, that without having pulled of my clothes, I left the inn as ſoon as I ſaw the day, and wandered out of the village.

My unguided feet carried me to a range of willows by a river's ſide, where after having walked ſome time, the freſhneſs of the air revived my ſenſes, and awakened my reaſon. My reaſon, my memory, my anguiſh and deſpair, returned together! Every circumſtance of my paſt life was preſent to my mind; but moſt the idea of my faithleſs lover and my criminal love tortured my imagination, and rent my bleeding heart, which, in ſpite of all its guilt and all its wrongs, retained the tendereſt and moſt ardent affection for its undoer. This unguarded affection, which was the effect of a gentle and kind nature,

heightened

heightened the anguiſh of reſentment, and completed my miſery. In vain did I call off my thoughts from this gloomy retroſpect, and hope to find a gleam of comfort in my future proſpects. They were ſtill more dreadful: poverty, attended by infamy and want, groaning under the cruel hand of oppreſſion and the taunts of inſolence, was before my eyes. I, who had once been the darling and the pride of indulgent parents, who had once been beloved, reſpected, and admired, was now the outcaſt of human nature, deſpiſed and avoided by all who had ever loved me, by all whom I had moſt loved! hateful to myſelf, belonging to no one, expoſed to wrongs and inſults from all!

I tried to find out the cauſe of this diſmal change, and how far I was myſelf the occaſion of it. My conduct with reſpect to Sir George, though I ſpontaneouſly condemned, yet, upon recollection, I thought the arguments which produced it would juſtify. But as my principles could not preſerve me from vice, neither could they ſuſtain me in adverſity: conſcience was not to be perverted by the ſophiſtry which had beclouded my reaſon. And if any, by imputing my conduct to error, ſhould acquit me of guilt, let them remember, it is yet true, that in this uttermoſt diſtreſs, I was neither ſuſtained by the conſciouſneſs of innocence, the exultation of virtue, nor the hope of reward: whether I looked backward or forward, all was confuſion and anguiſh, diſtraction and deſpair. I accuſed the SUPREME BEING of cruelty and injuſtice, who, though he gave me not ſufficient encouragement to reſiſt deſire, yet puniſhed me with the conſequences of indulgence. If there is a GOD, cried I, he muſt be either tyrannical and cruel, or regardleſs of his creatures. I will no longer endure a being which is undeſervedly miſerable either from chance or deſign, but fly to that annihilation in which all my proſpects

ſpects terminate. Take back, ſaid I, lifting my eyes to Heaven, the hateful gift of exiſtence, and let my duſt no more be animated to ſuffering, and exalted to miſery.

So ſaying, I ran to the brink of the river, and was going to plunge in, when the cry of ſome perſon very near me made me turn my eyes to ſee whence it came. I was accoſted by an elderly clergyman, who with looks of terror, pity and benevolence, aſked what I was about to do? At firſt I was ſullen, and refuſed to anſwer him; but by degrees the compaſſion he ſhowed, and the tenderneſs with which he treated me, ſoftened my heart, and gave vent to my tears.

"O! Madam," ſaid he, "theſe are gracious "ſigns, and unlike thoſe which firſt drew my at-"tention, and made me watch you unobſerved, fear-"ing ſome fatal purpoſe in your mind. What muſt "be the thoughts which could make a face like "your's appear the picture of horror! I was taking "my morning walk, and have ſeen you a conſider-"able time; ſometimes ſtopping and wringing your "hands, ſometimes quickening your pace, and "ſometimes walking ſlow with your eyes fixed on "the ground, till you raiſed them to Heaven, with "looks not of ſupplication and piety, but rather of "accuſation and defiance. For pity tell me how is "it that you have quarrelled with yourſelf, with life, "nay even with HEAVEN? Recal your reaſon and "your hope, and let this ſeaſonable prevention of "your fatal purpoſe be an earneſt to you of good "things to come, of GOD's mercy not yet aliena-"ted from you, and ſtooping from his throne to "ſave your ſoul from perdition."

The tears, which flowed in rivers from my eyes while he talked, gave me ſo much relief, that I found myſelf able to ſpeak, and deſirous to expreſs my gratitude for the good man's concern for me. It

was

was ſo long ſince I had known the joys of confidence, that I felt ſurpriſing pleaſure and comfort from unburthening my heart, and telling my kind deliverer every circumſtance of my ſtory, and every thought of my diſtracted mind. He ſhuddered to hear me upbraid the DIVINE PROVIDENCE; and ſtopping me ſhort, told me, he would lead me to one who ſhould preach patience to me, whilſt ſhe gave me the example of it.

As we talked he led me to his own houſe, and there introduced me to his wife, a middle-aged woman, pale and emaciated, but of a cheerful placid countenance, who received me with the greateſt tenderneſs and humanity. She ſaw I was diſtreſſed, and her compaſſion was beforehand with my complaints. Her tears ſtood ready to accompany mine; her looks and her voice expreſſed the kindeſt concern; and her aſſiduous cares demonſtrated that true politeneſs and hoſpitality, which is not the effect of art but of inward benevolence. While ſhe obliged me to take ſome refreſhment, her huſband gave her a ſhort account of my ſtory, and of the ſtate in which he had found me. "This poor "lady," ſaid he, "from the fault of her education "and principles, ſees every thing through a gloomy "medium: ſhe accuſes PROVIDENCE, and hates "her exiſtence for thoſe evils, which are the com-"mon lot of mankind in this ſhort ſtate of trial.— "You, my dear, who are one of the greateſt ſuf-"ferers I have known, are beſt qualified to cure "her of her faulty impatience; and to convince "her, by your own example, that this world is not "the place in which virtue is to find its reward. "She thinks no one ſo unhappy as herſelf; but if "ſhe knew all that you have gone through, ſhe "would ſurely be ſenſible, that if you are happier "than ſhe, it is only becauſe your principles are "better."

"Indeed, my dear madam," ſaid ſhe, "that is "the only advantage I have over you; but that, "indeed, outweighs every thing elſe. It is now "but ten days ſince I followed to the grave my only "ſon, the ſurvivor of eight children, who were all "equally the objects of my fondeſt love. My heart "is no leſs tender than your own, nor my affections "leſs warm. For a whole year before the death of "my laſt darling, I watched the fatal progreſs of "his diſeaſe, and ſaw him ſuffer the moſt amazing "pains. Nor was poverty, that dreaded evil to "which you could not ſubmit, wanting to my "trials. Though my huſband is by his profeſſion "a gentleman, his income is ſo ſmall, that I and "my children have often wanted neceſſaries: and "though I had always a weakly conſtitution, I have "helped to ſupport my family by the labour of my "own hands. At this time I am conſuming, by "daily tortures, with a cancer which muſt ſhortly "be my death. My pains, perhaps, might be mi-"tigated by proper aſſiſtance, though nothing could "preſerve my life; but I have not the means to "obtain that aſſiſtance."——O hold, interrupted I, my ſoul is ſhocked at the enumeration of ſuch intolerable ſufferings. How is it that you ſupport them? Why do I not ſee you, in deſpair like mine, renounce your exiſtence, and put yourſelf out of the reach of torment? But above all, tell me how it is poſſible for you to preſerve, amidſt ſuch complicated miſery, that appearance of cheerfulneſs and ſerene complacency which ſhines ſo remarkably in your countenance, and animates every look and motion?

"That cheerfulneſs and complacency," anſwered the good woman, "I feel in my heart. My mind "is not only ſerene, but often experiences the high-"eſt emotions of joy and exultation, that the "brighteſt hopes can give." And whence, ſaid I,

do

do you derive this aſtoniſhing art of extracting joy from miſery, and of ſmiling amidſt all the terrors of pain, ſorrow, poverty, and death? She was ſilent a moment; then ſtepping to her cloſet, reached a BIBLE, which ſhe put into my hands. "See "there," ſaid ſhe, "the volume in which I learn "this art. Here I am taught, that everlaſting glory "is in ſtore for all who will accept it upon the "terms which INFINITE PERFECTION has pre-"ſcribed; here I am promiſed conſolation, aſſiſt-"ance and ſupport from the LORD OF LIFE; and "here I am aſſured that my tranſient afflictions are "only meant to fit me for eternal and unſpeakable "happineſs. This happineſs is at hand. The "ſhort remainder of my life ſeems but a point, be-"yond which opens the glorious proſpect of im-"mortality. Thus encouraged, how ſhould I be "dejected? Thus ſupported, how ſhould I ſink? "With ſuch proſpects, ſuch aſſured hopes, how can "I be otherwiſe than happy?"

While ſhe ſpoke, her eyes ſparkled, and her whole face ſeemed animated with joy. I was ſtruck with her manner, as well as her words. Every ſyllable ſhe uttered ſeemed to ſink into my ſoul, ſo that I never can forget it. I reſolved to examine a religion, which was capable of producing ſuch effects as I could not attribute either to chance or error. The good couple preſſed me with ſo much unaffected kindneſs, to make their little parſonage my aſylum till I could better diſpoſe of myſelf, that I accepted their offer. Here, with the aſſiſtance of the clergyman, who is a plain, ſenſible, and truly pious man, I have ſtudied the HOLY SCRIPTURES, and the evidences of their authority. But after reading them with candour and attention, I found all the extrinſic arguments of their truth ſuperfluous. The excellency of their precepts, the conſiſtency of their doctrines, and the glorious motives and encouragements

ments to virtue which they propoſe, together with the ſtriking example I had before my eyes of their ſalutary effects, left me not doubt of their divine authority.

During the time of my abode here, I have been witneſs to the more than heroic, the joyful, the triumphant death of the dear good woman. With as much ſoftneſs and tenderneſs as ever I ſaw in a female character, ſhe ſhewed more dauntleſs intrepidity than the ſterneſt philoſopher or the proudeſt hero. No torment could ſhake the conſtancy of her ſoul, or length of pain wear out the ſtrength of her patience. Death was to her an object not of horror but of hope. When I heard her pour forth her laſt breath in thankſgiving, and ſaw the ſmile of extaſy remain on her pale face when life was fled, I could not help crying out in the beautiful language I had lately learned from the SACRED WRITINGS, "O Death! where is thy ſting? O Grave! where "is thy victory!"

I am now preparing to leave my excellent benefactor, and get my bread in a ſervice, to which he has recommended me, in a neighbouring family. A ſtate of ſervitude, to which once I could not reſolve to yield, appears no longer dreadful to me; that pride, which would have made it galling, CHRISTIANITY has ſubdued, though philoſophy attempted it in vain. As a penitent, I ſhould gratefully ſubmit to mortification; but as a CHRISTIAN, I find myſelf ſuperior to every mortification, except the ſenſe of guilt. This has humbled me to the duſt: but the full aſſurances that are given me by the SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD, of the DIVINE pardon and favour upon ſincere repentance, have calmed my troubled ſpirit, and filled my mind with peace and joy, which the world can neither give nor take away. Thus, without any change for the better in my outward circumſtances, I find myſelf changed

from

from a diſtracted, poor, deſpairing wretch, to a contented, happy, grateful being; thankful for, and pleaſed with my preſent ſtate of exiſtence, yet exulting in the hope of quitting it for endleſs glory and happineſs.

O! Sir, tell the unthinking mortals, who will not take the pains of inquiring into thoſe truths which moſt concern them, and who are led by faſhion, and the pride of human reaſon, into a contempt for the Sacred Oracles of GOD; tell them theſe amazing effects of the power of CHRISTIANITY: tell them this truth which experience has taught me, that, "Though Vice is conſtantly attended by "miſery, Virtue itſelf cannot confer happineſs in "this world, except it is animated with the hopes "of eternal bliſs in the world to come.

Y I am, &c.

FIDELIA.

BEAUTY.

NUMB. 82. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 18, 1753.

Nunc ſcio quid ſit AMOR. VIRG.

Now know I what is love.

THOUGH the danger of diſappointment is always in proportion to the height of expectation, yet I this day claim the attention of the ladies, and profeſs to teach an art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the prerogative of a few; an art by which their predominant paſſion may be gratified, and their conqueſts not only extended but ſecured; "The art of being PRETTY."

But though my ſubject may intereſt the ladies, it may, perhaps, offend thoſe profound moraliſts, who

have long ſince determined, that BEAUTY ought rather to be deſpiſed than deſired; that, like ſtrength, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of cauſes wholly out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happineſs or the diſtinction of merit.

To theſe gentlemen I ſhall remark, that beauty is among thoſe qualities, which no effort of human wit could ever bring into contempt; it is, therefore, to be wiſhed at leaſt, that beauty was in ſome degree dependant upon SENTIMENT and MANNERS, that ſo high a privilege might not be poſſeſſed by the unworthy, and that human reaſon might no longer ſuffer the mortification of thoſe who are compelled to adore an idol, which differs from a ſtone or a log only by the ſkill of the artificer: and if they cannot themſelves behold beauty with indifference, they muſt ſurely approve an attempt to ſhew that it merits their regard.

I ſhall, however, principally conſider that ſpecies of beauty which is expreſſed in the countenance; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not leſs complicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requiſites to perfect Beauty, which are wholly produced by external cauſes, colour and proportion: and it will appear, that even in common eſtimation theſe are not the chief, but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without ſomething more.

The fineſt features, ranged in the moſt exact ſymmetry, and heightened by the moſt blooming complexion, muſt be animated before they can ſtrike: and when they are animated, will generally excite the ſame paſſions which they expreſs. If they are fixed in the dead calm of inſenſibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not expreſs kindneſs, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, diſdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they

they are turned; and if a wanton aſpect excites deſire, it is but like that of a ſavage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the deſtruction of its object.

Among particular graces the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reaſon is evident; dimples are produced by a ſmile, and a ſmile is an expreſſion of complacency: ſo the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loſs to define the beauty, by which his paſſion was ſuddenly and irreſiſtibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the ſhape or diſpoſition of the features, or the colour of the ſkin: he tells you, that it is ſomething which he cannot fully expreſs, ſomething not fixed in any part, but diffuſed over the whole; he calls it a ſweetneſs, a ſoftneſs, a placid ſenſibility, or gives it ſome other appellation which connects Beauty with Sentiment, and expreſſes a charm which is not peculiar to any ſet of features, but is perhaps poſſible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always conſiſt in ſmiles, but varies as expreſſions of meekneſs and kindneſs vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the ſilent complaint of patient ſufferance, the tender ſolicitude of friendſhip, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almoſt irreſiſtible.

This is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmoſt bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot be aſſumed as a maſk to conceal inſenſibility or malevolence; it muſt be the genuine effect of correſponding ſentiments, or it will impreſs upon the countenance a new and more diſguſting deformity, Affectation; it will produce the grin,

the ſimper, the ſtare, the languiſh, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By ſome, indeed, this ſpecies of hypocriſy has been practiſed with ſuch ſkill as to deceive ſuperficial obſervers, though it can deceive even theſe but for a moment. Looks which do not correſpond with the heart, cannot be aſſumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquiſh them muſt, therefore, ſoon preponderate, and the aſpect and apparel of the viſit will be laid by together; the ſmiles and the languiſhments of art will vaniſh, and the fierceneſs of rage, or the gloom of diſcontent, will either obſcure or deſtroy all the elegance of ſymmetry and complexion.

The artificial aſpect is, indeed, as wretched a ſubſtitute for the expreſſion of ſentiment, as the ſmear of paint for the bluſhes of health: it is not only equally tranſient, and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghaſtly, the paſſions burſt out with more violence after reſtraint, the features become more diſtorted, and excite more determined averſion.

Beauty, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and conſequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant paſſion may generally be diſcovered in the countenance; becauſe the muſcles by which it is expreſſed being almoſt perpetually contracted, loſe their tone, and never totally relax; ſo that the expreſſion remains when the paſſion is ſuſpended: thus an angry, a diſdainful, a ſubtle, and a ſuſpicious temper, is diſplayed in characters that are almoſt univerſally underſtood. It is equally true of the pleaſing and the ſofter paſſions, that they leave their ſignatures upon the countenance when they ceaſe to act: the prevalence of theſe paſſions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aſpect, and gives a turn and caſt to the features which make a more favourable and forcible

forcible impreſſion upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external cauſes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and ſentiment, equally endanger the poſſeſſor; "It is," to uſe an eaſtern metaphor, "like "the towers of a city, not only an ornament, but "a defence:" if it excites deſire, it at once controuls and refines it; it repreſſes with awe, it ſoftens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reaſon and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; becauſe this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer paſſion, it alſo more forcibly engages to fidelity: every man finds himſelf more powerfully reſtrained from giving pain to goodneſs than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expreſſion of goodneſs, is a ſilent reproach of the firſt irregular wiſh; and the purpoſe immediately appears to be diſingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be diſappointed, the placid confidence of unſuſpecting ſimplicity abuſed, and the peace even of virtue endangered, by the moſt ſordid infidelity, and the breach of the ſtrongeſt obligations.

But the hope of the hypocrite muſt periſh.—When the factitious beauty has laid by her ſmiles; when the luſtre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have loſt their influence with their novelty; what remains but a tyrant diveſted of power, who will never be ſeen without a mixture of indignation and diſdain? The only deſire which this object could gratify, will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance, but with triumph. As reſentment will ſucceed to diſappointment, a deſire to mortify will ſucceed a deſire to pleaſe; and the huſband may be urged to ſolicit a miſtreſs, merely by a remembrance

of the beauty of his wife, which lasted only till she was known.

Let it, therefore, be remembered, that none can be disciples of the Graces, but in the school of Virtue; and that those who wish to be lovely, must learn early to be good.

PROFLIGACY EXEMPLIFIED.

NUMB. 86. SATURDAY, *September* 1, 1753.

Concubitu prohibere vago.------ HOR.

The wandering wish of lawless love suppress. FRANCIS.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

TO indulge that restless impatience, which every man feels to relate incidents by which the passions have been greatly affected, and communicate ideas that have been forcibly impressed, I have given you some account of my life, which, without farther apology or introduction, may, perhaps, be favourably received in an Adventurer.

My mother died when I was very young, and my father, who was a naval commander, and had therefore no opportunity to superintend my conduct, placed me at a grammar-school, and afterwards removed me to the university. At school the number of boys was so great, that to regulate our morals was impossible; and at the university even my learning contributed to the dissoluteness of my manners. As I was an only child, my father had always allowed me more money than I knew how to lay out, otherwise than in the gratification of my vices. I had sometimes, indeed, been restrained by a general sense

of right and wrong; but I now oppoſed the remonſtrances of conſcience by the cavils of ſophiſtry; and having learned of ſome celebrated philoſophers, as well ancient as modern, to prove that nothing is good but pleaſure, I became a rake upon principle.

My father died in the ſame year with queen Anne, a few months before I became of age, and left me a very conſiderable fortune in the funds. I immediately quitted the univerſity and came to London, which I conſidered as the great mart of pleaſure; and as I could afford to deal largely, I wiſely determined not to endanger my capital. I projected a ſcheme of life that was moſt agreeable to my temper, which was rather ſedate than volatile, and regulated my expences with the œconomy of a philoſopher. I found that my favourite appetites might be gratified with greater convenience and leſs ſcandal, in proportion as my life was more private: inſtead, therefore, of incumbering myſelf with a family, I took the firſt floor of a houſe which was let into lodgings, hired one ſervant, and kept a brace of geldings at a livery ſtable. I conſtantly frequented the theatres, and found my principles confirmed by almoſt every piece that was repreſented, particularly my reſolution never to marry. In comedy, indeed, the action terminated in marriage; but it was generally the marriage of a rake, who gave up his liberty with reluctance, as the only expedient to recover a fortune; and the huſband and wife of the drama were wretches whoſe example juſtified this reluctance, and appeared to be exhibited for no other purpoſe than to warn mankind, that whatever may be preſumed by thoſe whom indigence has made deſperate, to marry is to forfeit the quiet, independence and felicity of life.

In this courſe I had continued twenty years, without having impaired my conſtitution, leſſened my fortune, or incumbered myſelf with an illegitimate offspring; when a girl about eighteen, juſt arrived

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from the country, was hired as a chambermaid by the perſon who kept the houſe in which I lodged: the native beauty of health and ſimplicity in this young creature, had ſuch an effect upon my imagination, that I practiſed every art to debauch her, and at length ſucceeded.

I found it convenient for her to continue in the houſe, and therefore made no propoſal of removing her into lodgings; but after a few months ſhe found herſelf with child, a diſcovery which interrupted the indolence of my ſenſuality, and made me repent my indiſcretion: however, as I would not incur my own cenſure by ingratitude or inhumanity, I provided her a lodging and attendants, and ſhe was at length delivered of a daughter. The child I regarded as a new incumbrance, for though I did not conſider myſelf as under parental or conjugal obligations, yet I could not think myſelf at liberty wholly to abandon either the mother or the infant. To the mother, indeed, I had ſtill ſome degree of inclination; though I ſhould have been heartily content never to have ſeen her again, if I could at once have been freed from any farther trouble about her; but as ſomething was to be done, I was willing to keep her within my reach, at leaſt till ſhe could be ſubſervient to my pleaſure no longer: the child, however, I would have ſent away, but ſhe intreated me to let her ſuckle it, with an importunity which I could not reſiſt. After much thinking, I placed her in a little ſhop in the ſuburbs, which I furniſhed, at the expence of about twenty pounds, with chandlery ware, commodities of which ſhe had ſome knowledge, as her father was a petty ſhopkeeper in the country: ſhe reported that her huſband had been killed in an engagement at ſea, and that his pay, which ſhe had been impowered to receive by his will, had purchaſed her ſtock. I now thought I had diſcharged every obligation, as I had enabled her to ſubſiſt, at leaſt as well as ſhe could have

have done by her labour in the ſtation in which I found her; and as often as I had an inclination to ſee her, I ſent for her to a bagnio.

But theſe interviews did not produce the pleaſure which I expected: her affection for me was too tender and delicate; ſhe often wept in ſpight of all her efforts againſt it; and could not forbear telling me ſtories of her little girl with the fond prolixity of a mother, when I wiſhed to regard her only as a miſtreſs. Theſe incidents at once touched me with compunction, and quenched the appetite which I had intended to gratify; my viſits, therefore, became leſs frequent: but ſhe never ſent after me when I was abſent, nor reproached me, otherwiſe than by tears of tenderneſs when ſhe ſaw me again.

After the firſt year I wholly neglected her; and having heard nothing of her during the winter, I went to ſpend the ſummer in the country. When I returned, I was prompted rather by curioſity than deſire to make ſome enquiry after her, and ſoon learnt that ſhe had died ſome months before of the ſmall-pox, that the goods had been ſeized for rent, and the child taken by the pariſh. At this account, ſo ſudden and unexpected, I was ſenſibly touched; and at firſt conceived a deſign to reſcue the child from the hands of a pariſh nurſe, and make ſome little proviſion for it when it ſhould be grown up: but this was delayed from day to day, ſuch was the ſupineneſs of my diſpoſition, till the event was remembered with leſs and leſs ſenſibility; and at length I congratulated myſelf upon my deliverance from an engagement which I had always conſidered as reſembling in ſome degree the ſhackles of matrimony. I reſolved to incur the ſame embarraſſment no more, and contented myſelf with ſtrolling from one proſtitute to another, of whom I had ſeen many generations periſh; and the new faces which I once ſought among the maſks in the pit, I found with leſs trouble

trouble at Cuper's, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and innumerable other places of public entertainment, which have appeared during the laſt twenty years of my life.

A few weeks ago I celebrated my ſixtieth birthday with ſome friends at a tavern; and as I was returning to my lodgings, I ſaw a hackney coach ſtop at the door of a houſe which I knew to be of ill repute, though it was private and of the firſt claſs. Juſt as I came up, a girl ſtepped out of it, who appeared, by the imperfect glimpſe I caught of her as ſhe paſſed, to be very young, and extremely beautiful. As I was warm with wine, I followed her in without heſitation, and was delighted to find her equally charming upon a nearer view. I detained the coach, and propoſed that we ſhould go to Haddock's: ſhe heſitated with ſome appearance of unwillingneſs and confuſion, but at length conſented: ſhe ſoon became more free, and I was not leſs pleaſed with her converſation than her perſon: I obſerved that ſhe had a ſoftneſs and modeſty in her manner, which is quickly worn off by habitual proſtitution.

We had drank a bottle of French wine, and were preparing to go to bed, when, to my unſpeakable confuſion and aſtoniſhment, I diſcovered a mark by which I knew her to be my child: for I remembered, that the poor girl whom I ſo cruelly ſeduced and neglected, had once told me with tears in her eyes, that ſhe had imprinted the two letters of my name under her little Nancy's left breaſt, which, perhaps, would be the only memorial ſhe would ever have of a father. I was inſtantly ſtruck with a ſenſe of guilt with which I had not been familiar, and, therefore, felt all its force. The poor wretch, whom I was about to hire for the gratification of a brutal appetite, perceived my diſorder with ſurpriſe and concern: ſhe enquired with an officious ſolicitude, what ſudden illneſs

illneſs had ſeized me; ſhe took my hand, preſſed it, and looked eagerly in my face, ſtill inquiſitive what could be done to relieve me. I remained ſome time torpid: but was ſoon rouzed by the reflection, that I was receiving the careſſes of my child, whom I had abandoned to the loweſt infamy, to be the ſlave of drunkenneſs and luſt, and whom I had led to the brink of inceſt. I ſuddenly ſtarted up; firſt held her at a diſtance; then catching her in my arms, ſtrove to ſpeak, but burſt into tears. I ſaw that ſhe was confounded and terrified; and as ſoon as I could recover my ſpeech, I put an end to her doubts by revealing the ſecret.

It is impoſſible to expreſs the effect it had upon her: ſhe ſtood motionleſs a few minutes; then claſped her hands together, and looked up in an agony, which not to have ſeen is not to conceive. The tears at length ſtarted from her eyes; ſhe recollected herſelf, called me father, threw herſelf upon her knees, embracing mine, and plunging a new dagger in my heart, by aſking my bleſſing.

We ſat up together the remainder of the night, which I ſpent in liſtening to a ſtory that I may, perhaps, hereafter communicate; and the next day I took lodgings for her about ſix miles from town. I viſit her every day with emotions to which my heart has till now been a ſtranger, and which are every day more frequent and more ſtrong. I propoſe to retire with her into ſome remote part of the country, and to atone for the paſt by the future: but, alas! of the future a few years only can remain; and of the paſt not a moment can return. What atonement can I make to thoſe, upon whoſe daughters I have contributed to perpetuate that calamity, from which by miracle I have reſcued my own! How can I bear the reflection, that though for my own child I had hitherto expreſſed leſs kindneſs than brutes for their young; yet, perhaps, every other whom I ei-

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ther hired or ſeduced to proſtitution, had been gazed at in the ardour of parental affection, till tears have ſtarted to the eye; had been catched to the boſom with tranſport, in the prattling ſimplicity of infancy; had been watched in ſickneſs with anxiety that ſuſpended ſleep; had been fed by the toil of induſtrious poverty, and reared to maturity with hope and fear. What a monſter is he, by whom theſe fears are verified, and this hope deceived! And yet, ſo dreadful is the force of habitual guilt, I ſometimes regret the reſtraint which is come upon me; I wiſh to ſink again into the ſlumber from which I have been rouzed, and to repeat the crimes which I abhor. My heart is this moment burſting for utterance: but I want words. Farewell.

AGAMUS.

RETIREMENT FROM TRADE.

NUMB. 102. SATURDAY, *October* 27, 1753.

----------Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatus non pœniteat votique peracti! JUV.

What in the conduct of our life appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But, when we have our wiſh, we wiſh undone. DRYDEN.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I HAVE been for many years a trader in London. My beginning was narrow, and my ſtock ſmall; I was, therefore, a long time brow-beaten and deſpiſed by thoſe, who having more money thought they had more

more merit than myſelf. I did not, however, ſuffer my reſentment to inſtigate me to any mean arts of ſupplantation, nor my eagerneſs of riches to betray me to any indirect methods of gain; I purſued my buſineſs with inceſſant aſſiduity, ſupported by the hope of being one day richer than thoſe who contemned me; and had, upon every annual review of my books, the ſatisfaction of finding my fortune increaſed beyond my expectation.

In a few years my induſtry and probity were fully recompenſed, my wealth was really great, and my reputation for wealth ſtill greater. I had large warehouſes crouded with goods, and conſiderable ſums in the public funds; I was careſſed upon the Exchange by the moſt eminent merchants; became the oracle of the common council; was ſolicited to engage in all commercial undertakings; was flattered with the hopes of becoming in a ſhort time one of the directors of a wealthy company; and to complete my mercantile honours, enjoyed the expenſive happineſs of fining for ſheriff.

Riches you know, eaſily produce riches: when I had arrived to this degree of wealth, I had no longer any obſtruction or oppoſition to fear; new acquiſitions were hourly brought within my reach, and I continued for ſome years longer to heap thouſands upon thouſands.

At laſt I reſolved to complete the circle of a citizen's proſperity by the purchaſe of an eſtate in the country, and to cloſe my life in retirement. From the hour that this deſign entered my imagination, I found the fatigues of my employment every day more oppreſſive, and perſuaded myſelf that I was no longer equal to perpetual attention, and that my health would ſoon be deſtroyed by the torment and diſtraction of extenſive buſineſs. I could image to myſelf no happineſs, but in vacant jollity, and uninterrupted leiſure; nor entertain my friends with any other

other topic, than the vexation and uncertainty of trade, and the happineſs of rural privacy.

But notwithſtanding theſe declarations, I could not at once reconcile my thoughts of ceaſing to get money; and though I was every day enquiring for a purchaſe, I found ſome reaſon for rejecting all that were offered me; and, indeed, had accumulated ſo many beauties and conveniences in my idea of the ſpot, where I was finally to be happy, that, perhaps, the world might have been travelled over, without diſcovery of a place which would not have been defective in ſome particular.

Thus I went on ſtill talking of retirement, and ſtill refuſing to retire; my friends began to laugh at my delays, and I grew aſhamed to trifle longer with my own inclinations; an eſtate was at length purchaſed, I transferred my ſtock to a prudent young man who had married my daughter, went down into the country, and commenced lord of a ſpacious manor.

Here for ſome time I found happineſs equal to my expectation. I reformed the old houſe according to the advice of the beſt architects, I threw down the walls of the garden, and incloſed it with palliſades, planted long avenues of trees, filled a green-houſe with exotic plants, dug a new canal, and threw the earth into the old moat.

The fame of theſe expenſive improvements brought in all the country to ſee the ſhew. I entertained my viſiters with great liberality, led them round my gardens, ſhewed them my apartments, laid before them plans for new decorations, and was gratified by the wonder of ſome and the envy of others.

I was envied; but how little can one man judge of the condition of another? The time was now coming, in which affluence and ſplendor could no longer make me pleaſed with myſelf. I had built till the

the imagination of the architect was exhauſted; I had added one convenience to another, till I knew not what more to wiſh or deſign; I had laid out my gardens, planted my park, and compleated my waterworks; and what now remained to be done? what, but to look up to turrets, of which when they were once raiſed I had no farther uſe, to range over apartments where time was tarniſhing the furniture, to ſtand by the caſcade of which I ſcarcely now perceived the ſound, and to watch the growth of woods that muſt give their ſhade to a diſtant generation.

In this gloomy inactivity, is every day begun and ended: the happineſs that I have been ſo long procuring is now at an end, becauſe it has been procured; I wander from room to room till I am weary of myſelf; I ride out to a neighbouring hill in the centre of my eſtate, from whence all my lands lie in proſpect round me; I ſee nothing that I have not ſeen before, and return home diſappointed, though I knew that I had nothing to expect.

In my happy days of buſineſs I had been accuſtomed to riſe early in the morning; and remember the time when I grieved that the night came ſo ſoon upon me, and obliged me for a few hours to ſhut out affluence and proſperity. I now ſeldom ſee the riſing ſun, but to "tell him," with the fallen angel, "how I hate his beams." I awake from ſleep as to langour or impriſonment, and have no employment for the firſt hour but to conſider by what art I ſhall rid myſelf of the ſecond. I protract the breakfaſt as long as I can, becauſe when it is ended I have no call for my attention, till I can with ſome degree of decency grow impatient for my dinner. If I could dine all my life, I ſhould be happy; I eat not becauſe I am hungry, but becauſe I am idle: but alas! the time quickly comes when I can eat no longer; and ſo ill does my conſtitution ſecond my inclination,

inclination, that I cannot bear ſtrong liquors: ſeven hours muſt then be endured before I ſhall ſup; but ſupper comes at laſt, the more welcome as it is in a ſhort time ſucceeded by ſleep.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the happineſs, the hope of which ſeduced me from the duties and pleaſures of a mercantile life. I ſhall be told by thoſe who read my narrative, that there are many means of innocent amuſement, and many ſchemes of uſeful employment, which I do not appear ever to have known; and that nature and art have provided pleaſures, by which, without the drudgery of ſettled buſineſs, the active may be engaged, the ſolitary ſoothed, and the ſocial entertained.

Theſe arts, Sir, I have tried. When firſt I took poſſeſſion of my eſtate, in conformity to the taſte of my neighbours, I bought guns and nets, filled my kennel with dogs and my ſtable with horſes; but a little experience ſhewed me, that theſe inſtruments of rural felicity, would afford me few gratifications. I never ſhot but to miſs the mark, and, to confeſs the truth, was afraid of the fire of my own gun. I could diſcover no muſic in the cry of the dogs, nor could diveſt myſelf of pity for the animal whoſe peaceful and inoffenſive life was ſacrificed to our ſport. I was not, indeed, always at leiſure to reflect upon her danger; for my horſe, who had been bred to the chace, did not always regard my choice either of ſpeed or way, but leaped hedges and ditches at his own diſcretion, and hurried me along with the dogs, to the great diverſion of my brother ſportſmen. His eagerneſs of purſuit once incited him to ſwim a river; and I had leiſure to reſolve in the water, that I would never hazard my life again for the deſtruction of a hare.

I then ordered books to be procured, and by the direction of the vicar had in a few weeks a cloſet elegantly furniſhed. You will, perhaps, be ſurpriſ-

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ed when I ſhall tell you, that when once I had ranged them according to their ſizes, and piled them up in regular gradations, I had received all the pleaſure which they could give me. I am not able to excite in myſelf any curioſity after events which have been long paſſed, and in which I can, therefore, have no intereſt: I am utterly unconcerned to know whether Tully or Demoſthenes excelled in oratory, whether Hannibal loſt Italy by his own negligence or the corruption of his countrymen. I have no ſkill in controverſial learning, nor can conceive why ſo many volumes ſhould have have been written upon queſtions, which I have lived ſo long and ſo happily without underſtanding. I once reſolved to go through the volumes relating to the office of juſtice of the peace, but found them ſo crabbed and intricate, that in leſs than a month I deſiſted in deſpair, and reſolved to ſupply my deficiences by paying a competent ſalary to a ſkilful clerk.

I am naturally inclined to hoſpitality, and for ſome time kept up a conſtant intercourſe of viſits with the neighbouring gentlemen: but though they are eaſily brought about me by better wine than they can find at any other houſe, I am not much relieved by their converſation; they have no ſkill in commerce or the ſtocks, and I have no knowledge of the hiſtory of families or the factions of the country; ſo that when the firſt civilities are over, they uſuall talk to one another, and I am left alone in the midſt of the company. Though I cannot drink myſelf, I am obliged to encourage the circulation of the glaſs; their mirth grows more turbulent and obſtreperous; and before their merriment is at an end, I am ſick with diſguſt, and, perhaps, reproached with my ſobriety, or by ſome ſly inſinuations inſulted as a cit.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the life to which I am condemned by a fooliſh endeavour to be happy by imitation;

imitation; ſuch is the happineſs to which I pleaſed myſelf with approaching, and which I conſidered as the chief end of my cares and my labours. I toiled year after year with cheerfulneſs, in expectation of the happy hour in which I might be idle; the privilege of idleneſs is attained, but has not brought with it the bleſſing of tranquillity.

T I am,

Yours, &c.

MERCATOR.

VIRTUE PREFERABLE TO NATURAL ACQUIREMENTS.

NUMB. 103. TUESDAY, *October* 30, 1753.

--------Quid enim ratione timemus,
Aut cupimus?------ JUV.

How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears! DRYDEN.

IN thoſe remote times, when, by the intervention of FAIRIES, men received good and evil, which ſucceeding generations could expect only from natural cauſes, Soliman, a mighty prince, reigned over a thouſand provinces in the diſtant regions of the eaſt. It is recorded of Soliman, that he had no favourite; but among the principal nobles of his court was Omaraddin.

Omaraddin had two daughters, Almerine and Shelimah. At the birth of Almerine, the fairy Elfarina had preſided; and, in compliance with the importunate and reiterated requeſt of the parents, had endowed her with every natural excellence both of body and mind, and decreed that "ſhe ſhould be "ſought in marriage by a ſovereign prince."

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When the wife of Omaraddin was pregnant with Shelimah, the fairy Elfarina was again invoked; at which Farimina, another power of the aërial kingdom, was offended. Farimina was inexorable and cruel; the number of her votaries, therefore, was few. Elfarina was placable and benevolent; and Fairies of this character were obſerved to be ſuperior in power, whether becauſe it is the nature of vice to defeat its own purpoſe, or whether the calm and equal tenor of a virtuous mind prevents thoſe miſtakes, which are committed in the tumult and precipitation of outrageous malevolence. But Farimina, from whatever cauſe, reſolved that her influence ſhould not be wanting; ſhe, therefore, as far as ſhe was able, precluded the influence of Elfarina, by firſt pronouncing the incantation which determined the fortune of the infant, whom ſhe diſcovered by divination to be a girl. Farimina, that the innocent object of her malice might be deſpiſed by others, and perpetually employed in tormenting herſelf, decreed, "that her perſon ſhould be rendered "hideous by every ſpecies of deformity, and that "all her wiſhes ſhould ſpontaneouſly produce an "oppoſite effect."

The parents dreaded the birth of the infant under this malediction, with which Elfarina had acquainted them, and which ſhe could not reverſe. The moment they beheld it, they were ſolicitous only to conceal it from the world; they conſidered the complicated deformity of unhappy Shelimah, as ſome reproach to themſelves; and as they could not hope to change her appearance, they did not find themſelves intereſted in her felicity. They made no requeſt to Elfarina, that ſhe would by any intellectual endowment alleviate miſeries which they ſhould not participate, but ſeemed content that a being ſo hideous ſhould ſuffer perpetual diſappointment; and, indeed, they concurred to injure an infant which they

could not behold with complacency, by ſending her with only one attendant to a remote caſtle which ſtood on the confines of a wood.

Elfarina, however, did not thus forſake innocence in diſtreſs; but, to counterbalance the evils of obſcurity, neglect, and uglineſs, ſhe decreed, that "to the taſte of Shelimah the coarſeſt food ſhould "be the moſt exquiſite dainty; that the rags which "covered her, ſhould in her eſtimation be equal to "cloth of gold; that ſhe ſhould prize a palace leſs "than a cottage; and that in theſe circumſtances "love ſhould be a ſtranger to her breaſt." To prevent the vexation which would ariſe from the continual diſappointment of her wiſhes, appeared at firſt to be more difficult; but this was at length perfectly effected by endowing her with Content.

While Shelimah was immured in a remote caſtle, neglected and forgotten, every city in the dominions of Soliman contributed to decorate the perſon, or cultivate the mind of Almerine. The houſe of her father was the reſort of all who excelled in learning of whatever claſs; and as the wit of Almerine was equal to her beauty, her knowledge was ſoon equal to her wit.

Thus accompliſhed, ſhe became the object of univerſal admiration; every heart throbbed at her approach, every tongue was ſilent when ſhe ſpoke; at the glance of her eye every cheek was covered with bluſhes of diffidence or deſire, and at her command every foot became ſwift as that of the roe. But Almerine, whom ambition was thus jealous to obey, who was reverenced by hoary wiſdom, and beloved by youthful beauty, was perhaps the moſt wretched of her ſex. Perpetual adulation had made her haughty and fierce; her penetration and delicacy rendered almoſt every object offenſive; ſhe was diſguſted with imperfections which others could not diſcover; her breaſt was corroded by deteſtation, when others were

were ſoftened by pity; ſhe loſt the ſweetneſs of ſleep by the want of exerciſe, and the reliſh of food by continual luxury: but her life became yet more wretched, by her ſenſibility of that paſſion, on which the happineſs of life is believed chiefly to depend.

Nouraffin, the phyſician of Soliman, was of noble birth, and celebrated for his ſkill through all the Eaſt. He had juſt attained the meridian of life; his perſon was graceful, and his manner ſoft and inſinuating. Among many others, by whom Almerine had been taught to inveſtigate nature, Nouraffin had acquainted her with the qualities of trees and herbs. Of him ſhe learned, how an innumerable progeny are contained in the parent plant; how they expand and quicken by degrees; how from the ſame ſoil each imbibes a different juice, which riſing from the root hardens into branches above, ſwells into leaves, and flowers, and fruits, infinitely various in colour, and taſte, and ſmell: of power to repel diſeaſes, or precipitate the ſtroke of death.

Whether by the caprice which is common to violent paſſions, or whether by ſome potion which Nouraffin found means to adminiſter to his ſcholar, is not known; but of Nouraffin ſhe become enamoured to the moſt romantic exceſs. The pleaſure with which ſhe had before reflected on the decree of the Fairy, "that ſhe ſhould be ſought in "marriage by a ſovereign prince," was now at an end. It was the cuſtom of the nobles to preſent their daughters to the king, when they entered their eighteenth year; an event which Almerine had often anticipated with impatience and hope, but now wiſhed to prevent with ſolicitude and terror. The period, urged forward, like every thing future, with ſilent and irreſiſtible rapidity, at length arrived. The curioſity of Soliman had been raiſed, as well by accidental encomiums, as by the artifices of Omaraddin,

raddin, who now haſted to gratify it with the utmoſt anxiety and perturbation; he diſcovered the confuſion of his daughter, and imagined that it was produced like his own, by the uncertainty and importance of an event, which would be determined before the day ſhould be paſſed. He endeavoured to give her a peaceful confidence in the promiſe of the Fairy, which he wanted himſelf; and perceived, with regret, that her diſtreſs rather increaſed than diminiſhed: this incident, however, as he had no ſuſpicion of the cauſe, only rendered him more impatient of delay; and Almerine, covered with ornaments by which art and nature were exhauſted, was, however reluctant, introduced to the king.

Soliman was now in his thirtieth year. He had ſat ten years upon the throne, and for the ſteadineſs of his virtue had been ſurnamed the JUST. He had hitherto conſidered the gratification of appetite as a low enjoyment, allotted to weakneſs and obſcurity; and the exerciſe of heroic virtue, as the ſuperior felicity of eminence and power. He had as yet taken no wife; nor had he immured in his palace a multitude of unhappy beauties, in whom deſire had no choice, and affection no object, to be ſucceſſively forſaken after unreſiſted violation, and at laſt ſink into the grave without having anſwered any nobler purpoſe, than ſometimes to have gratified the caprice of a tyrant, whom they ſaw at no other ſeaſon, and whoſe preſence could raiſe no paſſion more remote from deteſtation than fear.

Such was Soliman; who, having gazed ſome moments upon Almerine with ſilent admiration, roſe up, and turning to the princes who ſtood round him, "To-morrow," ſaid he, "I will grant the requeſt "which you have ſo often repeated, and place a "beauty upon my throne, by whom I may tranſ-

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" mit my dominion to poſterity; to-morrow the " daughter of Omaraddin ſhall be my wife."

The joy with which Omaraddin heard this declaration, was abated by the effect which it produced upon Almerine: who, after ſome ineffectual ſtruggles with the paſſions which agitated her mind, threw herſelf into the arms of her women, and burſt into tears. Soliman immediately diſmiſſed his attendants; and taking her in his arms, enquired the cauſe of her diſtreſs: this, however, was a ſecret, which neither her pride nor her fear would ſuffer her to reveal. She continued ſilent and inconſolable; and Soliman, though he ſecretly ſuſpected ſome other attachment, yet appeared to be ſatisfied with the ſuggeſtions of her father, that her emotion was only ſuch as is common to the ſex upon any great and unexpected event. He deſiſted from farther importunity, and commanded that her women ſhould remove her to a private apartment of the palace, and that ſhe ſhould be attended by his phyſician Nouraſſin.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

NUMB. 104. SATURDAY, *November* 3, 1753.

----------Semita certe
Tranquillæ per vi tutem patet unica vitæ. JUV.

But only virtue ſhews the paths of peace.

NOURASSIN, who had already learned what had happened, found his deſpair relieved by this opportunity of another interview. The lovers, however, were reſtrained from condolence and conſultation, by the preſence of the women who could not be diſmiſſed: but Nouraſſin put a ſmall vial into the hand of Almerine as he departed, and told her, that

it contained a cordial, which, if adminiſtered in time, would infallibly reſtore the chearfulneſs and vigour that ſhe had loſt. Theſe words were heard by the attendants, though they were underſtood only by Almerine; ſhe readily comprehended, that the portion ſhe had received was poiſon, which would relieve her from languor and melancholy by removing the cauſe, if it could be given to the king before her marriage was compleated. After Nouraffin was gone, ſhe ſat ruminating on the infelicity of her ſituation, and the dreadful events of the morrow, till the night was far ſpent; and then, exhauſted with perturbation and watching, ſhe ſunk down on the ſofa, and fell into a deep ſleep.

The king, whoſe reſt had been interrupted by the effects which the beauty of Almerine had produced upon his mind, roſe at the dawn of day; and ſending for her principal attendant who had been ordered to watch in her chamber, eagerly enquired what had been her behaviour, and whether ſhe had recovered from her ſurpriſe. He was acquainted that ſhe had lately fallen aſleep; and that a cordial had been left by Nouraffin, which he affirmed would, if not too long delayed, ſuddenly recover her from languor and dejection, and which, notwithſtanding, ſhe had neglected to take. Soliman derived new hopes from this intelligence; and that ſhe might meet him at the hour of marriage, with the chearful vivacity which the cordial of Nouraffin would inſpire, he ordered that it ſhould, without aſking her any queſtion, be mixed with whatever ſhe firſt drank in the morning.

Almerine, in whoſe blood the long-continued tumult of her mind had produced a feveriſh heat, awaked parched with thirſt, and called eagerly for ſherbet: her attendant, having firſt emptied the vial into the bowl, as ſhe had been commanded by the king, preſented it to her, and ſhe drank it off. As ſoon as ſhe

ſhe had recollected the horrid buſineſs of the day, ſhe miſſed the vial, and in a few moments ſhe learned how it had been applied. The ſudden terror which now ſeized her, haſtened the effect of the poiſon; and ſhe felt already the fire kindled in her veins, by which in a few hours ſhe would be deſtroyed. Her diſorder was now apparent, though the cauſe was not ſuſpected: Nouraſſin was again introduced, and acquainted with the miſtake; an antidote was immediately prepared and adminiſtered; and Almerine waited the event in agonies of body and mind, which are not to be deſcribed. The internal commotion every inſtant increaſed; ſudden and intolerable heat and cold ſucceeded each other; and in leſs than an hour, ſhe was covered with a leproſy; her hair fell, her head ſwelled, and every feature in her countenance was diſtorted. Nouraſſin, who was doubtful of the event, had withdrawn to conceal his confuſion; and Almerine, not knowing that theſe dreadful appearances were the preſages of recovery, and ſhewed that the fatal effects of the poiſon were expelled from the citadel of life, conceived her diſſolution to be near, and in the agony of remorſe and terror earneſtly requeſted to ſee the king. Soliman haſtily entered her apartment, and beheld the ruins of her beauty with aſtoniſhment, which every moment increaſed, while ſhe diſcovered the miſchief which had been intended againſt him, and which had now fallen upon her own head.

Soliman, after he had recovered from his aſtoniſhment, retired to his own apartment; and in this interval of recollection, he ſoon diſcovered that the deſire of beauty had ſeduced him from the path of juſtice, and that he ought to have diſmiſſed the perſon whoſe affections he believed to have another object. He did not, therefore, take away the life of Nouraſſin for a crime, to which he himſelf had furniſhed the temptation; but as ſome puniſhment was

neceſſary as a ſanction to the laws, he condemned him to perpetual baniſhment. He commanded that Almerine ſhould be ſent back to her father, that her life might be a memorial of his folly; and he determined, if poſſible, to atone by a ſecond marriage for the errors of the firſt. He conſidered how he might enforce and illuſtrate ſome general precept; which would contribute more to the felicity of his people, than his leaving them a ſovereign of his own blood; and at length he determined to publiſh this proclamation throughout all the provinces of his empire: "Soliman, whoſe judgement has been perverted, and "whoſe life endangered, by the influence and the "treachery of unrivalled beauty, is now reſolved to "place equal deformity upon his throne; that when "this event is recorded, the world may know, that "by Vice beauty became yet more odious than ug-"lineſs; and learn, like Soliman, to deſpiſe that "excellence, which, without Virtue, is only a ſpe-"cious evil, the reproach of the poſſeſſor, and the "ſnare of others."

Shelimah, during theſe events, experienced a very different fortune. She remained, till ſhe was thirteen years of age, in the caſtle; and it happened that, about this time, the perſon to whoſe care ſhe had been committed, after a ſhort ſickneſs died. Shelimah imagined that ſhe ſlept; but perceiving that all attempts to awaken her were ineffectual, and her ſtock of proviſions being exhauſted, ſhe found means to open the wicket, and wander alone into the wood. She ſatisfied her hunger with ſuch berries and wild fruits as ſhe found, and at night, not being able to find her way back, ſhe lay down under a thicket and ſlept. Here ſhe was awaked early in the morning by a peaſant, whoſe compaſſion happened to be proof againſt deformity. The man aſked her many queſtions; but her anſwers rather increaſing than gratifying his curioſity, he ſet her before him

him on his beaſt, and carried her to his houſe in the next village, at the diſtance of about ſix leagues. In his family ſhe was the jeſt of ſome, and the pity of others; ſhe was employed in the meaneſt offices, and her figure procured her the name of Goblin. But amidſt all the diſadvantages of her ſituation, ſhe enjoyed the utmoſt felicity of food and reſt; as ſhe formed no wiſhes, ſhe ſuffered no diſappointment; her body was healthful, and her mind at peace.

In this ſtation ſhe had continued four years, when the heralds appeared in the village with the proclamation of Soliman. Shelimah ran out with others to gaze at the parade; ſhe liſtened to the proclamation with great attention, and, when it was ended, ſhe perceived that the eyes of the multitude were fixed upon her. One of the horſemen at the ſame time alighted, and with great ceremony intreated her to enter a chariot which was in the retinue, telling her, that ſhe was without doubt the perſon whom Nature and Soliman had deſtined to be their queen. Shelimah replied with a ſmile, that ſhe had no deſire to be great; "but," ſaid ſhe, "if your proclama-"tion be true, I ſhould rejoice to be the inſtrument "of ſuch admonition to mankind; and, upon this "condition, I wiſh that I were indeed the moſt de-"formed of my ſpecies." The moment this wiſh was uttered, the ſpell of Farimina produced the contrary effect: her ſkin, which was ſcaly and yellow, became ſmooth and white, her ſtature was perceived gradually to increaſe, her neck roſe like a pillar of ivory, her boſom expanded, and her waiſt became leſs; her hair, which before was thin and of a dirty red, was now black as the feathers of the raven, and flowed in large ringlets on her ſhoulders; the moſt exquiſite ſenſibility now ſparkled in her eye, her cheeks were tinged with the bluſhes of the morning, and her lips moiſtened with the dew; every limb was perfect, and every motion was graceful.

A white robe was thrown over her by an inviſible hand; the crowd fell back in aſtoniſhment, and gazed with inſatiable curioſity upon ſuch beauty as before they had never ſeen. Shelimah was not leſs aſtoniſhed than the crowd: ſhe ſtood awhile with her eyes fixed upon the ground; and finding her confuſion increaſe, would have retired in ſilence; but ſhe was prevented by the heralds, who having with much importunity prevailed upon her to enter the chariot, returned with her to the metropolis, preſented her to Soliman, and related the prodigy.

Soliman looked round upon the aſſembly, in doubt whether to proſecute or relinquiſh his purpoſe; when Abbaran, a hoary ſage, who had preſided in the council of his father, came forward, and placing his forehead on the footſtool of the throne, "Let the "king," ſaid he, "accept the reward of virtue, "and take Shelimah to his bed. In what age, and "in what nation, ſhall not the beauty of Shelimah "be honoured? To whom will it be tranſmitted "alone? Will not the ſtory of the wife of Soliman "deſcend with her name? Will it not be known, "that thy deſire of beauty was not gratified, till it "had been ſubdued? That by an iniquitous pur-"poſe beauty became hideous, and by a virtuous wiſh "deformity became fair?"

Soliman, who had fixed his eyes upon Shelimah, diſcovered a mixture of joy and confuſion in her countenance, which determined his choice, and was an earneſt of his felicity; for at that moment, Love, who, during her ſtate of deformity, had been excluded by the fairy Elfarina's interdiction, took poſſeſſion of her breaſt.

The nuptial ceremony was not long delayed, and Elfarina honoured it with her preſence. When ſhe departed, ſhe beſtowed on both her benediction; and

put

put into the hand of Shelimah a ſcroll of vellum, on which was this inſcription in letters of gold:

"Remember, Shelimah, the fate of Almerine, "who ſtill lives the reproach of parental folly, of "degraded beauty, and perverted ſenſe. Remem- "ber Almerine, and let her example and thy own "experience teach thee, that wit and beauty, learn- "ing, affluence, and honour, are not eſſential to "human felicity; with theſe ſhe was wretched, and "without them thou waſt happy. The advantages "which I have hitherto beſtowed, muſt now be ob- "tained by an effort of thy own: that which gives "reliſh to the coarſeſt food, is Temperance; the "apparel and the dwelling of a peaſant and a prince, "are equal in the eſtimation of Humility; and the "torment of ineffectual deſires is prevented, by the "reſignation of Piety to the will of Heaven; ad- "vantages which are in the power of every wretch, "who repines at the unequal diſtribution of good "and evil, and imputes to Nature the effects of his "own folly."

The king, to whom Shelimah communicated theſe precepts of the Fairy, cauſed them to be tranſcribed, and with an account of the events which had pro- duced them, diſtributed over all his dominions. Pre- cepts which were thus enforced, had an immediate and extenſive influence; and the happineſs of Soli- man and of Shelimah was thus communicated to the multitudes whom they governed.

THE VALUE OF LIFE.

NUMB. 114. SATURDAY, *December* 8, 1753.

Sperat infeſtis, metuit ſecundis,
Alteram ſortem bene præparatum
Pectus. HOR.

Whoe'er enjoys th' untroubled breaſt,
With VIRTUE's tranquil wiſdom bleſt;
With hope the gloomy hour can cheer,
And temper happineſs with fear. FRANCIS.

ALMET, the Derviſe, who watched the ſacred lamp in the ſepulchre of the PROPHET, as he one day roſe up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple, with his body turned towards the eaſt and his forehead on the earth, ſaw before him a man in ſplendid apparel, attended by a long retinue, who gazed ſtedfaſtly at him with a look of mournful complacence, and ſeemed deſirous to ſpeak, but unwilling to offend.

The Derviſe, after a ſhort ſilence, advanced, and ſaluting him with the calm dignity which independence confers upon humility, requeſted that he would reveal his purpoſe.

"Almet," ſaid the ſtranger, "thou ſeeſt before "thee a man whom the hand of proſperity has over-"whelmed with wretchedneſs. Whatever I once "deſired as the means of happineſs, I now poſſeſs; "but I am not yet happy, and therefore I deſpair. "I regret the lapſe of time, becauſe it glides away "without enjoyment; and as I expect nothing in "the future but the vanities of the paſt, I do not "wiſh that the future ſhould arrive. Yet I tremble "leſt it ſhould be cut off; and my heart ſinks when "I anticipate the moment, in which eternity ſhall "cloſe over the vacuity of my life, like the ſea upon "the

" the path of a ſhip, and leave no traces of my ex-
" iſtence more durable than the furrow which re-
" mains after the waves have united. If in the
" treaſures of thy wiſdom there is any precept to
" obtain felicity, vouchſafe it to me: for this pur-
" poſe am I come; a purpoſe which yet I feared to
" reveal, leſt like all the former it ſhould be diſap-
" pointed." Almet liſtened, with looks of aſtoniſh-ment and pity, to this complaint of a being in whom reaſon was known to be a pledge of immortality; but the ſerenity of his countenance ſoon returned; and ſtretching out his hand towards Heaven, " Stran-
" ger," ſaid he, " the knowledge which I have re-
" ceived from the Prophet, I will communicate to
" thee."

As I was ſitting one evening at the porch of the temple penſive and alone, mine eye wandered among the multitude that was ſcattered before me; and while I remarked the wearineſs and ſolicitude which was viſible in every countenance, I was ſuddenly ſtruck with a ſenſe of their condition. Wretched mortals, ſaid I, to what purpoſe are you buſy? If to produce happineſs, by whom is it enjoyed? Do the linens of Egypt, and the ſilks of Perſia, beſtow felicity on thoſe who wear them, equal to the wretch-edneſs of yonder ſlaves whom I ſee leading the ca-mels that bring them? Is the fineneſs of the texture, or the ſplendor of the tints, regarded with delight by thoſe to whom cuſtom has rendered them familiar? or can the power of habit render others inſenſible of pain, who live only to traverſe the deſart; a ſcene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon: where no change of proſpect, or variety of images, relieves the traveller from a ſenſe of toil and danger, of whirlwinds which in a moment may bury him in the ſand, and of thirſt which the wealthy have given half their poſſeſſions to allay? Do thoſe on whom hereditary diamonds

ſparkle

ſparkle with unregarded luſtre, gain from the poſſeſſion what is loſt by the wretch who ſeeks them in the mine; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature; to whom even the viciſſitude of day and night is not known; who ſighs in perpetual darkneſs, and whoſe life is one mournful alternative of inſenſibility and labour? If thoſe are not happy who poſſeſs, in proportion as thoſe are wretched who beſtow, how vain a dream is the life of man! and if there is, indeed, ſuch difference in the value of exiſtence, how ſhall we acquit of partiality the hand by which this difference has been made?

While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became ſenſible of a ſudden influence from above. The ſtreets and the crowds of Mecca diſappeared; I found myſelf ſitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel, whom I knew to be Azoran the miniſter of reproof. When I ſaw him I was afraid. I caſt mine eye upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be ſilent. "Almet," ſaid he, "thou haſt devoted thy "life to meditation, that thy counſel might deliver "ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter pre-"ſumption from the precipice of guilt; but the "book of nature thou haſt read without underſtand-"ing: it is again open before thee: look up, con-"ſider it and be wiſe."

I looked up and beheld an incloſure, beautiful as the gardens of Paradiſe, but of a ſmall extent.—Through the middle there was a green walk; at the end a wild deſert; and beyond impenetrable darkneſs. The walk was ſhaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with bloſſoms and fruit; innumerable birds were ſinging in the branches; the graſs was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty: on one ſide flowed a gentle

tranſparent

tranſparent ſtream, which was juſt heard to murmur over the golden ſands that ſparkled at the bottom; and on the other were walks and bowers, fountains, grottoes, and caſcades, which diverſified the ſcene with endleſs variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

While I was gazing in a tranſport of delight and wonder on this enchanting ſpot, I perceived a man ſtealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace: his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms croſſed on his boſom; he ſometimes ſtarted, as if a ſudden pang had ſeized him; his countenance expreſſed ſolicitude and terror; he looked round with a ſigh, and having gazed a moment on the deſart that lay before him, he ſeemed as if he wiſhed to ſtop, but was impelled forwards by ſome inviſible power: his features, however, ſoon ſettled again into a calm melancholy; his eye was again fixed on the ground, and he went on, as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was ſtruck with this appearance; and turning haſtily to the Angel, was about to enquire what could produce ſuch infelicity in a being ſurrounded with every object that could gratify every ſenſe; but he prevented my requeſt: "The book of nature," ſaid he, "is before thee; look up, conſider it, and be wiſe." I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren; on the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no ſhade; the ſun burned in the zenith, and every ſpring was dried up; but the valley terminated in a country that was pleaſant and fertile, ſhaded with woods, and adorned with buildings. At a ſecond view, I diſcovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was cheerful, and his deportment active: he kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was reſtrained, as the other had been impelled, by ſome ſecret influence: ſome-

ſometimes, indeed, I perceived a ſudden expreſſion of pain, and ſometimes he ſtepped ſhort as if his foot was pierced by the aſperities of the way; but the ſprightlineſs of his countenance inſtantly returned, and he preſſed forward without appearance of repining or compiaint.

I turned again toward the Angel, impatient to enquire from what ſecret ſource happineſs was derived, in a ſituation ſo different from that in which it might have been expected: but he again prevented my requeſt: "Almet," ſaid he, "remember what "thou haſt ſeen, and let this memorial be written "upon the tablets of thy heart. Remember, Al- "met, that the world in which thou art placed, is "but the road to another; and that happineſs de- "pends not upon the path, but the end: the value "of this period of thy exiſtence is fixed by hope "and fear. The wretch who wiſhed to linger in "the garden, who looked round upon its limits with "terror, was deſtitute of enjoyment, becauſe he was "deſtitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented "by the dread of loſing that which he did not en- "joy: the ſong of the birds had been repeated till "it was not heard, and the flowers had ſo often re- "curred that their beanty was not ſeen; the river "glided by unnoticed; and he feared to lift his eye "to the proſpect, leſt he ſhould behold the waſte "that circumſcribed it. But he that toiled through "the valley was happy, becauſe he looked forward "with hope. Thus, to the ſojourner upon earth, "it is of little moment, whether the path he treads "be ſtrewed with flowers or with thorns, if he per- "ceives himſelf to approach thoſe regions, in com- "pariſon of which the thorns and the flowers of this "wilderneſs loſe their diſtinction, and are both alike "impotent to give pleaſure or pain.

"What then has ETERNAL WISDOM unequally "diſtributed? That which can make every ſtation

"happy,

" happy, and without which every ſtation muſt be " wretched, is acquired by Virtue, and Virtue is " poſſible to all. Remember, Almet, the viſion " which thou haſt ſeen; and let my words be writ- " ten on the tablet of thy heart, that thou mayeſt " direct the wanderer to happineſs, and juſtify GOD " to men."

While the voice of Azoran was yet ſounding in my ear, the proſpect vaniſhed from before me, and I found myſelf again ſitting at the porch of the temple. The ſun was gone down, the multitude was retired to reſt, and the ſolemn quiet of midnight concurred with the reſolution of my doubts to complete the tranquillity of my mind.

Such, my ſon, was the viſion which the Prophet vouchſafed me, not for my ſake only, but for thine. Thou haſt ſought felicity in temporal things; and, therefore, thou art diſappointed. Let not inſtruction be loſt upon thee, as the ſeal of Mahomet in the well of Aris: but go thy way, let thy flock clothe the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppreſſion, and let thy converſation be ABOVE. Thus ſhalt thou " rejoice in hope," and look forward to the end of life as the conſummation of thy felicity.

Almet, in whoſe breaſt devotion kindled as he ſpake, returned into the temple, and the ſtranger departed in peace.

YOUTH DESERTED.

NUMB. 134. SATURDAY, *February* 16, 1754.

---------Virtutibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi. JUVENAL.

Rarely they riſe by virtue's aid, who lie
Plung'd in the depth of helpleſs poverty. DRYDEN.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

AS I was informed by your bookſeller, upon whom I called a few days ago to make a ſmall purchaſe for my daughter, that your whole work would be comprized in one hundred and forty papers, I can no longer delay to ſend you the account of her life, which I gave you ſome reaſon to expect when I related my own*. This account ſhe gave in that dreadful night, the remembrance of which ſtill freezes me with horror; the night in which I had hired her as a proſtitute, and could not have been deterred from inceſt, but by an event ſo extraordinary that it was almoſt miraculous. I have, indeed, frequently attempted to relate a ſtory which I can never forget, but I was always diſſatisfied with my own expreſſions; nor could I ever produce in writing a narrative which appeared equal to the effect that it wrought upon my mind when I heard it. I have, therefore, prevailed upon the dear injured girl to relate it in her own words, which I ſhall faithfully tranſcribe.

The firſt ſituation that I remember was in a cellar; where, I ſuppoſe, I had been placed by the pariſh officers with a woman who kept a little dairy. My nurſe was obliged to be often abroad, and I was then left to the care of a girl, who was juſt old

* NUMB. LXXXVI.

enough

enough to lug me about in her arms, and who, like other pretty creatures in office, knew not how to ſhew her authority but by the abuſe of it. Such was my dread of her power and reſentment, that I ſuffered almoſt whatever ſhe inflicted, without complaint; and when I was ſcarcely four years old, had learnt ſo far to ſurmount the ſenſe of pain and ſuppreſs my paſſions, that I have been pinched black and blue without wincing, and patiently ſuffered her to impute to me many trivial miſchiefs which her own perverſeneſs or careleſſneſs had produced.

This ſituation, however, was not without its advantages; for inſtead of a hard cruſt and ſmall beer, which would probably have been the principal part of my ſubſiſtence if I had been placed with a perſon of the ſame rank, but of a different employment, I had always plenty of milk; which, though it had been ſkimmed for cream, was not ſour, and which indeed was wholſome food; upon which I throve very faſt, and was taken notice of by every body, for the freſhneſs of my looks, and the clearneſs of my ſkin.

Almoſt as ſoon as I could ſpeak plain, I was ſent to the pariſh ſchool to learn to read; and thought myſelf as fine in my blue gown and badge, as a court beauty in a birth-night ſuit. The miſtreſs of the ſchool was the widow of a clergyman, whom I have often heard her mention with tears, though he had been long dead when I firſt came under her tuition, and left her in ſuch circumſtances as made her ſolicit an employment, of which before ſhe would have dreaded the labour, and ſcorned the meanneſs. She had been very genteelly educated, and had acquired a general knowledge of literature after her marriage; the communication of which enlivened their hours of retirement, and afforded ſuch a ſubject

ject of converſation, as added to every other enjoyment the pleaſures of beneficence and gratitude.

There was ſomething in her manner, which won my affection and commanded my reverence. I found her a perſon very different from my nurſe; and I watched her looks with ſuch ardour and attention, that I was ſometimes able, young as I was, to anticipate her commands. It was natural that ſhe ſhould love the virtue which ſhe had produced, nor was it incongruous that ſhe ſhould reward it. I perceived with inexpreſſible delight, that ſhe treated me with peculiar tenderneſs; and when I was about eight years old, ſhe offered to take my education wholly upon herſelf without putting the pariſh to any farther charge for my maintenance. Her offer was readily accepted, my nurſe was diſcharged, and I was taken home to my miſtreſs, who called me her little maid, a name which I was ambitious to deſerve, becauſe ſhe did not, like a tyrant, exact my obedience as a ſlave, but like a parent invited me to the duty of a child. As our family conſiſted only of my miſtreſs and myſelf, except ſometimes a chair woman, we were always alone in the intervals of buſineſs; and the good matron amuſed herſelf by inſtructing me, not only in reading, writing, and the firſt rules of arithmetic, but in various kinds of needlework; and what was yet of more moment, in the principles of virtue and religion, which in her life appeared to be ſo amiable, that I wanted neither example nor motive. She gave me alſo ſome general notions of the decorum practiſed among perſons of a higher claſs; and I was thus acquainted, while I was yet a child, and in an obſcure ſtation, with ſome rudiments of good breeding.

Before I was fifteen, I began to aſſiſt my benefactreſs in her employment, and by ſome plain work which ſhe had procurred me, I furniſhed myſelf with decent cloaths. By an inſenſible and ſpontaneous imitation

imitation of her manner, I had acquired ſuch a carriage, as gained me more reſpect in a yard-wide ſtuff, than is often paid by ſtrangers to an upper ſervant in a rich ſilk.

Such was now the ſimplicity and innocence of my life, that I had ſcarce a wiſh unſatisfied; and I often reflected upon my own happineſs with a ſenſe of gratitude that increaſed it. But alas! this felicity was ſcarce ſooner enjoyed than loſt: the good matron, who was in the moſt endearing ſenſe my parent and my friend, was ſeized with a fever, which in a few days put an end to her life, and left me alone in the world without alliance or protection, overwhelmed with grief and diſtracted with anxiety. The world, indeed, was before me; but I trembled to enter it alone. I knew no art by which I could ſubſiſt myſelf; and I was unwilling to be condemned to a ſtate of ſervitude, in which no ſuch art could be learned. I, therefore, applied again to the officers of the pariſh, who, as a teſtimony of reſpect to my patroneſs, condeſcended ſtill to conſider me as their charge, and with the uſual ſum bound me apprentice to a mantua-maker; whoſe buſineſs, of which, indeed, ſhe had but little, was among perſons that were ſomething below the middle claſs, and who, as I verily believe, had applied to the churchwardens for an apprentice, only that ſhe might ſilence a number of petty duns, and obtain new credit with the money that is given as a conſideration for neceſſary cloaths.

The dwelling of my new miſtreſs was two back rooms in a dirty ſtreet near the Seven Dials. She received me, however, with great appearance of kindneſs; we breakfaſted, dined, and ſupped together; and though I could not but regret the alteration of my condition, yet I comforted myſelf with reflecting, that in a few years I ſhould be miſtreſs of a trade by which I might become independent, and live

live in a manner more agreeable to my inclinations. But my indentures were no ſooner ſigned, than I ſuffered a new change of fortune. The firſt ſtep my miſtreſs took was to turn away her maid, a poor ſlave who was covered only with rags and dirt, and whoſe ill qualities I fooliſhly thought were the only cauſe of her ill treatment. I was now compelled to light fires, go of errands, waſh linen, and dreſs victuals, and in ſhort to do every kind of houſehold drudgery, and to ſit up half the night, that the taſk of hemming and running ſeams, which had been aſſigned me, might be performed.

Though I ſuffered all this without murmur or complaint, yet I became penſive and melancholy; the tears would often ſteal ſilently from my eyes, and my mind was ſometimes ſo abſtracted in the contemplation of my own miſery, that I did not hear what was ſaid to me. But my ſenſibility produced reſentment, inſtead of pity; my melancholy drew upon me the reproach of ſullenneſs; I was ſtormed at for ſpoiling my work with ſniveling I knew not why, and threatened that it ſhould not long be without cauſe; a menace which was generally executed the moment it was uttered; my arms and neck continually bore the marks of the yard, and I was in every reſpect treated with the moſt brutal unkindneſs.

In the mean time, however, I applied myſelf to learn the buſineſs as my laſt reſource, and the only foundation of my hope. My diligence and aſſiduity atoned for the want of inſtruction; and it might have been truly ſaid, that I ſtole the knowledge which my miſtreſs had engaged to communicate. As I had a taſte for dreſs, I recommended myſelf to the beſt cuſtomers, and frequently corrected a fault of which they complained, and which my miſtreſs was not able to diſcover. The countenance and courteſy which this gained, though it encouraged my hope of the

the future, yet it made the preſent leſs tolerable.—My tyrant treated me with yet more inhumanity, and my ſufferings were ſo great, that I frequently meditated an eſcape, though I knew not whither to go, and though I foreſaw that the moment I became a fugitive, I ſhould forfeit all my intereſt, juſtify every complaint, and incur a diſgrace which I could never obliterate.

I had now groaned under the moſt cruel oppreſſion ſomething more than four years; the cloaths which had been the purchaſe of my own money I had worn out; and my miſtreſs thought it her intereſt not to furniſh me with any better than would juſt ſerve me to go out on her errands, and follow her with a bundle. But as ſo much of my time was paſt, I thought it highly reaſonable, and indeed neceſſary, that I ſhould make a more decent appearance, that I ſhould attend the cuſtomers, take their orders and their meaſures, or at leaſt fit on the work. After much premeditation, and many attempts, I at length ſurmounted my fears, and in ſuch terms and manner as I thought leaſt likely to give offence, I entreated that I might have ſuch cloaths as would anſwer the purpoſe, and propoſed to work ſo many hours extraordinary as would produce the money they ſhould coſt. But this requeſt, however modeſt, was anſwered only with reproaches and inſult. "I wanted, forſooth, to be a gentle-"woman: yes, I ſhould be equipped to ſet up for "myſelf. This ſhe might have expected, for tak-"ing a beggar from the pariſh; but I ſhould ſee "that ſhe knew how to mortify my pride, and diſ-"appoint my cunning." I was at once grieved and angered at this treatment; and I believe, for the firſt time, expreſſed myſelf with ſome indignation and reſentment. My reſentment, however, ſhe treated with deriſion and contempt, as an impotent attempt to throw off her authority: and declaring

claring that ſhe would ſoon ſhew me who was miſtreſs, ſhe ſtruck me ſo violent a blow, that I fell from my chair. Whether ſhe was frighted at my fall, or whether ſhe ſuſpected I ſhould alarm the houſe, ſhe did not repeat her blow, but contented herſelf with reviling the poverty and wretchedneſs which ſhe laboured to perpetuate.

I burſt into tears of anguiſh and reſentment, and made no reply; but from this moment my hatred became irreconcileable, and I ſecretly determined at all events to eſcape from a ſlavery, which I accuſed myſelf for having already endured too long.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

NUMB. 135. TUESDAY, *February* 19, 1754.

-------Latet anguis in herba. VIRG.

Beneath the graſs conceal'd a ſerpent lies.

IT happened, that the next morning I was ſent with ſome work as far as Chelſea: it was about the middle of May. Upon me, who had long toiled in the ſmoke and darkneſs of London, and had ſeen the ſun-ſhine only upon a chimney, or a wall, the freſhneſs of the air, the verdure of the fields, and the ſong of the birds, had the power of enchantment. I could not forbear lingering in my walk: and every moment of delay made me leſs willing to return; not indeed by increaſing my enjoyment, but my fear: I was tenacious of the preſent, becauſe I dreaded the future; and increaſed the evil which I approached at every ſtep, by a vain attempt to retain and poſſeſs that which at every ſtep I was leaving behind. I found, that not to look forward with hope, was not to look round with pleaſure; and yet I ſtill loitered away the hours which I could not enjoy, and returned in a ſtate of anxious irreſolution, ſtill taking the

the way home, becauſe I knew not where elſe to go, but ſtill neglecting the ſpeed which alone could make home leſs dreadful. My torment encreaſed as my walk became ſhorter; and when I had returned as far as the lower end of the Mall in St. James's Park, I was quite overwhelmed with regret and deſpair, and ſitting down on one of the benches I burſt into tears.

As my mind was wholly employed on my own diſtreſs, and my apron held up to my eyes, it was ſome time before I diſcovered an elderly lady who had ſat down by me. The moment I ſaw her, ſuch is the force of habit, all thoughts of my own wretchedneſs gave way to a ſenſe of indecorum; and as ſhe appeared by her dreſs to be a perſon in whoſe company it was preſumption in me to ſit, I ſtarted up in great confuſion, and would have left the ſeat. This, however, ſhe would not ſuffer; but taking hold of my gown, and gently drawing me back, addreſſed me with an accent of tenderneſs, and ſoothed me with pity before ſhe knew my diſtreſs. It was ſo long ſince I had heard the voice of kindneſs, that my heart melted as ſhe ſpoke with gratitude and joy. I told her all my ſtory; to which ſhe liſtened with great attention, and often gazed ſtedfaſtly in my face. When my narrative was ended, ſhe told me that the manner in which I had related it, was alone ſufficient to convince her that it was true; that there was an air of ſimplicity and ſincerity about me, which had prejudiced her in my favour as ſoon as ſhe ſaw me; and that, therefore, ſhe was determined to take me home; that I ſhould live with her till ſhe had eſtabliſhed me in my buſineſs, which ſhe could eaſily do by recommending me to her acquaintance; and that in the mean time ſhe would take care to prevent my miſtreſs from being troubleſome.

It is impoſſible to expreſs the tranſport that I felt at this unexpected deliverance. I was utterly unac-

quainted with the artifices of thoſe who are hackneyed in the ways of vice; and the remembrance of the diſintereſted kindneſs of my firſt friend, by whom I had been brought up, came freſh into my mind: I therefore indulged the hope of having found ſuch another without ſcruple; and uttering ſome incoherent expreſſions of gratitude, which was too great to be formed into compliment, I accepted the offer, and followed my conductreſs home. The houſe was ſuch as I had never entered before; the rooms were ſpacious, and the furniture elegant. I looked round with wonder; and bluſhing with a ſenſe of my own meanneſs, would have followed the ſervant who opened the door into the kitchen, but her miſtreſs prevented me. She ſaw my confuſion, and encouraging me with a ſmile, took me up ſtairs into a kind of dreſſing-room, where ſhe immediately furniſhed me with clean ſhoes and ſtockings, a cap, handkerchief, ruffles and apron, and a night-gown of genteel Iriſh ſtuff, which had not been much worn, though it was ſpotted and ſtained in many places: they belonged, ſhe ſaid, to her couſin, a young lady for whom ſhe had undertaken to provide; and inſiſted upon my putting them on, that I might ſit down with her family at dinner; "for," ſaid ſhe, "I have "no acquaintance to whom I could recommend a "mantua-maker that I kept in my kitchen."

I perceived that ſhe watched me with great attention while I was dreſſing, and ſeemed to be greatly delighted with the alteration in my appearance when I had done. "I ſee," ſaid ſhe, "that you was "made for a gentlewoman, and a gentlewoman you "ſhall be, or it ſhall be your own fault." I could only court'ſy in anſwer to this compliment; but notwithſtanding the appearance of diffidence and modeſty in the bluſh which I felt burn upon my cheek, yet my heart ſecretly exulted in a proud confidence that it was true. When I came down ſtairs, I was intro-

introduced by my patroneſs (who had told me that her name was WELLWOOD) to the young lady her couſin, and three others; to whom, ſoon after we were ſeated, ſhe related my ſtory, intermixing much invective againſt my miſtreſs, and much flattery to me, with neither of which, if the truth be confeſſed, I was much diſpleaſed.

After dinner, as I underſtood that company was expected, I entreated leave to retire, and was ſhewed up ſtairs into a ſmall chamber very neatly furniſhed, which I was deſired to conſider as my own. As the company ſtaid till it was very late, I drank tea and ſupped alone, one of the ſervants being ordered to attend me.

The next morning, when I came down ſtairs to breakfaſt, Mrs. Welwood preſented me with a piece of printed cotton ſufficient for a ſack and coat, and about twelve yards of ſlight ſilk for a night-gown, which, ſhe ſaid, I ſhould make up myſelf as a ſpecimen of my ſkill. I attempted to excuſe myſelf from accepting this benefaction, with much heſitation and confuſion; but I was commanded with a kind frown, and in a peremptory tone, to be ſilent. I was told, that, when buſineſs came in, I ſhould pay all my debts; that in the mean time, I ſhould be ſolicitous only to ſet up; and that a change of genteel apparel might be conſidered as my ſtock in trade, ſince without it my buſineſs could neither be procured nor tranſacted.

To work, therefore, I went; my cloaths were made and worn; many encomiums were laviſhed upon my dexterity and my perſon; and thus I was entangled in the ſnare that had been laid for me, before I diſcovered my danger. I had contracted debts which it was impoſſible I ſhould pay; the power of the law could now be applied to effect the purpoſes of guilt; and my creditor could urge me to her purpoſe, both by hope and fear.

I had now been near a month in my new lodging; and great care had hitherto been taken to conceal whatever might ſhock my modeſty, or acquaint me with the danger of my ſituation. Some incidents, however, notwithſtanding this caution, had fallen under my notice, that might well have alarmed me; but as thoſe who are waking from a pleaſing dream, ſhut their eyes againſt the light, and endeavour to prolong the deluſion by ſlumbering again, I checked my ſuſpicions the moment they roſe, as if danger that was not known would not exiſt; without conſidering that enquiry alone could confirm the good, and enable me to eſcape the evil.

The houſe was often filled with company, which divided into ſeparate rooms; the viſits were frequently continued till midnight, and ſometimes till morning; I had, however, always deſired leave to retire, which had hitherto been permitted, though not without reluctance; but at length I was preſſed to make tea, with an importunity that I could not reſiſt. The company was very gay, and ſome familiarities paſſed between the gentlemen and ladies which threw me into confuſion, and covered me with bluſhes; yet I was ſtill zealous to impoſe upon myſelf, and therefore was contented with the ſuppoſition, that they were liberties allowed among perſons of faſhion, many of whoſe polite levities I had heard deſcribed and cenſured by the dear monitor of my youth, to whom I owed all my virtue and all my knowledge. I could not, however, reflect without ſolicitude and anxiety, that ſince the firſt week of my arrival I had heard no more of my buſineſs. I had, indeed, frequently ventured to mention it; and ſtill hoped, that when my patroneſs had procured me a little ſet of cuſtomers among her friends, I ſhould be permitted to venture into a room of my own; for I could not think of carrying it on where it would degrade my benefactreſs, of whom it could not with-

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out an affront be ſaid, that ſhe let lodgings to a mantua-maker; nor could I without indecorum diſtribute directions where I was to be found, till I had removed to another houſe. But whenever I introduced this ſubject of converſation, I was either rallied for my gravity, or gently reproached with pride, as impatient of obligation. Sometimes I was told with an air of merriment, that my buſineſs ſhould be pleaſure; and ſometimes I was entertained with amorous ſtories, and excited by licentious and flattered deſcriptions, to a reliſh of luxurious idleneſs and expenſive amuſements. In ſhort, my ſuſpicions gradually increaſed; and my fears grew ſtronger, till my dream was at an end, and I could ſlumber no more. The terror that ſeized me, when I could no longer doubt into what hands I had fallen, is not to be expreſſed, nor indeed could it be concealed; the effect which it produced in my aſpect and behaviour, afforded the wretch who attempted to ſeduce me no proſpect of ſucceſs; and as ſhe deſpaired of exciting me by the love of pleaſure to voluntary guilt, ſhe determined to effect her purpoſe by ſurprize, and drive me into her toils by deſperation.

It was not leſs my misfortune than reproach, that I did not immediately quit a place in which I knew myſelf devoted to deſtruction. This, indeed, Mrs. Wellwood was very aſſiduous to prevent: the morning after I had diſcovered her purpoſe, the talk about my buſineſs was renewed; and as ſoon as we had breakfaſted, ſhe took me out with her in a hackney-coach, under pretence of procuring me a lodging; but ſhe had ſtill ſome plauſible objection againſt all that we ſaw. Thus ſhe contrived to buſy my mind, and keep me with her the greateſt part of the day; at three we returned to dinner, and paſſed the afternoon without company. I drank tea with the family; and in the evening, being uncommonly drowſy, I went to bed near two hours ſooner than uſual.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

NUMB. 136. SATURDAY, *February* 23, 1754.

------Quis talia fando
Temperet a lacrimis? VIRG.

And who can hear this tale without a tear?

TO the tranſactions of this night I was not conſcious; but what they had been, the circumſtances of the morning left me no room to doubt. I diſcovered with aſtoniſhment, indignation, and deſpair, which for a time ſuſpended all my faculties, that I had ſuffered irreparable injury in a ſtate of inſenſibility; not ſo much to gratify the wretch by whom I had been abuſed, as that I might with leſs ſcruple admit another, and by reflecting that it was impoſſible to recover what I had loſt, become careleſs of all that remained. Many artifices were uſed to ſoothe me; and when theſe were found to be ineffectual, attempts were made to intimidate me with menaces. I knew not exactly what paſſed in the firſt fury of my diſtraction, but at length it quite exhauſted me. In the evening, being calm through mere languor and debility, and no precaution having been taken to detain me, becauſe I was not thought able to eſcape, I found means to ſteal down ſtairs, and get into the ſtreet without being miſſed. Wretched as I was, I felt ſome emotions of joy when I firſt found myſelf at liberty; though it was no better than the liberty of an exile in a deſert, where, having eſcaped from the dungeon and the wheel, he muſt yet, without a miracle, be deſtroyed by ſavages or hunger.—It was not long, indeed, before I reflected, that I knew no houſe that would receive me, and that I had

no

no money in my pocket. I had not, however, the leaſt inclination to go back. I ſometimes thought of returning to my old miſtreſs, the mantua-maker; but the moment I began to anticipate the malicious inference ſhe would draw from my abſence and appearance, and her triumph in the mournful neceſſity that urged me to return, I determined rather to ſuffer any other evil that could befal me.

Thus deſtitute and forlorn, feeble and diſpirited, I continued to creep along till the ſhops were all ſhut, and the deſerted ſtreets became ſilent. The buſy crowds, which had almoſt borne me before them, were now diſſipated; and every one was retired home, except a few wretched outcaſts like myſelf, who were either huddled together in a corner, or ſtrolling about not knowing whither they went. It is not eaſy to conceive the anguiſh with which I reflected upon my condition; and, perhaps, it would ſcarcely have been thought poſſible, that a perſon who was not a fugitive from juſtice, nor an enemy to labour, could be thus deſtitute even of the little that is eſſential to life, and in danger of periſhing for want in the midſt of a populous city, abounding with accommodations for every rank, from the peer to the beggar. Such, however, was my lot. I found myſelf compelled by neceſſity to paſs the night in the ſtreets, without hope of paſſing the next in any other place, or, indeed, of procuring food to ſupport me till it arrived. I had now faſted the whole day; my languor increaſed every moment; I was weary and fainting; my face was covered with a cold ſweat, and my legs trembled under me: but I did not dare to ſit down, or to walk twice along the ſame ſtreet, leſt I ſhould have been ſeized by the watch, or inſulted by ſome voluntary vagabond in the rage or wantonneſs of drunkenneſs or luſt. I knew not indeed well how to vary my walk; but imagined that, upon the whole, I ſhould be more ſafe in the city, than among the

brothels in the Strand, or in ſtreets which being leſs frequented are leſs carefully watched: for though I ſcarce ventured to conſider the law as my friend, yet I was more afraid of thoſe who ſhould attempt to break the peace, than thoſe who were appointed to keep it. I went forward, therefore, as well as I was able, and paſſed through St. Paul's Church-yard as the clock ſtruck one; but ſuch was my miſfortune, that the calamity which I dreaded overtook me in the very place to which I had fled to avoid it. Juſt as I was croſſing at the corner into Cheapſide, I was laid hold on by a man not meanly dreſſed, who would have hurried me down towards the Old Change. I knew not what he ſaid, but I ſtrove to diſengage myſelf from him without making any reply: my ſtruggles, indeed, were weak; and the man ſtill keeping his hold, and perhaps miſtaking the feebleneſs of my reſiſtance for ſome inclination to comply, proceeded to indecencies, for which I ſtruck him with the ſudden force that was ſupplied by rage and indignation; but my whole ſtrength was exhauſted in the blow, which the brute inſtantly returned, and repeated till I fell. Inſtinct is ſtill ready in the defence of life, however wretched; and though the moment before I had wiſhed to die, yet in this diſtreſs I ſpontaneouſly cried out for help. My voice was heard by a watchman, who immediately ran towards me, and finding me upon the ground, lifted up his lantern, and examined me with an attention, which made me reflect with great confuſion upon the diſorder of my dreſs, which before had not once occurred to my thoughts: my hair hung looſely about my ſhoulders, my ſtays were but half-laced, and the reſt of my cloaths were careleſly thrown on in the tumult and diſtraction of mind, which prevented my attending to trivial circumſtances when I made my eſcape from Wellwood's. My general appearance, and the condition in which I was found, convinced the

the watchman that I was a ſtrolling proſtitute; and finding that I was not able to riſe without aſſiſtance, he alſo concluded that I was drunk; he, therefore, ſet down his lantern, and calling his comrade to aſſiſt him, they lifted me up. As my voice was faltering, my looks wild, and my whole frame ſo feeble that I tottered as I ſtood, the man was confirmed in his firſt opinion; and ſeeing my face bloody, and my eyes ſwelled, he told me with a ſneer, that to ſecure me from farther ill treatment, he would provide a lodging for me till the morning; and accordingly they dragged me between them to the Compter, without any regard to my entreaties or diſtreſs.

I paſſed the night in agonies, upon which even now I ſhudder to look back: and in the morning I was carried before a magiſtrate. The watchman gave an account of his having found me very drunk, crying out murder, and breeding a riot in the ſtreet at one o'clock in the morning: "I was ſcarcely yet "ſober," he ſaid, "as his worſhip might ſee, and "had been pretty handſomely beaten; but he ſup-"poſed it was for an unſucceſsful attempt to pick "a pocket, at which I muſt have been very "dextrous, indeed, to have ſucceeded in that con-"dition."

This account, however injurious, was greatly confirmed by my appearance: I was almoſt covered with kennel dirt, my face was diſcoloured, my ſpeech was inarticulate, and I was ſo oppreſſed with faintneſs and terror, that I could not ſtand without a ſupport. The magiſtrate, however, with great kindneſs, called upon me to make my defence, which I attempted by relating the truth: but the ſtory was told with ſo much heſitation, and was in itſelf ſo wild and improbable, ſo like the inartificial tales that are haſtily formed as an apology for detected guilt, that it could not be believed; and I was told, that

except I could ſupport my character by ſome credible witneſs, I ſhould be committed to Bridewell.

I was thunderſtruck at this menace; and had formed ideas ſo dreadful of the place to which I was to be ſent, that my dungeon at the mantua-maker's became a palace in the compariſon; and to return thither, with whatever diſadvantages, was now the utmoſt object of my hope. I, therefore, deſired that my miſtreſs might be ſent for, and flattered myſelf that ſhe would at leaſt take me out of a houſe of correction, if it were only for the pleaſure of tormenting me herſelf.

In about two hours the meſſenger returned, and with him my tyrant, who eyed me with ſuch malicious pleaſure, that my hopes failed me the moment I ſaw her, and I almoſt repented that ſhe was come. She was, I believe, glad of an opportunity effectually to prevent my obtaining any part of her buſineſs, which ſhe had ſome reaſon to fear; and, therefore, told the juſtice who examined her, that "ſhe had "taken me a beggar from the pariſh four years ago, "and taught me her trade; but that I had been al-"ways ſullen, miſchievous, and idle; that it was "more than a month ſince I had clandeſtinely left "her ſervice, in decent and modeſt apparel fitting "my condition; and that ſhe would leave his wor-"ſhip to judge, whether I came honeſtly by the "taudry rags which I had on my back." This account, however correſpondent with my own, ſerved only to confirm thoſe facts which condemned me: it appeared inconteſtably, that I had deſerted my ſervice; and been debauched in a brothel, where I had been furniſhed with cloaths, and continued more than a month. That I had been ignorant of my ſituation, proſtituted without my conſent, and at laſt had eſcaped to avoid farther injury, appeared to be fictitious circumſtances, invented to palliate my offence:

fence: the perſon whom I had accuſed lived in another county; and it was neceſſary for the preſent, to bring the matter to a ſhort iſſue: my miſtreſs, therefore, was aſked, whether ſhe would receive me again, upon my promiſe of good behaviour; and upon her peremptory refuſal, my mittimus was made out, and I was committed to hard labour. The clerk, however, was ordered to take a memorandum of my charge againſt Wellwood, and I was told that enquiry ſhould be made about her.

After I had been confined about a week, a note was brought me without date or name, in which I was told, "that my malice againſt thoſe who would "have been my benefactors was diſappointed; that "if I would return to them, my diſcharge ſhould "be procured, and I ſhould ſtill be kindly received; "but that if I perſiſted in my ingratitude, it "ſhould not be unrevenged." From this note I conjectured, that Wellwood had found means to ſtop an enquiry into her conduct which ſhe had diſcovered to have been begun upon my information, and had thus learnt where I was to be found: I therefore returned no anſwer, but that I was contented with my ſituation, and prepared to ſuffer whatever PROVIDENCE ſhould appoint.

During my confinement, I was not treated with great ſeverity; and at the next court, as no particular crime was alleged againſt me, I was ordered to be diſcharged. As my character was now irretrievably loſt, as I had no friend who would afford me ſhelter, nor any buſineſs to which I could apply, I had no proſpect but again to wander about the ſtreets, without lodging and without food. I, therefore, intreated, that the officers of the pariſh to which I belonged, might be ordered to receive me into the work-houſe, till they could get me a ſervice, or find me ſome employment by which my labour would procure me a ſubſiſtence. This requeſt, ſo reaſon-

able, and ſo uncommon, was much commended, and immediately granted; but as I was going out at the gate with my paſs in my hand, I was met by a bailiff, with an emiſſary of Wellwood's, and arreſted for a debt of twenty pounds. As it was no more in my power to procure bail, than to pay the money, I was immediately dragged to Newgate. It was ſoon known that I had not a farthing in my pocket, and that no money either for fees or accommodations could be expected; I was, therefore, turned over to a place called the common ſide, among the moſt wretched and the moſt profligate of human beings. In Bridewell, indeed, my aſſociates were wicked; but they were over-awed by the preſence of their taſkmaſter, and reſtrained from licentiouſneſs by perpetual labour: but my ears were now violated every moment by oaths, execrations, and obſcenity; the converſation of Mother Wellwood, her inmates, and her gueſts, was chaſte and holy to that of the inhabitants of this place; and in compariſon with their life, that to which I had been ſolicited was innocent. Thus I began inſenſibly to think of mere incontinence without horror; and, indeed, became leſs ſenſible of more complicated enormities, in proportion as they became familiar. My wretchedneſs, however, was not alleviated, though my virtue became leſs. I was without friends and without money; and the miſery of confinement in a noiſome dungeon, was aggravated by hunger and thirſt, and cold and nakedneſs. In this hour of trial, I was again aſſailed by the wretch, who had produced it only to facilitate her ſucceſs. And let not thoſe, before whom the path of virtue has been ſtrewed with flowers, and every thorn removed by proſperity, too ſeverely cenſure me, to whom it was a barren and a rugged road in which I had long toiled with labour and anguiſh, if at laſt, when I was benighted in a ſtorm, I turned at the firſt light, and haſted to the

the neareſt ſhelter: let me not be too ſeverely cenſured, if I now accepted liberty and eaſe and plenty, upon the only terms on which they could be obtained. I conſented, with whatever reluctance and compunction, to return, and complete my ruin in the place where it was begun. The action of debt was immediately withdrawn, my fees were paid, and I was once more removed to my lodging near Covent Garden. In a ſhort time I recovered my health and beauty; I was again dreſſed and adorned at the expence of my tyrant, whoſe power increaſed in proportion to my debt: the terms of proſtitution were preſcribed me; and out of the money which was the price not only of my body but my ſoul, I ſcarce received more than I could have earned by weeding in a field. The will of my creditor was my law, from which I knew not how to appeal. My ſlavery was moſt deplorable, and my employment moſt odious; for the principles of virtue and religion, which had been implanted in my youth, however they had been choaked by weeds, could never be plucked up by the root; nor did I ever admit a diſhonourable viſit, but my heart ſunk, my lips quivered, and my knees ſmote each other.

From this dreadful ſituation I am at length delivered. But while I lift up my heart in gratitude to HIM, who alone can bring good out of evil, I deſire it may be remembered, that my deviation to ill was natural, my recovery almoſt miraculous. My firſt ſtep to vice was the deſertion of my ſervice; and of this, all my guilt and miſery were the conſequence. Let none, therefore, quit the poſt that is aſſigned them by PROVIDENCE, or venture out of the ſtrait way; the bye-path, though it may invite them by its verdure, will inevitably lead them to a precipice; nor can it, without folly and preſumption,

tion, be pronounced of any, that their firſt deviation from rectitude will produce leſs evil than mine.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the ſtory of my child, and ſuch are her reflections upon it; to which I can only add, that he who abandons his offſpring, or corrupts them by his example, perpetrates greater evil than a murderer, in proportion as immortality is of more value than life.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

AGAMUS.

NUMB. 140. SATURDAY, *March* 9, 1754.

Deſine Mænalios, mea tibia, deſine cantus. VIRG.

Now ceaſe, my pipe, now ceaſe, Mænalian ſtrains. WARTON.

WHEN this work was firſt planned, it was determined, that whatever might be the ſucceſs, it ſhould not be continued as a paper, till it became unwieldy as a book: for no immediate advantage would have induced the Adventurer to write what, like a newſpaper, was deſigned but for a day; and he knew, that the pieces of which it would conſiſt might be multiplied till they were thought too numerous to collect, and too coſtly to purchaſe, even by thoſe who ſhould allow them to be excellent in their kind. It was ſoon agreed, that four volumes, when they ſhould be printed in a pocket ſize, would circulate better than more, and that ſcarce any of the purpoſes of publication could be effected by leſs; the work therefore was limited to four volumes, and four volumes are now completed.

A moral

A moral writer, of whatever abilities, who labours to reclaim thoſe to whom vice is become habitual, and who are become veterans in infidelity, muſt ſurely labour to little purpoſe. Vice is a gradual and eaſy deſcent, where it firſt deviates from the level of innocence; but the declivity at every pace becomes more ſteep, and thoſe who deſcend, deſcend every moment with greater rapidity. As a moraliſt, therefore, I determined to mark the firſt inſenſible gradation to ill; to caution againſt thoſe acts which are not generally believed to incur guilt, but of which indubitable vice and hopeleſs miſery are the natural and almoſt neceſſary conſequences.

As I was upon theſe principles to write for the Young and the Gay; for thoſe who are entering the path of life, I knew that it would be neceſſary to amuſe the imagination while I was approaching the heart; and that I could not hope to fix the attention, but by engaging the paſſions. I have, therefore, ſometimes led them into the regions of fancy; and ſometimes held up before them the mirror of life; I have concatenated events, rather than deduced conſequences by logical reaſoning; and have exhibited ſcenes of proſperity and diſtreſs, as more forcibly perſuaſive than the rhetoric of declamation.

But whatever was the deſign to which I directed my part of this work, I will not pretend, that the view with which I undertook it was wholly diſintereſted; or that I would have engaged in a periodical paper, if I had not conſidered, that though it would not require deep reſearches and abſtracted ſpeculation, yet it would admit much of that novelty which nature can now ſupply, and afford me opportunity to excel, if I poſſeſſed the power; as the pencil of a maſter is as eaſily diſtinguiſhed in ſtill-life, as in a Hercules or a Venus, a landſcape or a battle. I confeſs, that in this work I was incited not only by a deſire

a deſire to propagate virtue, but to gratify myſelf; nor has the private wiſh, which was involved in the public, been diſappointed. I have no cauſe to complain, that the Adventurer has been injuriouſly neglected; or that I have been denied that praiſe, the hope of which animated my labour and cheered my wearineſs: I have been pleaſed, in proportion as I have been known in this character; and as the fears in which I made the firſt experiment are paſt, I have ſubſcribed this paper with my name. But the hour is haſtening in which, whatever praiſe or cenſure I have acquired by theſe compoſitions, if they are remembered at all, will be remembered with equal indifference, and the tenour of them only will afford me comfort. Time, who is impatient to date my laſt paper, will ſhortly moulder the hand that is now writing it in the duſt, and ſtill the breaſt that now throbs at the reflection: but let not this be read as ſomething that relates only to another, for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading from the hand that has written. This awful truth, however obvious, and however reiterated, is yet frequently forgotten; for ſurely, if we did not loſe our remembrance, or at leaſt our ſenſibility, that view would always predominate in our lives, which alone can afford us comfort when we die.

JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

BROMLEY, in Kent,
March 4, 1754.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE WORLD.

SIMPLICITY.

NUMB. 26. THURSDAY, *June* 28, 1753.

SIMPLICITY is with juſtice eſteemed a ſupreme excellence in all the performances of art, becauſe by this quality they more nearly reſemble the productions of nature: and the productions of nature have ever been accounted nobler, and of a higher order, in proportion to their Simplicity. Hence ariſes (if the ladies will permit me to philoſophize a moment) the ſuperior excellence of ſpirit to matter, which is evidently a combination of many particles, whereas the firſt is pure, uncompounded, and indiviſible.

But let us deſcend from lofty ſpeculations, and uſeleſs metaphyſics, into common life and familiar arts, in order more fully to diſplay the beauties of a juſt Simplicity, to which the preſent age ſeems not to pay a proper regard in various inſtances.

Nothing

Nothing can be more tireſome and nauſeous to a virtuoſo of a true judgement and a juſt eye in painting, than the gawdy glitter of florid colours, and a vaſt profuſion of light, unſubdued by ſhade, and undiverſified with teints of a browner caſt. It is recorded, that ſome of the capital pieces of Apelles were wrought in four colours only. This excellent artiſt invented alſo a kind of darkening varniſh, that might temper and chaſtiſe all dazzling ſplendor and unneceſſary glare, and might give, as Pliny expreſſes it, a modeſty and auſterity to his works. Thoſe who have been unaccuſtomed to the beſt models, are uſually at firſt more delighted with the productions of the Flemiſh than the Italian ſchool; and prefer Reubens to Raphael, till they feel by experience, that luſcious and gay colouring defeats the very end of the art, by turning the attention from its principal excellences; that is, from Truth, Simplicity, and Deſign.

If theſe obſervations are rightly founded, what ſhall we ſay of the taſte and judgement of thoſe, who ſpend their lives and their fortunes in collecting pieces, where neither perſpective, nor proportion, nor conformity to nature are obſerved; I mean the extravagant lovers and purchaſers of China, and Indian ſcreens. I ſaw a ſenſible foreigner aſtoniſhed at a large auction, with the exorbitant prices given for theſe ſplendid deformities, as he called them, while an exquiſite painting of Guido paſſed unnoticed, and was ſet aſide, as unfaſhionable lumber. Happy ſhould I think myſelf to be able to convince the fair connoiſſeurs that make the greateſt part of Mr. Langford's audiences, that no genuine beauty is to be found in whimſical and groteſque figures, the monſtrous offſpring of wild imagination, undirected by nature and truth.

It is of equal conſequence to obſerve ſimplicity in architecture as in painting. A multiplicity of minute

mute ornaments; a vaſt variety of angles, and cavities; cluſters of little columns, and a crowd of windows, are what diſtinguiſh Meanneſs of manner in building from Greatneſs; that is, the Gothic from the Grecian; in which every decoration ariſes from neceſſity and uſe, and every pillar has ſomething to ſupport.

Mark how the dread PANTHEON *ſtands,*
Amid the domes of modern hands!
Amid the toys of idle ſtate,
How SIMPLY, *how ſeverely great!*

ſays the celebrated author of the ode to lord Huntingdon. Nothing therefore offends me more than to behold the revival of this barbarous taſte, in ſeveral villas, temples, and pleaſure-houſes, that diſgrace the neighbourhood of this metropolis. Nay, ſometimes in the front of the ſame edifice to find a Grecian plan adulterated and defiled by the unnatural and impure mixture of Gothic whimſies.

Deſinit in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne. HOR.

Whoever conſiders the lateſt importations of muſic and muſicians from Italy, will be convinced that the modern maſters of that country have loſt that beautiful Simplicity, which is generally the ornament of every muſical compoſition, and which really dignified thoſe of their predeceſſors. They have introduced ſo many intricate diviſions, wild variations, and uſeleſs repetitions, without any apparent neceſſity ariſing either from the words or from any other incident, that the chief ambition of the Compoſer ſeems to be rather to ſurprize the ear than to pleaſe the judgement; and that of the Performer, to ſhew his execution rather than his expreſſion. It is from theſe motives that the hearer is often confounded, but not delighted,

delighted, with ſudden and unnatural tranſitions from the key, and returns to it as unnatural as the tranſitions themſelves; while Pathos, the ſoul of muſic, is either unknown or totally neglected. Thoſe who have ſtudied the works of Corelli among the modern ancients, and Handel in the preſent age, know, that the moſt affecting paſſages of the former owe their excellence to Simplicity alone; and that the latter underſtands it as well, and attends to it as much, though he knows when to introduce with propriety thoſe niceties and refinements, which, for want of the propriety, we condemn in others.

In every ſpecies of writing, whether we conſider ſtyle or ſentiment, Simplicity is a beauty. The perfection of language, ſays the great father of criticiſm, conſiſts in its being perſpicuous but not low. A redundancy of metaphors, a heap of ſounding and florid epithets, remote alluſions, ſudden flaſhes of wit, lively and epigrammatic turns, dazzle the imaginations, and captivate the minds of vulgar readers, who are apt to think the ſimple manner unanimated and dull, for want of being acquainted with the models of the great antique. Xenophon among the Greeks, and Cæſar among the Romans, are at once the pureſt and moſt ſimple, as well as the moſt elegant writers, any age or nation can produce. *Nudi enim ſunt, recti, & venuſti, omni ornatû orationis, tanquam veſte, detracto.* Among ourſelves, no writer has perhaps made ſo happy and judicious a mixture of plain and figurative terms as Addiſon, who was the firſt that baniſhed from the Engliſh, as Boilieu from the French, every ſpecies of bad eloquence and falſe wit, and opened the gates of the Temple of Taſte to his fellow-citizens.

It ſeems to be the fate of poliſhed nations to degenerate and depart from a Simplicity of ſentiment. For when the firſt, and moſt obvious thoughts have been pre-occupied by former writers, their ſucceſſors, by

by ſtraining to be original and new, abound in far-fretched ſentiment, and forced conceits. Some late inſtances in men of genius (for none but theſe are capable of committing this fault) give occaſion to us to deprecate this event. I muſt add, under this head, that ſimplicity of fable is an indiſpenſable quality in every legitimate drama. We are too much enamoured with what is called intrigue, buſineſs and buſtle, in our plays. We are diſguſted with the thinneſs, that is, the unity of a plot. We muſt enrich it with epiſodes or under-characters: and we never conſider, how much our attention is diverted and deſtroyed by different objects, and our pity divided and weakened, by an intricate multiplicity of events and of perſons. The Athenians, therefore, who could reliſh ſo ſimple a plot, as that of the Philoctetes of Sophocles, had certainly either more patience, or more good ſenſe (I will not determine which) than my preſent countrymen.

If we raiſe our thoughts to a ſubject of more importance than writing, I mean dreſs; even in this ſublime ſcience, Simplicity ſhould ever be regarded. It might be thought preſumption in me to cenſure any part of Miſs ****'s dreſs laſt night at Ranelagh; yet I could not help condemning that profuſion of ornament, which violated and deſtroyed the unity and τὸ ὅλον (a technical term borrowed from the toilette) of ſo accompliſhed a figure.

To finiſh my panegyric on Simplicity in a manner that I know is agreeable to my fair readers, I mean with a ſtroke of morality, I would obſerve, that if this quality was venerated as it ought to be, it would at once baniſh from the earth all artifice and treachery, double dealing and deceit. Let it therefore be eſtabliſhed as a maxim, That Simplicity is of equal importance, in Morals and in Taſte.

VISITING.

VISITING.

NUMB. 62. THURSDAY, *March* 7, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I HAVE ſomewhere read of the ſaying of a philoſopher, I believe it was in the Spectator, "That "every one ought to do ſomething in the world to "ſhew that he has been in it." I am therefore, though a woman, deſirous of leaving behind me the following teſtimony of my exiſtence, and of convincing poſterity that in point of birth I have had the ſtart of them.

It is of late grown into a faſhion among the men to treat the buſineſs of Viſiting with great diſreſpect: they look upon it as a mere female recreation, and beneath the dignity of their ſuperior natures. Yet notwithſtanding their contempt of it, and the odious name of gadding which they have given it, I do not find that they fail in their appearance at any of our aſſemblies, or that they are better able than us women to ſhut themſelves up in their own houſes, when there is any thing to be done or ſeen abroad. If they would content themſelves with finding fault with the Name not the Thing, I ſhould have no quarrel with them; the word Viſit being of ſo various and uncertain a ſignification, that I am always at a loſs in what ſenſe to underſtand it.

A ſiſter in law of mine, who lives about ten miles from town, ſent me ſome time ago a very preſſing letter,

letter, deſiring my aſſiſtance, and that of my cook maid, for a few days; her houſe, as ſhe ſaid, being likely to be put into great hurry and confuſion from the preparations they were making for the reception of my lord Whimſey, who had ſent my brother a card that he intended him a Viſit the week following. I ſet out accordingly with my cook; and when every thing was got ready in the beſt and genteeleſt manner that my brother's fortune would afford for the entertainment of ſo noble a gueſt, down comes my lord as expected; who upon alighting from his chariot, gave orders to his coachman to keep the horſes in motion, for that his ſtay ſhould not exceed fifteen minutes. His lordſhip took a walk through the garden; ſeemed greatly pleaſed with its ſituation and deſign; very politely excuſed himſelf from making a longer ſtay, and took his leave with ſaying, that he hoped ſoon to do himſelf the pleaſure of making him a ſecond Viſit.

It would be taking up too much of your time to enter minutely into the family diſtreſs upon ſo vexing a diſappointment; let it ſuffice to tell you, that it was near a fortnight before my poor ſiſter perfectly recovered it, or before ſhe left off her hourly repeated queſtion of "What ſhall we do with all this load of "victuals?" My lord next day at White's was giving high encomiums on my brother's ſeat and the goodneſs of the air in that part of Surrey, and was pleaſed to ſay that he thought it the completeſt thing of its ſize within twenty miles of London. Upon which Sir Humphry Hobling, a diſtant relation of ours, propoſed being of my lord's party at his next Viſit. Accordingly in about three weeks a ſecond card informs my brother of a ſecond Viſit.

By this time I and my maid, together with two or three ſupernumerary aſſiſtants and female humble couſins, were diſmiſſed, after having ſtaid a fortnight,

night, by particular deſire, to help eat up the paſties, pyes, tarts, jellies, ſillabubs, &c. which had been provided for my lord, and were now looked upon as mere drugs in a family, which uſually contented itſelf with two ſubſtantial diſhes, or one and a pudding.

It was not in the leaſt doubted that my lord's ſecond Viſit would be of the ſame nature with the firſt; his lordſhip's card being conceived exactly in the ſame words: there was therefore no need of fuſs or preparation; my ſiſter too had pretty well worn off the dread of making her appearance before ſo great a man. According to his appointment my lord arrived, and with him Sir Humphrey and Colonel Shuffle, a great favourite of my lord's, and a number of ſervants with portmanteaus, guns, pointers, ſetters, ſpaniels, &c.——My poor dear ſiſter!——I wiſh you were a woman, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and had kept houſe in the country, that you might know how to pity her. The rumour of my lord's arrival having ſoon ſpread itſelf, ſeveral of the neighbouring gentlemen came the next day to dine with my brother, and to pay their compliments to his lordſhip; the greater part of whom, by Sir Humphry's inceſſantly puſhing about the claret, were rendered utterly incapable of returning to their homes that night. To ſhorten my ſtory, my lord and the colonel, finding the air to agree with them every day better than the other, continued there a fortnight; and Sir Humphry, having drank himſelf into a fit of the gout, is, with his lady and family (whom he ſent for to attend him) at this day upon his viſit.

I have heard much of the copiouſneſs of the Engliſh language, and would fain know why it is that people can find no term to expreſs their deſign of ſtaying fifteen days in your houſe, different from that which ſignifies fifteen minutes? • Have they no way

of

of expreſſing the time of their continuance but by the one word Viſit? Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, a more correct and intelligible method of conveying upon cards or otherwiſe the viſitor's deſign upon the viſited might be found out; giving him to underſtand at ſight what he has to do towards a proper reception: whether it be to order a fire in the beſt parlour; to ſee if the death warrant for poultry, roaſting pigs, &c. be to be ſigned; if ſheets, beds and chambers are to be aired, or a month's proviſion to be laid in. All this, I conceive, may be eaſily effected by a method, which, for the good of all maſters and miſtreſſes of families, I am now going to communicate.

When a fine lady, having a new faſhioned ſuit of cloaths, or a new piece of ſcandal to circulate, finds it neceſſary to call upon forty or fifty of her acquaintance in one day: or when a fine gentleman chuſes to ſignify his intention of making a ſhort Viſit, like my lord Whimſey's firſt; I am for an abridgement of the word, and only calling it a Vis. When a gentleman or lady intends taking a family dinner with a country friend, or a diſh of tea with a town one, I would have that called a Viſit. But when a perſon propoſes ſpending ſome days, weeks, or months at a houſe, I would call that a Viſitation. So that for the future cards might very properly be written in the following form. "Lady Changeherfriend's "compliments to lady Fiddlefaddle, and intends to "Vis her ladyſhip this evening." "Lord Stiff's "compliments to Sir Gregory Quibus at his houſe "at Hampſtead, and intends to Viſit him the firſt "fair day." "Captain Fearaball's compliments to "Ralph Hardhead Eſq; at his ſeat near Burford "Downs, and intends him a Viſitation the beginning "of next month, to take a crack of hunting with "him." Thus, Mr. Fitz-Adam, will the terms of Viſing, Viſiting and Viſitationing always carry an exact

meaning with them, and be ſuch as the loweſt capacity cannot fail of underſtanding. I am, with great eſteem,

DEAR SIR,

Your conſtant reader, and admirer,

SUSANNA FRETTABIT.

P. S. If this letter ſhould happen to pleaſe you, who are all the world to me, I may very ſhortly ſend you a few neceſſary remarks upon each of theſe three Viſitments; in which I may obſerve at large that the Vis ſeems to be chiefly confined within the bills of mortality, or to the inhabitants of large towns, and is applicable to the tranſacting of buſineſs in general. The Viſit is more particularly for ſtill life and ſet compliments. The Viſitation is looked upon generally in a very indifferent light, and oftener thought a plague than a pleaſure by the receiver: it is chiefly the invention of the worthy tribe of hearers (of whom you gave us lately ſo lively a deſcription) led-captains, younger brothers brought up to no buſineſs, humble couſins, &c. The Viſited in theſe caſes, or more properly ſpeaking, the Patients, have invented on their parts ſeveral curious hints towards ſhortening the length of a Viſitation, beſides thoſe ſtale and threadbare ones, of bringing out after a certain time the brown loaf, and ordering the groom to ſay, that the corn is all out. My uncle Toby Frettabit, having received a Viſitation from a gentleman and his lady, who were his relations, and finding it continued to the ſeventeenth morning, hit upon the expedient of calling aloud to his groom, under their chamber window, to be ſure to feed his couſin's horſes well, and get their chaiſe cleaned; "for very likely, Tom," ſays he, raiſing his voice, "my couſins will embrace ſo fine a morning to go "home in; for you know ſo very fine a day one "ſeldom

" ſeldom ſees in a whole month at this time of the " year." His couſins, it ſeems, took the hint, and very civilly decamped a few hours after.

TASTE FOR FLOWERS.

NUMB. 86. THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 22, 1754.

Tum violaria, et
Myrtus, et omnis copiâ narium,
Spargent olivetis odorem,
Fertilibus domino priori. HOR.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

WHEN I conſider how remarkably the ſeveral periods, in the riſe and declenſion of ancient ſtates, have been characterized by the varying manners of their people, I am apt to believe, that an enquiry into the importance of our preſent taſte for flowers, would be no very idle and unintereſting ſpeculation. But as I would not willingly foreſtall any abler pen, on a ſubject that deſerves to be conſidered by every patriot philoſopher of the age, I ſhall endeavour to confine my preſent animadverſions upon it within the narrow compaſs of my own private experience, and content myſelf with giving a ſhort account of the motives which induced me to commence a floriſt at firſt, and of the advantages which I have ſince derived from the offices of my profeſſion.

It is obſervable, that the laws of decency and politeneſs are, for the moſt part, nothing but mere local inſtitutions, very much limited in their authority, and very arbitrary and fluctuating in their nature; and that no one who offers himſelf a candidate for fame in matters of taſte and faſhion, can ſucceed in his pretenſions at firſt, without accommodating them

to the approbation of popular prejudice, or hold his reputation, after he has once procured it, on any ſafer tenure than the uncertain voice of the multitude. Now, I muſt own, I imagined (and perhaps many have been as much deceived in this point as myſelf) that the vegetable virtuoſo's credit was more particularly ſubject to this precarious dependence, and that the chief ſecurity of its ſupport conſiſted only in the accidental concurrence of numbers in an unaccountable and trifling purſuit. And it is very probable that I ſhould never have been convinced of the contrary, had I not been fortunately induced to purchaſe a ſmall collection of flowers, in order to eſcape the odious imputation of a taſteleſs ſingularity. But as many a commendable action has been undertaken at firſt on no better principle than the fear of ſhame, which has afterwards been proſecuted on a more generous motive; ſo was I brought at length to improve that collection in conſequence of my own thorough conviction of its great importance, which was originally procured in compliance only with the fancies of other people.

Being rather of a contemplative turn, and not very apt to whiſtle away any of my vacant time, I was not long in diſcovering that the cultivation of flowers had in it a much finer mixture of the *utile dulci* than any other employment whatever. But before I attempt to ſhew in what particular reſpects it is moſtly ſuited to inſtruct and delight, I would willingly remove two very common objections, notwithſtanding, as their abſurdity is almoſt as evident as any thing belonging to them, they may be thought hardly worthy of my notice. Suppoſing then, that ſuch an inconſiderate and ſuperficial obſerver of things may poſſibly be met with, as ſhall reckon it any diſparagement to the intrinſic value of a flower, that it is expoſed to a great variety of accidents from the inclemency of the weather, and perpetually ſubject

ject to the irregular dominion of the ſolar influence; it will be ſufficient to convince him of his miſtake, if he is not quite incapable of being convinced at all, only juſt to remind him of the uncertain condition of his own proſperity, and admoniſh him to reflect how little ſecure he is of being always preſerved from the oppreſſive ſtorms, or of enjoying the conſtant ſunſhine of fortune. And if that other objection, drawn from the ſuppoſed vanity of regarding any thing of ſuch a ſhort duration as the bloom of a flower, be admitted as concluſive, it muſt unavoidably prove a great deal too much; ſince it will not hold with equal force againſt every temporal enjoyment, and all worldly ſatisfactions whatever; but (which I muſt confeſs is a very ſhocking conſideration to me) will utterly annihilate all thoſe engaging qualities of the fair ſex, which are moſt eſſentially neceſſary to recommend them to our love and admiration. Let me add moreover, that if there be that real ſimilitude, which the frequency of the alluſion ſeems to make unqueſtionable, between human life and a flower, it follows, that no man can pretend to a right of deſpiſing the one, that would be thought to place any value on the other.

Nothing ought to be reckoned good any farther than as it contributes to our happineſs. The value we put upon any poſſeſſion or employment, is the only ſtandard that can be properly applied to determine its real worth. Whatever therefore is beſt fitted to adminiſter delight to any particular perſon, ought certainly to be regarded, by Him at leaſt, as the chief ingredient of that *ſummum bonum*, which, though it be the common end of all our endeavours, has however been purſued by as many different means as there have been different men. But ſuppoſing that no allowances were to be made in favour of ſingular propenſities, yet he that can enlarge the ſphere of his enjoyments, by contracting the extent

of his poſſeſſions, ought, in all reaſonable conſtruction, to be deemed a much happier man, than he who under a fooliſh perſuaſion that he is ſecuring to himſelf an inexhauſtible fund of delight, ſhall take inceſſant pains to augment thoſe riches, and extend thoſe territories, which, after all, will as much diſqualify him for enjoyment, as an unwieldy corpulency of perſon would incapacitate him for expedition. And one might eaſily produce many inſtances of men, who by a prudent converſion of ſuch incumbrances into flowers, have received more ſatisfaction from the products of a ſmall parterre, than from the income of a large eſtate; and found themſelves as compleatly happy as a Corycius, after they had once reduced their concerns to the eaſy management of a ſingle acre.

Folly may ſuggeſt what it pleaſe; but that alone ought to be eſteemed a trifle, which is of no conſequence; whereas there is nothing in nature unworthy of a wiſe man's regard, becauſe the moſt inferior of all her productions, may, in ſome light or another, be made inſtrumental to his improvement.

Were we to reflect, in a proper manner, on the correlative importance of ſuch objects, as may be thought uſeleſs and inſignificant, when conſidered only with regard to themſelves, we ſhould diſcover a mediate ſort of union between the wideſt links of that indefinite chain which holds together the conſtituents of the univerſe: we ſhould perceive that all thoſe things, which are moſt diſſimilar in every other reſpect, do however agree in that common deſtination, whereby they become ſo many equally important parts of one ſtupendous whole: and we ſhould find as fit a place for the diſcovery of truth in every flower-garden, as in the celebrated groves of Cadmus.

It has been from this ſchool that I have procured the beſt part of my philoſophy; and from this too have

have I learnt to improve and confirm my morals. The volume of nature is ſo full of paſſages above the explication of human learning, that the beſt proof of our having ſtudied it with uncommon diligence and ſucceſs, muſt conſiſt chiefly in our being able to produce from it many uncommon inſtances of our ignorance; and I have the vanity, or I ſhould rather ſay the modeſty to boaſt, that I have diſcovered difficulties enough in one ſingle leaf of it, to clear up my underſtanding from the ſtupifying influence of a conceited ſufficiency, and to improve my reaſon into a perfect diffidence of its utmoſt force and penetration. Nor have I a flower in my poſſeſſion that is leſs abounding in moral inſtruction, than in beauty and ſweetneſs. I cannot obſerve that induſtrious nicety with which the bee examines into every thing that comes in his way, without conſidering it as a reproachful admonition to myſelf: and if I do not collect ſome uſeful leſſon, that may ſupport me under all the enſuing revolutions of my life, from every flower that ſuch an inſect can extract proviſion from againſt the future exigences of his, I am ready to place it to the account of my negligence, and to think myſelf guilty of the moſt unpardonable folly, in ſuffering Him alone to profit from that, which I aſſume the abſurd privilege of calling my own.

In ſhort, there is ſuch a cloſe affinity between a proper cultivation of a flower-garden and a right diſcipline of the mind, that it is almoſt impoſſible for any thoughtful perſon that has made any proficiency in the one, to avoid paying a due attention to the other. That induſtry and care which are ſo requiſite to cleanſe a garden from all ſorts of weeds, will naturally ſuggeſt to him how much more expedient it would be to exert the ſame diligence in eradicating all ſorts of prejudices, follies and vices from the mind, where they will be as ſure to prevail without a great deal of care and correction, as common

weeds in a neglected piece of ground. And as it requires more pains to extirpate ſome weeds than others, according as they are more firmly fixt, more numerous, or more naturalized to the ſoil; ſo thoſe faults will be found the moſt difficult to be ſuppreſſed, which have been of the longeſt growth, and taken the deepeſt root; which are more predominant in number, and moſt congenial to the conſtitution.

CONVERSATION.

NUMB. 94. THURSDAY, *October* 17, 1754.

IN my paper of laſt Thurſday, I took notice how much converſation had ſuffered from the ſingular diſpoſition of mankind in our age to appear in every character except their natural one, and to conſider Pedantry as reflecting more diſgrace on the perſons tinctured with it, than any other frailty, or even immorality, incident to our nature. I am, however, far from concluding this principle (univerſal as it is) to be the only obſtruction to rational ſociety; other cauſes, diſtinct in themſelves, or operating in conjunction with it, have conſpired to reduce converſation to the ſtate we lament it in at preſent. I ſhall mention the moſt remarkable of theſe cauſes in the order they occur to me.

One great abuſe of converſation has viſibly ariſen from our miſtaking its end, which is, the mutual entertainment and inſtruction of each other by a friendly communication of ſentiments. It is ſeriouſly to be wiſhed that this end were purſued, and that every one would contribute with freedom and good-manners to the general improvement from his particular diſcoveries. On the contrary, we are apt

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to conſider ſociety in no other light than as it gives us an opportunity of diſplaying to advantage our wit, our eloquence, or any other real or imaginary accompliſhment. It is our intention to procure admiration from it, not improvement, and to dazzle our companions with our own brightneſs, rather than to receive light by reflection from Them. I knew, indeed, an inſtance, the very oppoſite to this, in a late perſon of diſtinction, who to very great qualities had united the talents of a moſt agreeable companion. I could never perceive that he ſupported this character by any aſſumed ſuperiority over his company: it was his ſingular faculty to diſcover the genius of other men: no latent merit eſcaped his penetration, though the proprietor ſeemed induſtrious to conceal it from the world, and even from himſelf. With this advantage he had the art to engage every member of the company on that particular ſubject, which he was capable of maintaining with eaſe to himſelf, and benefit to ſociety. He himſelf at the ſame time pretended to no more than a common part in that converſation, which derived its merit entirely from his addreſs. The tendency of ſuch behaviour to enlarge knowledge, as well as to procure eſteem, cannot fail of appearing very evident to my readers.

There is another defect, very cloſely connected with the abuſe above-mentioned, which has proved equally pernicious to converſation: I mean the peremptorineſs and warmth that are employed in modern conferences. Indeed, whether we write or converſe, the haughty manner, the ſelf-ſufficiency, and the contempt of our opponent that we mix with our arguments, have conſiderably prevented the advancement of truth, and conviction of error. Modern diſputants by this method have ſubjected their cauſe, though perhaps founded in demonſtration, to great diſadvantages; ſince they have not only the

prejudices of mankind to combat, but have imprudently intereſted their paſſions too againſt them.—In debates, perhaps purely ſpeculative, a perſon is obliged not only to defend the point in controverſy, but even his underſtanding and moral character, which are united to the queſtion by the management of his adverſary. Sir Iſaac Newton and Mr. Locke, ornaments to their country, their age, and human nature, have been frequently repreſented as men of weak heads and bad hearts, by perſons eſteeming themſelves nothing leſs than philoſophers. It does not indeed appear to the unprejudiced, that gravitation and coheſion have any viſible connection with ethics; that an attempt to aſcertain the powers of the underſtanding has a tendency to undermine revelation; or that theſe writers deſerved to be conſidered in any other light than as ingenious enthuſiaſts, if reaſon and univerſal experience had not confirmed their enquiries to be as true as they were beautiful. I have often thought that the reception of the Platonic philoſophy in the world may be attributed more to the manner of its delivery, than to the ſuperior excellence of it. If we except the moral part, which is divinely treated, its diſcoveries in phyſics and other branches of ſcience did not entitle it to be advanced above that of other ſects, particularly the Ariſtotelian. The difference was, that the *ipſe dixits* and dogmatical poſitions of the one, made it unpalatable; while modeſty, politeneſs, and deference to the reaſon and dignity of mankind rendered the other lovely even to its adverſaries. They were induced by the addreſs of it, to purſue the conſequences of their own opinions till they led them to abſurdity, and were not aſhamed of a concluſion which ſeemed to be the effect of their own examination. The ſame management inclined them to adopt with cheerfulneſs thoſe principles, which were eſtabliſhed on the ruins of their favourite prejudices.

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It is a little extraordinary that the ſucceſs of this milder method of diſputation ſhould have had no greater influence on ſucceeding ages; eſpecially ſince the Divine Founder of chriſtianity has, by his own example, ſo eminently recommended the ſame practice. The errors of mankind were treated by him with the tenderneſs of a parent; and even divine truth introduced into the mind by perſuaſion rather than authority. The delivery of them in parables was excellently calculated to diveſt men of prejudices and paſſions, and to exclude the conſideration of ſelf-intereſt from the queſtion; at the ſame time that it ſhewed an indulgence to the underſtanding, by propoſing chiefly general truths, and leaving their particular application to ourſelves.

The fatal influence of politics on ſociety, in a country divided into parties like our own, has been too often mentioned to require illuſtration. I ſhall obſerve only, that it has been the occaſion of excluding a variety of uſeful knowledge from converſation, even with the men of the moſt moderate principles. They have been cautious of engaging on any ſubject, which might accidentally lead to that of politics; and from the natural relation of one ſcience to another, have by this means precluded themſelves from almoſt every branch of inſtructive converſation. It was obſervable at the table of a late great man, that obſcenity was too often the ſubject of diſcourſe, which he himſelf appeared not ſufficiently to diſcountenance. To ſome ſerious perſons, who took offence at his conduct, he made the following apology. "I have attempted," ſays he, "in vain to "ſtart other ſubjects, and at the ſame time to pre-"ſerve the harmony of my company. If, for in-"ſtance, I introduce the ſtate of ancient and mo-"dern learning, we enter very ſoon into a compa-"riſon of the governments they have flouriſhed un-"der, to the diſadvantage of the preſent one, and

" the perſons that conduct it. If the ſubject has " been philoſophy, I have ſometimes apprehended " that it would conclude with laying hands on the " hilts of ſwords, from diviſions on toleration, and " occaſional conformity. I am therefore under the " neceſſity of conniving at a ſubject, in which alone " whig and tory, churchman and diſſenter, miniſte- " rial and anti-miniſterial man unite together, with " any degree of chearfulneſs."

Another impediment to the revival of converſation may be aſcribed to our notion of its being intended as a relaxation from every thing ſerious, uſeful, or moral. The mind has been compared to a bow, which is ſometimes unbent to preſerve its elaſticity: and becauſe the bow is uſeleſs in a ſtate of remiſſion, we make the ſame concluſion of the human mind. Whereas the mind is an active principle, and naturally impatient of eaſe; it may loſe indeed its vigour by being employed too intenſely on particular ſubjects, but recovers itſelf again, rather by varying its application, than by continuing inactive. Hiſtory, poetry, and the lighter parts of ſcience more agreeably relieve us from abſtracted ſtudies, than a total indolence and diſſipation. It is this continued, though varied exerciſe of the mind, in the hours of leiſure as well as of buſineſs, that ſeems to have given the ancients that ſuperiority over the moderns, which we are more ready to acknowledge, than to enquire into the reaſon of.—Even Tully himſelf, if he had dedicated his retirement to thoſe amuſements that employ the modern world, might have been delivered to poſterity with no greater reputation, than what he was entitled to from the character of an eminent pleader and politician. It was in that retirement, and in the hours of converſation, that he exhauſted thoſe ſubjects of reaſon and philoſophy, which have rendered him the admiration of mankind. I was engaged lately in converſation

converſation with ſome friends on a particular branch of writing, that of dialogue. Every one admired the eaſe of the ancients in it, and condemned the moderns as ſtiff and unnatural. I agreed in opinion with them, but thought their reflections as much a ſatire on the age as the writers. Modern dialogue appears unnatural, becauſe the ſcenes, the perſons and the ſubjects it aſſociates, are ſeldom united in real life. It was natural for an ancient writer to repreſent Varro, Atticus, Brutus, &c. diſcuſſing ſubjects of the utmoſt importance to mankind in porticos or gardens, becauſe the great men of Rome frequently ſpent their retirement in this manner.—It would ſeem the very reverſe to introduce in our days Sir Thomas requeſting my lord duke to reſume his arguments for the immateriality of the ſoul under the ſhade of a beech-tree, or entreating him to penetrate into the receſſes of the wood, that he may purſue without interruption his enquiry into the foundation of morality. The reaſon is, that diſquiſitions of this kind do not frequently engage the thoughts of our great men: or if they really think of them, they appropriate thinking to the particular apartments they call their ſtudies. When they chance to penetrate into the gloom of woods, it is in purſuit of game, not of truth. The converſation in gardens is not of an elevated kind; and the circular ſeats round ſpreading trees uſually inſpire other thoughts than abſtracted ideas.

I ſhall cloſe this ſubject with lamenting the injury done to ſociety by our unnatural excluſion of the ſofter ſex from every converſation either ſerious or inſtructive. The moſt enlightened ages of the world entertained juſter notions of their merit: even Socrates, the father of ancient wiſdom, was fond of acknowledging that he had learnt eloquence from Aſpatia. I may add of the ſex, that they derive ſome advantage over us from the very defects of their educa-

education: their minds operate with more freedom, and with the genuine ſimplicity of uncorrupted nature. They are not fettered, like ours, by principles and ſyſtems, nor confined to the particular modes of thinking, that prevail in colleges and ſchools.—The liveline ſs too of their imagination entitles them to a place in the graveſt, as well as the moſt cheerful company; I will not even except the Sympoſia of philoſophers: for, to conclude a little learnedly, though demonſtration itſelf may appear principally to depend on the judgement, yet the diſcovery of intermediate ideas, neceſſary to it, is more particularly the province of invention.

BIRTH.

NUMB. 114. THURSDAY, *March* 6, 1755.

THE notion of birth, as it is commonly called and eſtabliſhed by cuſtom, is alſo the manifeſt reſult *of the prejudices of the many, and of the deſigns of a few*. It is the child of Pride and Folly, coupled together by that induſtrious pander Self-love. It is ſurely the ſtrongeſt inſtance, and the weakeſt prop of human vanity. If it means any thing, it means a long lineal deſcent from a founder, whoſe induſtry or good fortune, whoſe merit, or perhaps whoſe guilt, has enabled his poſterity to live uſeleſs to ſociety, and to tranſmit to theirs their pride and their patrimony. However, this extravagant notion, this chimerical advantage, the effect of blind chance, where prudence and option cannot even pretend to have the leaſt ſhare, is that Fly which, by a kind of Egyptian ſuperſtition, Cuſtom all over Europe has deified, and at whoſe tawdry ſhrine good ſenſe, good manners and good nature are daily ſacrificed.

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The vulgar diſtinction between people of birth and people of no birth will probably puzzle the critics and antiquarians of the thirtieth or fortieth centuries, when in their judicious or laborious reſearches into the cuſtoms and manners of theſe preſent times, they ſhall have reaſon to ſuppoſe, that in the ſixteenth, ſeventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the iſland of Great Britain was inhabited by two ſorts of people, ſome born, but the much greater number unborn.—The fact will appear ſo *incredible*, that it will certainly be *believed*; the only difficulty will be how to account for it; and that, as it commonly does, will engroſs the attention of the learned. The caſe of Cadmus's men, will doubtleſs be urged as a caſe in point, to prove the poſſibility of the thing; and the truth of it will be confirmed by the records of the univerſity of Oxford, where it will appear that an unborn perſon, called for that reaſon *Terræ Filius*, annually entertained that univerſity with an oration in the theatre.

I therefore take with pleaſure this opportunity of explaining and clearing up this difficulty to my remoteſt ſucceſſors in the republic of letters, by giving them the true meaning of the ſeveral expreſſions of Great Birth, Noble Birth, Birth, and no Birth at all.

Great and illuſtrious birth is aſcertained and authenticated by a pedigree carefully preſerved in the family, which takes at leaſt an hour's time to unroll, and when unrolled, diſcloſes twenty intermarriages of valiant and puiſſant Geoffreys and Hildebrands, with as many chaſte and pious Blaunches and Mauds, before the conqueſt, not without here and there a daſh of the Plantagenets. But if unfortunately the inſolent worms ſhould have devoured the pedigree as well as the perſons of the illuſtrious family, that defect may be ſupplied by the authentic records of the heralds office, that ineſtimable repoſitory

ſitory of good ſenſe and uſeful knowledge. If this great birth is graced with a peerage, ſo much the better; but if not, it is no great matter; for being ſo ſolid a good in itſelf, it wants no borrowed advantages, and is unqueſtionably the moſt pleaſing ſentiment that a truly generous mind is capable of feeling.

Noble birth implies only a peerage in the family. Anceſtors are by no means neceſſary for this kind of birth; the patent is the midwife of it, and the very firſt deſcent is noble. The family arms, however modern, are dignified by the coronet and mantle; but the family livery is ſometimes, for very good reaſons, laid aſide.

Birth, ſingly, and without an epithet, extends, I cannot poſitively ſay how far, but negatively, it ſtops where uſeful arts and induſtry begin. Merchants, tradeſmen, yeomen, farmers and ploughmen, are not born, or at leaſt, in ſo mean a way, as not to deſerve that name; and it is perhaps for that reaſon that their mothers are ſaid to be *delivered*, rather than *brought to bed* of them. But baronets, knights, and eſquires, have the honour of being born.

I muſt confeſs that before I got the key to this faſhionable language, I was a good deal puzzled myſelf with the diſtinction between birth, and no birth; and having no other guide than my own weak reaſon, I miſtook the matter moſt groſsly. I fooliſhly imagined that *well-born*, meant born with a ſound mind in a ſound body; a healthy, ſtrong conſtitution, joined to a good heart and a good underſtanding.—But I never ſuſpected that it could poſſibly mean the ſhrivelled, taſteleſs fruit of an old genealogical tree. I communicated my doubts, and applied for information to my late worthy and curious friend, the celebrated Mrs. Kennon, whoſe valuable collection of foſſils and minerals lately ſold, ſufficiently proves her ſkill and reſearches in the moſt recondite parts of nature.

nature. She, with that frankneſs and humanity which were natural to her, aſſured me that it was all a vulgar error, in which however the nobility and gentry prided themſelves: but that in truth ſhe had never obſerved the children of the quality to be wholeſomer and ſtronger than others, but rather the contrary; which difference ſhe imputed to certain cauſes, which I ſhall not here ſpecify. This natural (and, I dare ſay, to the beſt of her obſervation, true) account confirmed me in my former philoſophical error. But ſtill not thoroughly ſatisfied with it, and thinking that there muſt be ſomething more in what was ſo univerſally valued, I determined to get ſome farther information by addreſſing myſelf to a perſon of vaſt, immenſe, prodigious birth, and deſcended *atavis regibus*, with whom I have the honour of being acquainted. As he expatiates willingly upon that ſubject, it was very eaſy for me to ſet him a going upon it, inſomuch, that upon ſome few doubts which I humbly ſuggeſted to him, he ſpoke to me in the following manner.

" I believe, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you are not (for " nobody is) ignorant of the antiquity of my fa- " mily, which by authentic records I can trace up " to king Alfred, ſome of whoſe blood runs at this " moment in my veins; and I will not conceal from " you that I find infinite inward comfort and ſatis- " faction in that reflection. Let people of no birth " laugh as much as they pleaſe at theſe notions; " they are not imaginary; they are real; they are " ſolid; and whoever is well born, is glad that he " is ſo. A merchant, a tradeſman, a yeoman, a " farmer, and ſuch ſort of people, may perhaps have " common honeſty and vulgar virtues; but take my " word for it, the more refined and generous ſenti- " ments of honour, courage, and magnanimity, can " only flow in ancient and noble blood. What ſhall " animate a tradeſman or mean-born man to any great

" great and heroic virtues? Shall it be the exam-
" ples of his anceſtors? He has none. Or ſhall
" it be that impure blood that rather ſtagnates than
" circulates in his veins? No; ancient birth and
" noble blood are the only true ſources of great vir-
" tues. This truth appears even among brutes,
" who we obſerve never degenerate, except in caſes
" of miſ-alliances with their inferiors. Are not the
" pedigrees of horſes, cocks, dogs, &c. carefully
" preſerved, as the never-failing proofs of their ſwift-
" neſs and courage? I repeat it again, birth is an
" ineſtimable advantage, not to be adequately un-
" derſtood but by thoſe who have it."

My friend was going on, and to ſay the truth, growing dull, when I took the liberty of interrupting him, by acknowledging that the cogency of his arguments, and the ſelf-evidence of his facts, had entirely removed all my doubts, and convinced me of the unſpeakable advantages of illuſtrious birth; and unfortunately I added, that my own vanity was greatly flattered by it, in conſequence of my being lineally deſcended from the firſt man. Upon this my friend looked grave, and ſeemed rather diſpleaſed; whether from a ſuſpicion that I was jeſting, or upon an apprehenſion that I meant to *out-deſcend* him, I cannot determine; for he contented himſelf with ſaying, " That is not a neceſſary conſequence nei-
" ther, Mr. Fitz-Adam, ſince I have read ſomewhere
" or other of pre-adamites, which opinion did not
" ſeem to me an abſurd one."

Here I took my leave of him, and went home full of reflections upon the aſtoniſhing powers of ſelf-love, that can extract comfort and pleaſure from ſuch groundleſs, abſurd and extravagant prejudices. In all other reſpects my friend is neither a fool nor a madman, and can talk very rationally upon any rational ſubject. But ſuch is the inconſiſtency both of the

the human mind and the human heart, that one muſt not form a general judgement of either, from one glaring error, or one ſhining excellence.

Good and Bad Company.

Numb. 125. Thursday, *May*, 22, 1755.

HAD the many wiſe philoſophers of antiquity, who have ſo often and ſo juſtly compared the life of man to a race, lived in the preſent times, they would have ſeen the propriety of that ſimile greatly augmented: for if we obſerve the behaviour of the polite part of this nation (that is, of *all* the nation) we ſhall ſee that their whole lives are one continued race; in which every one is endeavouring to diſtance all behind him, and to overtake, or paſs by, all, who are before him: every one is flying from his inferiors in purſuit of his ſuperiors, who fly from Him with equal alacrity.

Were not the conſequences of this ridiculous pride of the moſt deſtructive nature to the public, the ſcene would be really entertaining. Every tradeſman is a merchant, every merchant is a gentleman, and every gentleman one of the nobleſs. We are a nation of gentry, *populus generoſorum*: we have no ſuch thing as common people among us: between vanity and gin, the ſpecies is utterly deſtroyed. The ſons of our loweſt mechanics, acquiring with their learning at charity-ſchools, the laudable ambition of become gentle-folks, deſpiſe their paternal occupations, and are all ſoliciting for the honourable employments of tidewaiters and exciſemen.—Their girls are all milliners, mantua-makers, or lady's women; or preſumptouſly exerciſe that genteel

teel profeſſion, which uſed to be peculiarly reſerved for the well-educated daughters of deceaſed clergymen. Attorneys clerks and city-prentices dreſs like cornets of dragoons, keep their miſtreſſes and their hunters, criticiſe at the play, and toaſt at the tavern. The merchant leaves his compting-houſe for St. James's; and the country gentleman his own affairs for thoſe of the public, by which neither of them receive much benefit. Every commoner of diſtinction is impatient for a peerage, and treads hard upon the heels of quality in dreſs, equipage and expences of every kind. The nobility, who can aim no higher, plunge themſelves into debt and dependence, to preſerve their rank; and are even there quickly overtaken by their unmerciful purſuers.

The ſame fooliſh vanity, that thus prompts us to imitate our ſuperiors, induces us alſo to be, or to pretend to be, their inſeparable companions; or, as the phraſe is, to keep the *beſt company*; by which is always to be underſtood, ſuch company as are much above us in rank or fortune, and conſequently deſpiſe and avoid us, in the ſame manner as we ourſelves do our inferiors. By this ridiculous affectation are all the pleaſures of ſocial life, and all the advantages of friendly converſe utterly deſtroyed. We chuſe not our companions for their wit or learning, their good-humour or good-ſenſe, but for their power of conferring this imaginary dignity; as if greatneſs was communicable, like the powers of the load-ſtone, by friction, or by contact, like electricity. Every young gentleman is taught to believe it is more eligible, and more honourable, to deſtroy his time, his fortune, his morals and his underſtanding at a gaming-houſe with the *beſt company*, than to improve them all in the converſation of the moſt ingenious and entertaining of his equals: and every ſelf-conceited girl, in faſhionable life, chuſes rather to endure the affected ſilence and inſolent head-ach

of

of my lady ducheſs for a whole evening, than to paſs it in mirth and jollity with the moſt amiable of her acquaintance. For ſince it is poſſible that ſome of my readers, who have not had the honour of being admitted into the *beſt company*, ſhould imagine that amongſt ſuch there is ever the beſt converſation, the moſt lively wit, the moſt profound judgement, the moſt engaging affability and politeneſs; it may be proper to inform them, that this is by no means always the caſe; but that frequently in ſuch company, little is ſaid, and leſs attended to; no diſpoſition appears either to pleaſe others, or to be pleaſed themſelves; but that in the room of all the before-mentioned agreeable qualifications, cards are introduced, endued with the convenient power of reducing all men's underſtandings, as well as their fortunes, to an equality.

It is pleaſant to obſerve how this race, converted into a kind of perpetual warfare, between the *good* and *bad company* in this country, has ſubſiſted for half a century laſt paſt; in which the former have been perpetually purſued by the latter, and fairly beaten out of all their reſources for ſuperior diſtinction; out of innumerable faſhions in dreſs, and variety of diverſions; every one of which they have been obliged to abandon, as ſoon as occupied by their impertinent rivals. In vain have they armed themſelves with lace and embroidery, and intrenched themſelves in hoops and furbelows: in vain have they had recourſe to full-bottomed perriwigs, and toupees; to high heads and low heads, and no heads at all: trade has beſtowed riches on their competitors, and riches have procured them equal finery. Hair has curled as genteely on one ſide of Temple-bar as on the other, and hoops have grown to as prodigious a magnitude in the foggy air of Cheapſide, as in the purer regions of Groſvenor-ſquare and Hill-ſtreet.

With

With as little ſucceſs have operas, oratorios, ridottos, and other expenſive diverſions been invented to exclude *bad company:* tradeſmen, by enhancing their prices, have found tickets for their wives and daughters, and by this means have been enabled to inſult the *good company*, their cuſtomers, at their own expence: and, like true conquerors, have obliged the enemy to pay for their defeat. But this ſtratagem has in ſome meaſure been obviated by the prudence of the *very beſt company*, who, for this and many other wiſe conſiderations, have uſually declined paying them at all.

For many years was this combat between the *good* and *bad company* of this metropolis performed, like the ancient tilts and tournaments, before his Majeſty and the royal family, every Friday night in the drawing-room at St. James's; which now appears, as it uſually fares with the ſeat of war, deſolate and uninhabited, and totally deſerted by both ſides: except that on a twelfth-night the *bad company* never fail to aſſemble, to commemorate annually the victories they have there obtained.

The *good company* being thus every where put to flight, they thought proper at laſt to retire to their own citadels; that is, to form numerous and brilliant aſſemblies at their own hotels, in which they imagined that they could neither be imitated nor intruded on. But here again they were grievouſly miſtaken; for no ſooner was the ſignal given, but every little lodging-houſe in town, of two rooms and a cloſet on a floor, or rather of two cloſets and a cupboard, teemed with card-tables, and overflowed with company; and as making a crowd was the great point here principally aimed at, the ſmaller the houſes, and the more indifferent the company, this point was the more eaſily effected. Nor could intruſion be better guarded againſt, than imitation; for by ſome means or other, either by the force of beauty

beauty or of dreſs, of wealth or impudence, of folly enough to loſe great ſums at play, or of knavery enough to win them, or of ſome ſuch eminent or extraordinary qualifications, their plebeian enemies ſoon broke through the ſtrongeſt of their barriers, and mingled in the thickeſt of their ranks, to the utter deſtruction of all ſuperiority and diſtinction.

But though it may be owned that the affairs of the *good company* are now in a very bad ſituation, yet I would not have them deſpair, nor perpetually carry about the marks of their defeat in their countenances, ſo viſible in a mixture of *fierté* and dejection. They have ſtill one aſylum left to fly to, which, with all their advantages of birth and education, it is ſurpriſing they ſhould not long ſince have diſcovered; but ſince they have not, I ſhall beg leave to point it out; and it is this: that they once more retire to the long deſerted forts of true Britiſh grandeur, their princely ſeats and magnificent caſtles in their ſeveral countries; and there, arming themſelves with religion and virtue, hoſpitality and charity, civility and friendſhip, bid defiance to their impertinent purſuers. And though I will not undertake that they ſhall not, even here, be followed in time, and imitated by their inferiors, yet ſo averſe are all ranks of people at preſent to this ſort of retirement, ſo totally diſuſed from the exerciſe of theſe kind of arms, and ſo unwilling to return to it, that I will venture to promiſe, it will be very long before they can be overtaken or attacked; but that here, and here only, they may enjoy their favourite ſingularity unmoleſted, for half a century to come.

CIVILITY AND GOOD BREEDING.

NUMB. 148. THURSDAY, *October* 30, 1755.

CIVILITY and good-breeding are generally thought, and often uſed, as ſynonymous terms, but are by no means ſo.

Good-breeding neceſſarily implies civility; but civility does not reciprocally imply good-breeding. The former has its intrinſic weight and value, which the latter always adorns, and often doubles by its workmanſhip.

To ſacrifice one's own ſelf-love to other people's, is a ſhort, but I believe, a true definition of civility: to do it with eaſe, propriety and grace, is good-breeding. The one is the reſult of good-nature; the other of good ſenſe, joined to experience, obſervation and attention.

A ploughman will be civil, if he is good-natured, but cannot be well-bred. A courtier will be well-bred, though perhaps without good-nature, if he has but good ſenſe.

Flattery is the diſgrace of good-breeding, as brutality often is of truth and ſincerity. Good-breeding is the middle point between thoſe two odious extremes.

Ceremony is the ſuperſtition of good-breeding, as well as of religion; but yet, being an out-work to both, ſhould not be abſolutely demoliſhed. It is always, to a certain degree, to be complied with, though deſpiſed by thoſe who think, becauſe admired and reſpected by thoſe who do not.

The moſt perfect degree of good-breeding, as I have already hinted, is only to be acquired by great knowledge of the world, and keeping the beſt company.

pany. It is not the object of mere ſpeculation, and cannot be exactly defined, as it conſiſts in a fitneſs, a propriety of words, actions, and even looks, adapted to the infinite variety and combinations of perſons, places and things. It is a mode, not a ſubſtance: for what is good-breeding at St. James's, would paſs for foppery or banter in a remote village; and the home-ſpun civility of that village, would be conſidered as brutality at court.

A cloyſtered pedant may form true notions of civility; but if amidſt the cobwebs of his cell he pretends to ſpin a ſpeculative ſyſtem of good-breeding, he will not be leſs abſurd than his predeceſſor, who judiciouſly undertook to inſtruct Hannibal in the art of war. The moſt ridiculous and moſt awkward of men are, therefore, the ſpeculatively well-bred monks of all religions and all profeſſions.

Good-breeding, like charity, not only covers a multitude of faults, but, to a certain degree, ſupplies the want of ſome virtues. In the common intercourſe of life, it acts good-nature, and often does what good-nature will not always do; it keeps both wits and fools within thoſe bounds of decency, which the former are too apt to tranſgreſs, and which the latter never know.

Courts are unqueſtionably the ſeats of good-breeding; and muſt neceſſarily be ſo; otherwiſe they would be the ſeats of violence and deſolation. There all the paſſions are in their higheſt ſtate of fermentation. All purſue what but few can obtain, and many ſeek what but one can enjoy. Good-breeding alone reſtrains their exceſſes. There, if enemies did not embrace, they would ſtab. There, ſmiles are often put on, to conceal tears. There, mutual ſervices are profeſſed, while mutual injuries are intended; and there, the guile of the ſerpent ſimulates the gentleneſs of the dove: all this, it is true, at the expence

of ſincerity; but, upon the whole, to the advantage of ſocial intercourſe in general.

I would not be miſapprehended, and ſuppoſed to recommend good-breeding, thus prophaned and proſtituted to the purpoſes of guilt and perfidy; but I think I may juſtly infer from it, to what a degree the accompliſhment of good-breeding muſt adorn and enforce virtue and truth, when it can thus ſoften the outrages and deformity of vice and falſhood.

I am ſorry to be obliged to confeſs that my native country is not perhaps the ſeat of the moſt perfect good-breeding, though I really believe that it yields to none in hearty and ſincere civility, as far as civility is (and to a certain degree it is) an inferior moral duty of doing as one would be done by. If France exceeds us in that particular, the incomparable author of *L'Eſprit des Loix* accounts for it very impartially, and I believe very truly. *If my countrymen*, ſays he, *are the beſt-bred people in the world, it is only becauſe they are the vaineſt.* It is certain, that their good-breeding and attentions, by flattering the vanity and ſelf-love of others, repay their own with intereſt. It is a general commerce, uſually carried on by a barter of attentions, and often without one grain of ſolid merit, by way of medium, to make up the balance.

It were to be wiſhed that good-breeding were in general thought a more eſſential part of the education of our youth, eſpecially of diſtinction, than at preſent it ſeems to be. It might even be ſubſtituted in the room of ſome academical ſtudies, that take up a great deal of time, to very little purpoſe; or at leaſt, it might uſefully ſhare ſome of thoſe many hours that are ſo frequently employed upon a coach-box, or in ſtables. Surely thoſe who by their rank and fortune are called to adorn courts, ought at leaſt not to diſgrace them by their manners.

But

But I obſerve with concern, that it is the faſhion for our youth of both ſexes to brand good-breeding with the name of ceremony and formality. As ſuch, they ridicule and explode it, and adopt in its ſtead an offenſive careleſſneſs and inattention, to the diminution, I will venture to ſay, even of their own pleaſures, if they know what true pleaſures are.

Love and friendſhip neceſſarily produce, and juſtly authorize familiarity; but then good-breeding muſt mark out its bounds, and ſay, thus far ſhalt thou go, and no farther; for I have known many a paſſion and many a friendſhip degraded, weakened, and at laſt (if I may uſe the expreſſion) wholly *flattered away*, by an unguarded and illiberal familiarity. Nor is good-breeding leſs the ornament and cement of common ſocial life: it connects, it endears, and at the ſame time that it indulges the juſt liberty, reſtrains that indecent licentiouſneſs of converſation, which alienates and provokes. Great talents make a man famous, great merit makes him reſpected, and great learning makes him eſteemed; but good-breeding alone can make him be loved.

I recommend it in a more particular manner to my country-women, as the greateſt ornament to ſuch of them as have beauty, and the ſafeſt refuge for thoſe who have not. It facilitates the victories, decorates the triumphs, and ſecures the conqueſt of beauty; or in ſome degree atones for the want of it. It almoſt deifies a fine woman, and procures reſpect at leaſt to thoſe, who have not charms enough to be admired.

Upon the whole, though good-breeding cannot, ſtrictly ſpeaking, be called a virtue, yet it is productive of ſo many good effects, that, in my opinion, it may juſtly be reckoned more than a mere accompliſhment.

THE PYTHAGOREAN SYSTEM.

NUMB. 163. THURSDAY, *February* 12, 1756.

THERE was an ancient ſect of philoſophers, the diſciples of Pythagoras, who held, that the ſouls of men, and all other animals, exiſted in a ſtate of perpetual tranſmigration; and that when by death they were diſlodged from one corporeal habitation, they were immediately reinſtated in another, happier or more miſerable, according to their behaviour in the former: ſo that when any perſon made his exit from the ſtage of this world, he was ſuppoſed only to retire behind the ſcenes to be new dreſſed, and to have a new part aſſigned him, more or leſs agreeable, in proportion to the merit of his performance in the laſt.

This doctrine of tranſmigration, I muſt own, was always a very favourite tenet of mine, and always appeared to me one of the moſt rational gueſſes of the human mind into a future ſtate. I ſhall here therefore endeavour to ſhew the great probability of its truth, from the following conſiderations. Firſt, from its juſtice; ſecondly, from its utility; and laſtly, from the difficulties we lie under to account for the ſufferings of many innocent creatures without it.

Firſt, then, the juſtice of this ſyſtem exceeds that of all others; becauſe, by it, the great law of retaliation may be more ſtrictly adhered to: for by means of this metamorphoſis, men may ſuffer in one life the very ſame injuries which they have inflicted in another; and that too in the very ſame perſons, by a change only of ſituation. Thus, for inſtance, the cruel tyrant who in one life has ſported with the miſeries of his ſlaves, may in the next feel all the miſeries

ſeries of ſlavery under a maſter as unmerciful as himſelf. The relentleſs judge may be impriſoned, condemned, and hanged in his turn. Divines may be compelled by fire and faggot to believe the creeds and articles they have compoſed for the edification of others; and ſoldiers may be plundered and raviſhed, in the perſons of defenceleſs peaſants, and innocent virgins. The lawyer, reviving in the character of a client, may be tormented with delay, expence, uncertainty, and diſappointment; and the phyſician, who in one life has taken exorbitant fees, may be obliged to take phyſic in another. All thoſe who under the honourable denomination of ſportſmen, have entertained themſelves with the miſeries and deſtruction of innocent animals, may be terrified and murdered in the ſhape of hares, partridges and woodcocks; and all thoſe who under the more illuſtrious title of heroes, have delighted in the devaſtation of their own ſpecies, may be maſſacred by each other in the forms of invincible game-cocks, and pertinacious bull-dogs. As for ſtateſmen, miniſters, and all great men devoted to great buſineſs, they, however guilty, cannot be more properly, nor more ſeverely puniſhed, than by being obliged to reaſſume their former characters, and to live the very ſame lives over again.

In the next place, the utility of this ſyſtem is equal to its juſtice, and happily coincides with it: for by means of this tranſmigration, all the neceſſary inconveniences, and all the burthenſome offices of life being impoſed on thoſe only, who by their miſbehaviour in a former ſtate have deſerved them, become at once juſt puniſhments to them, and at the ſame time benefits to ſociety; and ſo all thoſe who have injured the public in one life by their vices, are obliged in another to make reparation by their ſufferings. Thus the tyrant, who by his power has oppreſſed his country in the ſituation of a prince, in

that of a ſlave may be compelled to do it ſome ſervice by his labour. The highwayman who has ſtopped and plundered travellers, may expedite and aſſiſt them in the ſhape of a poſt-horſe. The metaphorical Buck, who has terrified ſober citizens by his exploits, converted into a real one, may make ſome compenſation by his haunches; and mighty conquerors who have laid waſte the world by their ſwords, may be obliged, by a ſmall alteration in ſex and ſituation, to contribute to its repeopling, by the qualms of breeding, and the pains of childbirth.

For my own part, I verily believe this to be the caſe. I make no doubt but that Lewis the fourteenth is now chained to an oar in the galleys of France, and that Hernando Cortez is digging gold in the mines of Peru or Mexico. That Turpin, the highwayman, is ſeveral times a day ſpurred backwards and forwards between London and Epping; and that lord *** and ſir Harry **** are now actually roaſting for a city feaſt. I queſtion not but that Alexander the great, and Julius Cæſar, have died many times in child-bed ſince their appearance in thoſe illuſtrious and depopulating characters; that Charles the twelfth is at this inſtant a curate's wife in ſome remote village, with a numerous and increaſing family; and that Kouli Khan is now whipped from pariſh to pariſh, in the perſon of a big-bellied beggar-woman, with two children in her arms, and three at her back.

Laſtly, the probability of this ſyſtem appears from the difficulty of accounting for the ſufferings of many innocent creatures without it: for if we look round us, we cannot but obſerve a great and wretched variety of this kind; numberleſs animals ſubjected, by their own natures, to many miſeries, and by our cruelties to many more; incapable of deſerving them; called into being, as far as we can diſcover,

cover, only to be miſerable for the ſervice or diverſion of others leſs meritorious than themſelves; without any poſſibility of preventing, deſerving, or receiving recompence for their unhappy lot, if their whole exiſtence is comprehended in the narrow and wretched circle of the preſent life. But the theory here inculcated, removes all theſe difficulties, and reconciles theſe ſeemingly unjuſt diſpenſations with the ſtricteſt juſtice: it informs us, that theſe their ſufferings may be by no means undeſerved, but the juſt puniſhments of their former miſbehaviour in a ſtate, where, by means of their very vices, they may have eſcaped them. It teaches us, that the purſued and perſecuted fox was once probably ſome crafty and rapacious miniſter, who had purchaſed by his ill-acquired wealth that ſafety, which he cannot now procure by his flight: that the bull, baited with all the cruelties that human ingenuity, or human malevolence can invent, was once ſome relentleſs tyrant, who had inflicted all the tortures which he now endures: that the poor bird, blinded, impriſoned, and at laſt ſtarved to death in a cage, may have been ſome unforgiving creditor; and the widowed turtle, pining away for the loſs of her mate, ſome faſhionable wife, rejoicing at the death of her huſband, which her own ill-uſage had occaſioned.

Never can the delicious repaſt of roaſted lobſters excite my appetite, whilſt the ideas of the tortures in which thoſe innocent creatures have expired, preſent themſelves to my imagination. But when I conſider that they muſt have once probably been Spaniards at Mexico, or Dutchmen at Amboyna, I fall to, both with a good ſtomach and a good conſcience, and pleaſe myſelf with the thoughts, that I am thus offering up a ſacrifice acceptable to the manes of many millions of maſſacred Indians.—Never can I repoſe myſelf with any ſatisfaction in a poſt-chaiſe, whilſt I look upon the ſtarved, founder-

ed, ulcerated, and excoriated animals, who draw it, as mere horſes, condemned to ſuch exquiſite and unmerited torments for my convenience; but when I reflect, that they once moſt undoubtedly have exiſted in the characters of turnkeys of Newgate, or fathers of the holy inquiſition, I gallop on with as much eaſe as expedition; and am perfectly ſatisfied, that in purſuing my journey, I am but the executioner of the ſtricteſt juſtice.

I very well know that theſe ſentiments will be treated as ludicrous by many of my readers, and looked upon only as the productions of an exuberant imaginaton; but I know likewiſe, that this is owing to ill-grounded pride, and falſe notions of the dignity of human nature: for they are in themſelves both juſt and ſerious, and carry with them the ſtrongeſt probability of their truth: ſo ſtrong is it, that I cannot but hope it will have ſome good effect on the conduct of thoſe polite people, who are too ſagacious, learned and couragious to be kept in awe by the threats of hell and damnation: and I exhort every fine lady to conſider how wretched will be her condition, if after twenty or thirty years ſpent at cards, in elegant rooms, kept warm by good fires and ſoft carpets, ſhe ſhould at laſt be obliged to change places with one of her coach-horſes; and every fine gentleman to reflect, how much more wretched would be his, if after waſting his eſtate, his health and his life in extravagance, indolence, and luxury, he ſhould again revive in the ſituation of one of his creditors.

DECORUM.

NUMB. 189. THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 12, 1756.

WE are accuſed by the French, and perhaps but too juſtly, of having no word in our language, which anſwers to their word *police*, which therefore we have been obliged to adopt, not having, as they ſay, the thing.

It does not occur to me that we have any one word in our language (I hope not from the ſame reaſon) to expreſs the ideas which they comprehend under their word *les mœurs*. Manners are too little, morals too much. I ſhould define it thus; *a general exterior decency, fitneſs and propriety of conduct, in the common intercourſe of life.*

Cicero in his Offices, makes uſe of the word *decorum* in this ſenſe, to expreſs what he tells us the Greeks ſignified by their word (I will not ſhock the eyes of my polite readers with Greek types) *To Prepon.*

The thing however is unqueſtionably of importance, by whatever word it may be dignified or degraded, diſtinguiſhed or miſtaken; it ſhall therefore be the ſubject of this paper to explain and recommend it; and upon this occaſion I ſhall adopt the word *decorum.*

But as I have ſome private reaſons for deſiring not to leſſen the ſale of theſe my lucubrations, I muſt premiſe, that notwithſtanding this ſerious introduction, I am not going to preach either religious or moral duties. On the contrary, it is a ſcheme of intereſt which I mean to communicate, and which if the ſuppoſed characteriſtic of the preſent age be true, muſt, I ſhould apprehend, be highly acceptable to the generality of my readers.

I take it for granted that the moſt ſenſible and informed part of mankind, I mean people of faſhion, purſue ſingly their own intereſts and pleaſures; that they deſire as far as poſſible to enjoy them excluſively, and to avail themſelves of the ſimplicity, the ignorance, and the prejudices of the vulgar, who have neither the ſame ſtrength of mind, nor the ſame advantages of education. Now it is certain that nothing would more contribute to that deſirable end, than a ſtrict obſervance of this *decorum*, which, as I have already hinted, does not extend to religious or moral duties, does not prohibit the ſolid enjoyments of vice, but only throws a veil of decency between it and the vulgar, conceals part of its native deformity, and prevents ſcandal, and bad example. It is a ſort of pepper-corn quit-rent paid to virtue, as an acknowledgment of its ſuperiority: but according to our preſent conſtitution, is the eaſy price of freedom, not the tribute of vaſſalage.

Thoſe who would be reſpected by others, muſt firſt reſpect themſelves. A certain exterior purity and dignity of character, commands reſpect, procures credit, and invites confidence; but the public exerciſe and oſtentation of vice, has all the contrary effects.

The middle claſs of people in this country, though generally ſtraining to imitate their betters, have not yet ſhaken off the prejudices of their education; very many of them ſtill believe in a Supreme Being, in a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments, and retain ſome coarſe, home-ſpun notions of moral good and evil. The rational ſyſtem of materialiſm has not yet reached them; and in my opinion, it may be full as well it never ſhould; for as I am not of levelling principles, I am for preſerving a due ſubordination from inferiors to ſuperiors, which an equality of profligacy muſt totally deſtroy.

A fair

A fair character is a more lucrative thing than people are generally aware of; and I am informed that an eminent money-ſcrivener has lately calculated with great accuracy the advantage of it, and that it has turned out a clear profit of thirteen and a half per cent. in the general tranſactions of life; which advantage, frequently repeated, as it muſt be in the courſe of the year, amounts to a very conſiderable object.

To proceed to a few inſtances. If the courtier would but wear the appearance of truth, promiſe leſs, and perform more, he would acquire ſuch a degree of truſt and confidence, as would enable him to ſtrike on a ſudden, and with ſucceſs, ſome ſplendid ſtroke of perfidy, to the infinite advantage of himſelf and his party.

A patriot, of all people, ſhould be a ſtrict obſerver of this *decorum*, if he would (as it is to be preſumed he would) bear a good price at the court market. The love of his dear country, well acted and little felt, will certainly get him into good keeping, and perhaps procure him a handſome ſettlement for life; but if his proſtitution be flagrant, he is only made uſe of in caſes of the utmoſt neceſſity, and even then only by cullies. I muſt obſerve, by the by, that of late the market has been a little glutted with patriots, and conſequently they do not ſell quite ſo well.

Few maſters of families are, I ſhould preſume, deſirous to be robbed indiſcriminately by all their ſervants; and as ſervants in general are more afraid of the devil, and leſs of the gallows, than of their maſters, it ſeems to be as imprudent as indecent to remove that wholeſome fear, either by their examples, or their philoſophical diſſertations, exploding in their preſence, though ever ſo juſtly, all the idle notions of future puniſhments, or of moral good and evil. At preſent, honeſt faithful ſervants rob their maſters

conſcientiouſly only in their reſpective ſtations; but take away thoſe checks and reſtraints which the prejudices of their education have laid them under, they will ſoon rob indiſcriminately, and out of their ſeveral departments; which would probably create ſome little confuſion in families, eſpecially in numerous ones.

I cannot omit obſerving, that this *decorum* extends to the little trifling offices of common life; ſuch as ſeeming to take a tender and affectionate part in the health or fortune of your acquaintance, and a readineſs and alacrity to ſerve them, in things of little conſequence to them, and of none at all to you. Theſe attentions bring in good intereſt; the weak and the ignorant miſtake them for the real ſentiments of your heart, and give you their eſteem and friendſhip in return. The wiſe indeed, pay you in your own coin, or by a truck of commodities of equal value; upon which however there is no loſs; ſo that upon the whole, this commerce, ſkilfully carried on, is a very lucrative one.

In all my ſchemes for the general good of mankind, I have always a particular attention to the utility that may ariſe from them to my fair fellow ſubjects, for whom I have the tendereſt and moſt unfeigned concern; and I lay hold of this opportunity, moſt earneſtly to recommend to them the ſtricteſt obſervance of this *decorum*. I will admit that a fine woman of a certain rank, cannot have too many real vices; but at the ſame time, I do inſiſt upon it, that it is eſſentially her intereſt, not to have the appearance of any one. This *decorum*, I confeſs, will conceal her conqueſts and prevent her triumphs; but, on the other hand, if ſhe will be pleaſed to reflect that thoſe conqueſts are known, ſooner or later, always to end in her total defeat, ſhe will not upon an average find herſelf a loſer. There are indeed ſome huſbands of ſuch humane and hoſpi-

hoſpitable diſpoſitions, that they ſeem determined to ſhare all their happineſs with their friends and acquaintance; ſo that with regard to ſuch huſbands ſingly, this *decorum* were uſeleſs; but the far greater number are of a churliſh and uncommunicative diſpoſition, troubleſome upon bare ſuſpicions, and brutal upon proofs. Theſe are capable of inflicting upon the fair delinquent the pains and penalties of exile and impriſonment at the dreadful manſion-ſeat, notwithſtanding the moſt ſolemn proteſtations, and oaths, backed with the moſt moving tears, that nothing really criminal has paſſed. But it muſt be owned that of all negatives, That is much the hardeſt to be proved.

Though deep play be a very innocent and even commendable amuſement in itſelf, it is however, as things are yet conſtituted, a great breach, nay perhaps the higheſt violation poſſible of the *decorum* in the fair ſex. If generally fortunate, it induces ſome ſuſpicion of dexterity; if unfortunate, of debt; and in this latter caſe, the ways and means for raiſing the ſupplies neceſſary for the current year, are ſometimes ſuppoſed to be unwarrantable. But what is ſtill much more important, is, that the agonies of an ill run will diſfigure the fineſt face in the world, and cauſe moſt ungraceful emotions. I have known a beſt game, ſuddenly produced upon a good game, for a deep ſtake at Bragg or Commerce, almoſt make the vermilion turn pale, and elicit from lips, where the ſweets of Hybla dwelt, and where the loves and graces played, ſome murmured oaths, which though minced and mitigated a little in their terminations, ſeemed to me, upon the whole, to be rather unbecoming.

Another ſingular advantage which will ariſe to my fair country-women of diſtinction from the obſervance of this *decorum*, is, that they will never want ſome creditable led captain to attend them at a minute's

minute's warning to operas, plays, Ranelagh and Vauxhall; whereas I have known ſome women of extreme condition, who, by neglecting the *decorum*, had ſlatterned away their characters to ſuch a degree, as to be obliged upon thoſe emergencies to take up with mere toad-eaters of very equivocal rank and character, who by no means graced their entry into public places

To the young unmarried ladies, I beg leave to repreſent that this *decorum* will make a difference of at leaſt five-and-twenty, if not fifty per cent. in their fortunes. The pretty men, who have commonly the honour of attending them, are not in general the marrying kind of men; they love them too much, or too little, know them too well, or not well enough, to think of marrying them. The huſband-like men are a ſet of aukward fellows with good eſtates, and who not having got the better of vulgar prejudices, lay ſome ſtreſs upon the characters of their wives, and the legitimacy of the heirs to their eſtates and titles. Theſe are to be caught only by *les mœurs*; the hook muſt be baited with the *decorum*; the naked one will not do.

I muſt own that it ſeems too ſevere to deny young ladies the innocent amuſements of the preſent times, but I beg of them to recollect that I mean only with regard to outward appearances; and I ſhould preſume that *tête-a-têtes* with the pretty men might be contrived and brought about in places leſs public than Kenſington-gardens, the two parks, the high roads, or the ſtreets of London.

Having thus combined, as I flatter myſelf that I have, the ſolid enjoyments of vice, with the uſeful appearances of virtue, I think myſelf entitled to the thanks of my country in general, and to that juſt praiſe which Horace gives to the author, *qui miſcuit utile dulci:* or in Engliſh, who joins the uſeful with the agreeable.

ANGER.

ANGER.

NUMB. 196. THURSDAY, *September* 30, 1756.

IT is a vulgar notion, and worthy of the vulgar, for it is both falſe and abſurd, that paſſionate people are the beſt-natured people in the world. *They are a little haſty, it is true; a trifle will put them in a fury, and while they are in that fury, they neither know nor care what they ſay or do: but then as ſoon as it is over, they are extremely ſorry and penitent for any injury or miſchief they did.* This panegyric on theſe choleric good-natured people, when examined and ſimplified, amounts in plain common ſenſe and Engliſh to this; that they are good-natured when they are not ill-natured; and that when in their fits of rage they have ſaid or done things that have brought them to the jail or the gallows, they are extremely ſorry for it. It is indeed highly probable that they are; but where is the reparation to thoſe whoſe reputations, limbs, or lives, they have either wounded or deſtroyed? This concern comes too late, and is only for themſelves. Self-love was the cauſe of the injury, and is the only motive of the repentance.

Had theſe furious people real good-nature, their firſt offence would be their laſt; and they would reſolve at all events never to relapſe. The moment they felt their choler riſing, they would enjoin themſelves an abſolute ſilence and inaction, and by that ſudden check rather expoſe themſelves to a momentary ridicule, (which, by the way, would be followed by univerſal applauſe) than run the leaſt riſk of being irreparably miſchievous.

I know it is ſaid in their behalf, that this impulſe to wrath is conſtitutionally ſo ſudden and ſo ſtrong, that

that they cannot ſtifle it, even in its birth: but experience ſhews us, that this allegation is notoriouſly falſe; for we daily obſerve that theſe ſtormy perſons both can and do lay thoſe guſts of paſſion, when awed by reſpect, reſtrained by intereſt, or intimidated by fear. The moſt outrageous furioſo does not give a looſe to his anger in the preſence of his ſovereign, or his miſtreſs; nor the expectant heir in preſence of the peeviſh dotard from whom he hopes for an inheritance. The ſoliciting courtier, though perhaps under the ſtrongeſt provocations, from unjuſt delays and broken promiſes, calmly ſwallows his unavailing wrath, diſguiſes it even under ſmiles, and gently waits for more favourable moments: nor does the criminal fly in a paſſion at his judge or his jury.

There is then but one ſolid excuſe to be alleged in favour of theſe people: and if they will frankly urge it, I will candidly admit it, becauſe it points out its own remedy. I mean, let them fairly confeſs themſelves mad, as they moſt unqueſtionably are: for what plea can thoſe that are frantic ten times a day bring againſt ſhaving, bleeding, and a dark room, when ſo many much more harmleſs madmen are confined in their cells at Bedlam for being mad only once in a moon? Nay, I have been aſſured by the late ingenious Doctor Monro, that ſuch of his patients who were really of a good-natured diſpoſition, and who in their lucid intervals were allowed the liberty of walking about the hoſpital, would frequently, when they found the previous ſymptoms of their returning madneſs, voluntarily apply for confinement, conſcious of the miſchief which they might poſſibly do if at liberty. If thoſe who pretend not to be mad, but who really are ſo, had the ſame fund of good-nature, they would make the ſame application to their friends, if they have any.

There

There is in the Ménagiana a very pretty ſtory of one of theſe angry gentlemen, which ſets their extravagancy in a very ridiculous light.

Two gentlemen were riding together, one of whom, who was a choleric one, happened to be mounted on a high-mettled horſe. The horſe grew a little troubleſome, at which the rider grew very angry, and whipped and ſpurred him with great fury; to which the horſe, almoſt as wrong-headed as his maſter, replied with kicking and plunging. The companion, concerned for the danger, and aſhamed of the folly of his friend, ſaid to him coolly, "Be "quiet, be quiet, and ſhew yourſelf the wiſer of "the two."

This ſort of madneſs, for I will call it by no other name, flows from various cauſes, of which I ſhall now enumerate the moſt general.

Light unbalaſted heads are very apt to be overſet by every guſt, or even breeze of paſſion; they appretiate things wrong, and think every thing of importance but what really is ſo: hence thoſe frequent and ſudden tranſitions from ſilly joy to ſillier anger, according as the preſent ſilly humour is gratified or thwarted. This is the never-failing characteriſtic of the uneducated vulgar, who often in the ſame half hour, fight with fury, and ſhake hands with affection. Such heads give themſelves no time to reaſon; and if you attempt to reaſon with them, they think you rally them, and reſent the affront.—They are, in ſhort, overgrown children, and continue ſo in the moſt advanced age. Far be it from me to inſinuate, what ſome ill-bred authors have bluntly aſſerted, that this is in general the caſe of the faireſt part of our ſpecies, whoſe great vivacity does not always allow them time to reaſon conſequentially, but hurries them into teſtineſs upon the leaſt oppoſition to their will. But at the ſame time, with all the partiality which I have for them, and nobody

nobody can have more than I have, I muſt confeſs that in all their debates I have much more admired the copiouſneſs of their rhetoric, than the concluſiveneſs of their logic.

People of ſtrong animal ſpirits, warm conſtitutions, and a cold genius (a moſt unfortunate and ridiculous, though common compound) are moſt iraſcible animals, and very dangerous in their wrath. They are active, puzzling, blundering, and petulantly enterpriſing and perſevering. They are impatient of the leaſt contradiction, having neither arguments nor words to reply with; and the animal part of their compoſition burſts out into furious exploſions, which have often miſchievous conſequences. Nothing is too outrageous or criminal for them to ſay or do in theſe fits; but as the beginning of their frenzy is eaſily diſcoverable by their glaring eyes, inflamed countenances, and rapid motions, the company, as conſervators of the peace (which, by the way, every man is, till the authority of a magiſtrate can be procured) ſhould forcibly ſeize theſe madmen, and confine them in the mean time in ſome dark cloſet, vault, or coal-hole.

Men of nice honour, without one grain of common honeſty, (for ſuch there are) are wonderfully combuſtible. The honourable is to ſupport and protect the diſhoneſt part of their character. The conſciouſneſs of their guilt makes them both ſore and jealous.

There is another very iraſcible ſort of human animals, whoſe madneſs proceeds from pride. Theſe are generally the people, who having juſt fortunes ſufficient to live idle and uſeleſs to ſociety, create themſelves gentlemen, and are ſcrupulouſly tender of the rank and dignity which they have not. They require the more reſpect, from being conſcious that they have no right to any. They conſtrue every thing into a ſlight, aſk explanations with heat, and miſunderſtand

miſunderſtand them with fury. "Who are you? "What are you? Do you know who you ſpeak to? "I'll teach you to be inſolent to a gentleman;" are their daily idioms of ſpeech, which frequently end in aſſault and battery, to the great emolument of the Round-houſe and Crown-office.

I have known many young fellows, who at their firſt ſetting out in the world, or in the army, have ſimulated a paſſion which they did not feel, merely as an indication of ſpirit, which word is falſely looked upon as ſynonymous with courage. They dreſs and look fierce, ſwear enormouſly, and rage furiouſly, ſeduced by that popular word, ſpirit. But I beg leave to inform theſe miſtaken young gentlemen, whoſe error I compaſſionate, that the true ſpirit of a rational being conſiſts in cool and ſteady reſolution, which can only be the reſult of reflection and virtue.

I am very ſorry to be obliged to own, that there is not a more irritable part of the ſpecies, than my brother authors. Criticiſm, cenſure, or even the ſlighteſt diſapprobation of their immortal works, excite their moſt furious indignation. It is true, indeed, that they expreſs their reſentment in a manner leſs dangerous both to others and to themſelves.—Like incenſed porcupines, they dart their quills at the objects of their wrath. The wounds given by theſe ſhafts are not mortal, and only painful in proportion to the diſtance from whence they fly. Thoſe which are diſcharged (as by much the greateſt numbers are) from great heights, ſuch as garrets, or four-pair-of-ſtair rooms, are puffed away by the wind, and never hit the mark; but thoſe which are let off from a firſt or ſecond floor, are apt to occaſion a little ſmarting, and ſometimes feſtering, eſpecially if the party wounded be unſound.

Our GREAT CREATOR has wiſely given us paſſions, to rouze us into action, and to engage our gratitude to him by the pleaſures they procure us; but

but at the ſame time he has kindly given us reaſon ſufficient, if we will but give that reaſon fair play, to controul thoſe paſſions; and has delegated authority to ſay to them, as he ſaid to the waters, "Thus "far ſhall ye go, and no farther." The angry man is his own ſevereſt tormentor; his breaſt knows no peace, while his raging paſſions are reſtrained by no ſenſe of either religious or moral duties. What would be his caſe, if his unforgiving example (if I may uſe ſuch an expreſſion) were followed by his ALL-MERCIFUL MAKER, whoſe forgiveneſs he can only hope for, in proportion as he himſelf forgives and loves his fellow-creatures?

THE BEAUTIES OF THE CONNOISSEUR.

CONSCIENCE.

NUMB. 28. THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 8, 1754.

----------Sequar atris ignibus abſens,
Omnibus umbra locis adero, dabis improbe pœnas. VIRG.

Thoe to thy crime ſhalt feel the vengeance due:
With hell's black fires for ever I'll purſue;
In every place my injured ſhade ſhall riſe,
And CONSCIENCE ſtill preſent me to thy eyes.

TOM DARE-DEVIL, who was ſo much ſuperior to the reſt of our Bucks, that he gained the appellation of Stag, finiſhed a courſe of continual debaucheries, and was carried off laſt week by a phrenetic fever. I happened to be preſent at his laſt moments, and the remembrance of him ſtill dwells ſo ſtrongly on my mind, that I ſee him, I hear him, in all the agonies of deſpair, ſtarting, trembling, and uttering

uttering the moſt horrid execrations. His conſcience at the approach of death had conjured up before him "ten thouſand devils with their red-hot ſpits," who aſſumed the ſhapes of all thoſe whom he had injured, and "came hiſſing on him" to retaliate their wrongs. "Save me, ſave me," he would cry, "from that bleeding form.—He was my friend—"but I run him through the heart in a quarrel "about a whore."—"Take away that old fellow—"He would have carried us to the round-houſe—I "knocked him down with his own ſtaff,—but I did "not think the poor dog would have died by it." When the nurſe offered him a draught to take, "Why, ſaid he, will you ply me with Champagne? "—'tis a damnable liquor, and I'll drink no more "of it." In one of his lucid intervals, he graſped my hand vehemently, and burſting into tears, "Would to God, ſaid he, I had died twenty years "ago." At length his unwilling ſoul parted from the body; and the laſt words we heard from him were a faint ejaculation to his MAKER, whom he had blaſphemed all his life. His ſhocking exit made me reflect on that fine paſſage in the Scriptures, "Let "me die the death of the righteous, and let my lat-"ter end be like his."

The behaviour of this unhappy wretch afforded a dreadful inſtance of the truth of that maxim, *There is no hell like a troubled conſcience.* "There needs, "indeed, no ghoſt to tell us this:"—But it were to be wiſhed, that the conſcience of every living reprobate could work on his imagination in the ſame manner, and raiſe up ſuch horrid apparitions to torment him. Where is the wretch ſo hardened, who would not be diſmayed at theſe terrors? Or who could perſevere in a courſe of wickedneſs, when every freſh offence would create a new fury to haunt him for his crimes?

Let

Let us, for inſtance, take a view of the moſt glaring circumſtances in the life of that arch-infidel, Tom Dare-devil: and let us at the ſame time conceive (if poſſible) what pangs he muſt have felt, had every flagitious act been attended with the ſame phantoms that diſtracted him on his death-bed. Firſt, then, let us contemplate him as a parricide; for ſo he may be called, who by repeated diſobedience broke the heart of a moſt affectionate father. Could filial ingratitude receive a ſharper puniſhment, than in the midſt of his debaucheries to have this father continually before his eyes, expoſtulating with him on his unnatural behaviour? "O my ſon," (might he have heard him ſay) "was it for this that thy mo-
"ther, who died in giving thee life, begged me with
"her laſt breath to be kind to the boy? Was it
"for this that the country rung with joy for my
"being bleſſed with an heir?—O my child, who can
"I now call my heir? That eſtate, which I was
"ſo ſolicitous to improve for thy ſake, is diſſipated
"among jockeys, gamblers, pimps, and proſtitutes.
"If you ſhould ever have a ſon, may his ingratitude
"never make you think of me."

Tom, indeed, took care never to have any vexation from children: He had too great a ſpirit to bear the ſhackles of matrimony, and lived in a ſtate of celibacy among bagnios. Sometimes he made inroads on private life, and diſturbed the peace of families by debauching the wives and daughters of his acquaintance. Among other gallant exploits, he decoyed up to town the daughter of a country gentleman, where he ruined her, and then left her to linger under an infamous diſeaſe. At length the fruits of his amour appeared in a child, which ſoon periſhed with its unhappy parent in a public hoſpital. By the ſame magic of the fancy, let us raiſe up this poor girl with the infant in her arms, while he is wantoning among his doxies, and lording it like a baſhaw

baſhaw over the vaſſals of his luſt. What remorſe muſt this villain have felt, could he have imagined her to have addreſſed him in the following terms!—"Behold in the loathſome carcaſe of this babe the "image of thyſelf; foul, rotten, and corrupt.—How "could I ſuffer ſo contemptible a creature to draw "me from the comfortable protection of my pa-"rents?—It was juſt, indeed, that I ſhould fall a "victim to my folly: But was this diſeaſed infant "quickened only to proclaim my diſhonour and thy "infamy?—Why hadſt thou yet the power left to "propagate miſery even to the innocent?"

Tom had often ſignalized himſelf as a duelliſt: His conſcience, as we have already mentioned, upbraided him at his dying moments with the murder of a particular friend. He had once ill luck at cards; and being irritated with his loſſes, and ſuſpecting foul play on the part of his antagoniſt, he took him by the noſe, which conſequently produced a challenge. He is haſtening to the field of battle:—but he fancies himſelf followed by the manes of his friend, whom on the ſame unhallowed ground he had lately ſacrificed to that idol Honour. He hears him call—"Turn, madman, turn, and look on me. "—You may remember with what reluctance I met "you—You forced me to the combat—and I was "even pleaſed that the victory was yours. You "deprived me of life in an idle quarrel about a crea-"ture, whom, at your return from the murder of "your friend, you detected in the arms of another. "—It was Honour that induced you to wound the "boſom of one you loved:—The ſame Honour "now calls you to give a fellow, whom you deſpiſe, "an opportunity to retaliate the injury done to me. "—What folly is it to put your life into the hands "of a ſcoundrel, who you ſuſpect has already rob-"bed you of your fortune?—But go on, and let "your death rid the world of a monſter, who is

"deſperate

" deſperate enough to put his own life on the ha-
" zard, and wicked enough to attempt that of an-
" other."—It happened, however, that Tom had no occaſion for ſuch a monitor, as the perſon whom he went to meet proved as great a coward, as he was a cheat; and our hero, after waiting a full hour in his pumps, and parrying with the air, had no other revenge for the loſs of his money, than the ſatisfaction of poſting him for a ſcoundrel.

Though the hero of our ſtory was cut off in the prime of his life, yet he may be ſaid, like Neſtor, to have outlived three generations. All the young fellows of ſpirit were proud to be enrolled in the liſt of his companions; but as their conſtitutions were more puny than his, three ſets of them had dropt into the grave, and left him at the head of the fourth. He would often boaſt of the many promiſing geniuſes, who had fallen in the vain attempt of keeping pace with him in the various ſcenes of debauchery. In this light we may conſider him as an acceſſary to ſo many wanton murders. By the operation of his conſcience, at every tavern door he might have met with an acquaintance to bar his paſſage; and in the midſt of his jollity, like Macbeth, he might have daſhed down his glaſs, and imagined that he ſaw a departed friend filling the vacant chair.

From the nature of the facts, which have already been recorded of Tom Dare-devil, the reader will eaſily conclude that he muſt have been an Atheiſt.—No creature, who believed in a SUPREME BEING, could have acted ſo vilely towards his fellow-creatures. Tom was preſident of an abominable club, who met together every Sunday night to utter the moſt horrid blaſphemies. The members of this moſt ſcandalous ſociety muſt have heard of the manner of their great tutor's death.—Let us imagine, therefore, that they could figure to themſelves his ghoſt appearing to them, warning them of their errors,

and exhorting them to repent. They might conceive him ſetting forth, in the moſt pathetic manner, the conſequences of their folly, and declaring to them how convinced he now was of the certainty of thoſe doctrines, which they daily ridiculed. Such an apparition would, indeed, have an effect upon common ſinners: but in all probability a thorough-paced infidel would not be reclaimed, even "though one roſe "from the dead."

What I have here ſuppoſed might have been the caſe of one particular reprobate, is in the power of every perſon to put in practice for himſelf. Nothing is a ſurer inſtance of the goodneſs of the CREATOR, than that delicate inward feeling, ſo ſtrongly impreſſed on every reaſonable creature. This internal ſenſe, if duly attended to, and diligently cheriſhed and kept alive, would check the ſinner in his career, and make him look back with horror on his crimes. An ancient is commended for wiſhing, "that he had a "window in his breaſt, that every one might ſee into "it." But it is certainly of more conſequence to keep ourſelves free from the reproach of our own hearts, than from the evil opinions of others. We ſhould therefore conſider Conſcience as a Mirrour, in which every one may ſee himſelf reflected, and in which every action is repreſented in its proper colours.

SUICIDE.

NUMB. 50. THURSDAY, *January* 9, 1755.

----------Vitæ
Percipit humanos odium, lucisque videndæ,
Ut sibi consciscant mœrenti pectore letkum. LUCRET.

O deaf to Nature, and to Heav'n's command!
Against Thyself to lift the murd'ring hand!
O damn'd despair!----to shun the living light,
And plunge thy guilty soul in endless night!

THE last sessions deprived us of the only surviving member of a Society, which (during its short existence) was equal both in principles and practice to the *Mohocks* and *Hell-Fire-Club* of tremendous memory. This Society was composed of a few broken gamesters and desperate young rakes, who threw the small remains of their bankrupt fortunes into one common stock, and thence assumed the name of the *Last Guinea Club*. A short life and a merry one was their favourite maxim; and they determined, when their finances should be quite exhausted, to die as they had lived, like gentlemen. Some of their members had the luck to get a reprieve by a good run at cards, and others by snapping up a rich heiress or a dowager; while the rest, who were not cut off in the natural way by duels or the gallows, very resolutely made their *quietus* with laudanum or the pistol. The last that remained of this Society had very calmly prepared for his own execution: he had cocked his pistol, deliberately placed the muzzle of it to his temple, and was just going to pull the trigger, when he bethought himself that he could employ it to better purpose upon Hounslow Heath. This brave man, however, had but a very short respite, and

was obliged to ſuffer the ignominy of going out of the world in the vulgar way, by an halter.

The enemies of play will perhaps conſider thoſe gentlemen, who boldly ſtake their whole fortunes at the gaming-table, in the ſame view with theſe deſperadoes; and they may even go ſo far as to regard the polite and honourable aſſembly at White's, as a kind of Laſt Guinea Club. Nothing, they will ſay, is ſo fluctuating as the property of a gameſter, who (when luck runs againſt him) throws away whole acres at every caſt of the dice, and whoſe houſes are as unſure a poſſeſſion, as if they were built with cards. Many, indeed, have been reduced to the Laſt Guinea at this genteel gaming-houſe; but the moſt inveterate enemies to White's muſt allow, that it is but now and then that a gameſter of quality, who looks upon it as an even bet whether there is another world, takes his chance, and diſpatches himſelf, when the odds are againſt him in this.

But however free the gentlemen of White's may be from any imputation of this kind, it muſt be confeſſed, that Suicide begins to prevail ſo generally, that it is the moſt gallant exploit by which our modern heroes chuſe to ſignalize themſelves; and in this, indeed, they behave with uncommon proweſs. They meet every face of death, however horrible, with the utmoſt reſolution: ſome blow their brains out with a piſtol; ſome expire, like Socrates, by poiſon; ſome fall, like Cato, on the point of their own ſwords; and others, who have lived like Nero, affect to die like Seneca, and bleed to death. The moſt exalted geniuſes I ever remember to have heard of, were a party of reduced gameſters, who bravely reſolved to pledge each other in a bowl of laudanum. I was lately informed of a gentleman, who went among his uſual companions at the gaming-table the day before he made away with himſelf, and coolly queſtioned them which they thought the genteeleſt method

method of going out of the world. There is, indeed, as much difference between a mean perſon and a man of quality in their manner of deſtroying themſelves, as in their manner of living. The poor ſneaking wretch, ſtarving in a garret, tucks himſelf up in his liſt garters; a ſecond, croſt in love, drowns himſelf, like a blind puppy, in Roſamond's Pond; and a third cuts his throat with his own razor. But the man of faſhion always dies by a piſtol; and even the cobler of any ſpirit goes off by a doſe or two extraordinary of gin.

From the days of Plato down to theſe, a Suicide has always been compared to a ſoldier on guard deſerting his poſt; but I ſhould rather conſider a ſet of theſe deſperate men, who ruſh on certain death, as a body of troops ſent out on the Forlorn Hope. This falſe courage, however noble it may appear to the deſperate and abandoned, in reality amounts to no more than the reſolution of the highwayman, who ſhoots himſelf with his own piſtol, when he finds it impoſſible to avoid being taken. All practicable means, therefore, ſhould be deviſed to extirpate ſuch abſurd bravery, and to make it appear every way horrible, odious, contemptible, and ridiculous.—Every man in his ſober ſenſes muſt wiſh, that the moſt ſevere laws that could poſſibly be contrived were enacted againſt Suicides. This ſhocking bravado never did (and I am confident never will) prevail among the more delicate and tender ſex in our own nation: though hiſtory informs us, that the Roman ladies were once ſo infatuated as to throw off the ſoftneſs of their nature, and commit violence on themſelves, till the madneſs was curbed, by expoſing their naked bodies in the public ſtreets. This, I think, would afford an hint for fixing the like marks of ignominy on our Male-Suicides; and I would have every lower wretch of this ſort dragged at the cart's tail, and afterwards hung in chains at his own

door, or have his quarters put up *in terrorem* in the moſt public places, as a rebel to his Maker. But that the Suicide of quality might be treated with more reſpect, he ſhould be indulged in having his wounded corpſe and ſhattered brains lay (as it were) in ſtate for ſome days; of which dreadful ſpectacle we may conceive the horror from the following picture drawn by *Dryden*, in one of his Fables.

The SLAYER OF HIMSELF *too ſaw I there:*
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
With eyes half cloſ'd, and mouth wide ope, he lay,
And grim as when he breath'd his ſullen ſoul away.

The common murderer has his ſkeleton preſerved at Surgeon's-Hall, in order to deter others from being guilty of the ſame crime; and I think it would not be improper to have a charnel-houſe ſet apart to receive the bones of theſe more unnatural Self-Murderers, in which monuments ſhould be erected, giving an account of their deaths, and adorned with the glorious enſigns of their raſhneſs, the rope, the knife, the ſword, or the piſtol.

From reading the public prints, a foreigner might be naturally led to imagine, that we are the moſt lunatic people in the whole world. Almoſt every day informs us, that the coroner's inqueſt has ſat on the body of ſome miſerable Suicide, and brought in their verdict *Lunacy*; but it is very well known, that the inquiry has not been made into the ſtate of mind of the deceaſed, but into his fortune and family.—The law has indeed provided, that the deliberate Self Murderer ſhould be treated like a brute, and denied the rites of burial: but among hundreds of *Lunatics by purchaſe*, I never knew this ſentence executed but on one poor cobler, who hanged himſelf in his own ſtall. A pennyleſs poor wretch, who has not left enough to defray the funeral charges,

may

may perhaps be excluded the churchyard; but Self-Murder by a piſtol genteely mounted, or the Pariſ-hilted ſword, qualifies the polite owner for a *ſudden death*, and entitles him to a pompous burial, and a monument ſetting forth his virtues, in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*.

The cauſe of theſe frequent Self-Murders among us has been generally imputed to the peculiar temperature of our climate. Thus a dull day is looked upon as a natural order of execution; and Engliſhmen muſt neceſſarily ſhoot, hang, and drown themſelves in *November*. That our ſpirits are in ſome meaſure influenced by the air, cannot be denied; but we are not ſuch mere Barometers, as to be driven to deſpair and death by the ſmall degree of gloom that our winter brings with it. If we have not ſo much ſunſhine as ſome countries in the world, we have infinitely more than many others; and I do not hear that men diſpatch themſelves in dozens in Ruſſia or Sweden, or that they are unable to keep up their ſpirits even in the total darkneſs of Greenland. Our climate exempts us from many diſeaſes, to which other more ſouthern nations are naturally ſubject; and I can never be perſuaded, that being born near the North-pole is a phyſical cauſe for Self-Murder.

Deſpair, indeed, is the natural cauſe of theſe ſhocking actions; but this is commonly deſpair brought on by wilful extravagance and debauchery. Theſe firſt involve men in difficulties, and then death at once delivers them of their lives and their cares.—For my part, when I ſee a young profligate wantonly ſquandering his fortune in bagnios or at the gaming-table, I cannot help looking on him as haſtening his own death, and in a manner digging his own grave. As he is at laſt induced to kill himſelf, by motives ariſing from his vices, I conſider him as dying of ſome diſeaſe, which thoſe vices naturally produce. If his extravagance has been chiefly in luxurious eating

and drinking, I imagine him poiſoned by his wines, or ſurfeited by a favourite diſh; and if he has thrown away his eſtate in bawdy-houſes, I conclude him deſtroyed by rottenneſs and filthy diſeaſes.

Another real and principal cauſe of the frequency of Suicide, is the noble Spirit of Free-thinking, which has diffuſed itſelf among all ranks of people. The libertine of faſhion has too refined a taſte to trouble himſelf at all about a ſoul or an hereafter: but the vulgar infidel is at wonderful pains to get rid of his bible, and labours to perſuade himſelf out of his religion. For this purpoſe he attends conſtantly at the Diſputant Societies, where he hears a great deal about free-will, free-agency, and predeſtination, till at length he is convinced, that man is at liberty to do as he pleaſes, lays his misfortunes to the charge of Providence, and comforts himſelf that he was inevitably deſtined to be tied up in his own garters.—The courage of theſe heroes proceeds from the ſame principles, whether they fall by their own hands, or thoſe of Jack Ketch: The Suicide, of whatever rank, looks death in the face without ſhrinking; as the gallant rogue affects an eaſy unconcern under Tyburn, throws away the pſalm-book, bids the cart drive off with an oath, and ſwings like a gentleman.

If this madneſs ſhould continue to grow more and more epidemical, it will be expedient to have a Bill of Suicide, diſtinct from the common Bill of Mortality, brought in yearly; in which ſhould be ſet down the number of Suicides, their methods of deſtroying themſelves, and the likely cauſes of their doing ſo. In this, I believe, we ſhould find but few martyrs to the weather; but their deaths would commonly be imputed to deſpair, produced by ſome cauſes ſimilar to the following. In the little ſketch of a Bill of Suicide underneath, I have left blanks for the date of the year, as well as for the number of Self-Murderers, their manner of dying, &c. which would

would naturally be filled up by the proper perſons, if ever this ſcheme ſhould be put in execution.

A Bill of SUICIDE *for the Year* ——

Of Newmarket Races - - - -
Of Kept Miſtreſſes - - - - - -
Of Electioneering - - - - - -
Of Lotteries - - - - - - - - -
Of French Claret, French Lace, French Cooks, and French Diſeaſe - - - - - - - - -
Of WHITE'S - - - - - - - - -
Of Chineſe Temples, &c. - - -
Of a Country Seat - - - - - -
Of a Town Houſe - - - - - -
Of Fortune Hunting - - - - -
Of a Tour through France and Italy - - - - - - - - - - -
Of Lord Bolingbroke - - - - -
Of the Robin-Hood Society - -
Of an Equipage - - - - - - -
Of a Dog-Kennel - - - - - -
Of Covent-Garden - - - - - -
Of Plays, Operas, Concerts, Maſquerades, Routs, Drums, &c. - - - - - - - - - -
Of keeping the beſt Company.

W

CITIZEN AT VAUXHALL.

NUMB. 68. THURSDAY, *May*, 15, 1755.

------Nunc et campus, et areæ,
Leneſque ſub noctem ſuſurri
Compoſitâ repetantur horâ. Hor.

Now Venus in Vaux-Hall her altar rears,
While fiddles drown the muſic of the ſpheres:
Now girls hum out their loves to ev'ry tree,
"Young Jockey is the lad the lad for me."

THE various ſeaſons of the year produce not a greater alteration in the face of nature, than in the polite manner of paſſing our time. The diverſions of winter and ſummer are as different as the dog-days and thoſe at Chriſtmas; nor do I know any genteel amuſement, except Gaming, that prevails during the whole year. As the long days are now coming on, the theatrical gentry, who contributed to diſſipate the gloom of our winter evenings, begin

to divide themſelves into ſtrolling companies; and are packing up their tragedy wardrobes, together with a ſufficient quantity of thunder and lightning, for the delight and amazement of the country. In the mean time, the ſeveral public Gardens near this metropolis are trimming their trees, levelling their walks, and burniſhing their lamps, for our reception. At Vaux-Hall the artificial ruins are repaired; the caſcade is made to ſpout with ſeveral additional ſtreams of block-tin; and they have touched up all the pictures, which were damaged laſt ſeaſon by the fingering of thoſe curious *Connoiſſeurs*, who could not be ſatisfied without *feeling* whether the figures were alive. The magazine at Cuper's, I am told, is furniſhed with an extraordinary ſupply of gunpowder, to be ſhot off in ſquibs and ſky-rockets, or whirled away in blazing ſuns and Catharine wheels; and it is not to be doubted, in caſe of a war, but that Neptune and all his Tritons will aſſiſt the Britiſh navy; and as we before took Porto-Bello and Cape-Briton, we ſhall now gain new victories over the French fleet every night, upon that canal.

Happy are they, who can muſter up ſufficient, at leaſt to hire tickets at the door, once or twice in a ſeaſon! Not that theſe pleaſures are confined to the rich and the great only: for the lower ſort of people have their Ranelaghs and their Vaux-Halls, as well at the quality. Perrot's inimitable Grotto may be ſeen for only calling for a pot of beer; and the royal diverſion of duck-hunting may be had into the bargain, together with a decanter of Dorcheſter, for your ſix-pence at Jenny's Whim. Every ſkittle-alley half a mile out of town is embelliſhed with green arbours and ſhady retreats; where the company is generally entertained with the melodious ſcraping of a blind fidler. And who can reſiſt the luſcious temptation of a fine juicy ham, or a delici-

ous

ous buttock of beef ſtuffed with parſley, accompanied with a foaming decanter of ſparkling home-brew'd, which is ſo invitingly painted at the entrance of almoſt every village alehouſe?

Our Northern climate will not, indeed, allow us to indulge ourſelves in all thoſe pleaſures of a garden, which are ſo feelingly deſcribed by our poets. We dare not lay ourſelves on the damp ground in ſhady groves, or by the purling ſtream; but are obliged to fortify our inſide againſt the cold by good ſubſtantial eating and drinking. For this reaſon, the extreme coſtlineſs of the proviſions at our public Gardens has been grievouſly complained of by thoſe gentry, to whom a ſupper at theſe places is as neceſſary a part of the entertainment, as the ſinging or the fire-works. Poor Mr. John ſees with an heavy heart the profits of a whole week's card-money, devoured in tarts and cheeſe-cakes, by Mrs. Houſekeeper or My Lady's Own Woman; and the ſubſtantial Cit, who comes from behind the counter two or three evenings in the ſummer, can never enough regret the thin wafer-like ſlices of beef and ham, that taſte of nothing but the knife.

I was greatly diverted laſt Saturday evening at Vaux-Hall with the ſhrewd remarks made on this very head by an honeſt citizen, whoſe wife and two daughters had, I found, prevailed on him to carry them to the Garden. As I thought there was ſomething curious in their behaviour, I went into the next box to them, where I had an opportunity of ſeeing and over-hearing every thing that paſt.

After ſome talk,—"Come, come," ſaid the old don, "it is high time, I think, to go to ſupper." To this the ladies readily aſſented; and one of the miſſes ſaid, "Do let us have a chick, papa."—"Zounds (ſaid the father) they are half a crown a-"piece, and no bigger than a ſparrow." Here the old lady took him up—"You are ſo ſtingy, Mr.

"Roſe, there is no bearing you. When one is out "upon pleaſure, I love to appear like ſomebody: "and what ſignifies a few ſhillings once and away, "when a body is about it?" This reproof ſo effectually ſilenced the old gentleman, that the youngeſt miſs had the courage to put in a word for ſome ham likewiſe. Accordingly the waiter was called, and diſpatched by the old lady with an order for a chicken and a plate of ham. When it was brought, our honeſt cit twirled the diſh about three or four times, and ſurveyed it with a very ſettled countenance; then taking up the ſlice of ham, and dangling it to and fro on the end of his fork, aſked the waiter, "How much there was of it." "A ſhilling's "worth, Sir," ſaid the fellow.—"Prithee, (ſaid the "don,) how much doſt think it weighs?—An "ounce?—A ſhilling an ounce! that is ſixteen "ſhillings *per* pound! A reaſonable profit truly!—"Let me ſee—ſuppoſe now the whole ham weighs "thirty pounds:—At a ſhilling *per* ounce, that is, "ſixteen ſhillings *per* pound, why your maſter "makes exactly twenty-four pounds of every ham; "and if he buys them at the beſt hand, and ſalts them "and cures them himſelf, they don't ſtand him in ten "ſhillings a-piece." The old lady bade him hold his nonſenſe, declared herſelf aſhamed for him, and aſked him if people muſt not live: then taking a coloured handkerchief from her own neck, ſhe tucked it into his ſhirt-collar, (whence it hung like a bib) and helped him to a leg of the chicken. The old gentleman, at every bit he put into his mouth, amuſed himſelf with ſaying,—"There goes two-"pence—there goes three-pence—there goes a groat. "Zounds! a man at theſe places ſhould not have a "ſwallow ſo wide as a tom-tit."

This ſcanty repaſt, we may imagine, was ſoon diſpatched; and it was with much difficulty our citizen was prevailed on to ſuffer a plate of beef to be ordered.

ordered. This too was no leſs admired, and underwent the ſame comments with the ham. At length, when only a very ſmall bit was left, as they ſay, for manners in the diſh, our don took a piece of an old news-paper out of his pocket, and gravely wrapping up the meat in it, placed it carefully in his letter-caſe. "I'll keep thee as a curioſity to my dying-"day; and I'll ſhew thee to my neighbour Horſe-"man, and aſk him if he can make as much of his "ſteaks." Then rubbing his hands, and ſhrugging up his ſhoulders—"Why now," ſays he, "to-mor-"row night I may eat as much cold beef as I can "ſtuff, in any tavern in London, and pay nothing "for it." A diſh of tarts, cheeſe-cakes, and cuſtards next made their appearance at the requeſt of the young ladies, who paid no ſort of regard to the father's remonſtrance, "that they were four times as "dear as at the paſtry-cooks."

Supper being ended, madam put her ſpouſe in mind to call for wine.—"We *muſt* have ſome wine, "my dear, or we ſhall not be looked upon, you "know." "Well, well," ſays the don, "that's right "enough. But do they ſell their liquor too by the "ounce?——Here, drawer, what wine have you "got?" The fellow, who by this time began to ſmoke his gueſts, anſwered—"We have exceeding "good French wine of all ſorts, and pleaſe your "honour. Would your honour have a bottle of "Champagne, or Burgundy, or Claret, or"—"No, "no, none of your wiſhy-waſhy outlandiſh rot-gut "for me: interrupted the citizen.—A tankard of "the Alderman beats all the red Claret wine in the "French king's cellar.—But come, bring us a "bottle of ſound old Port: And, d'ye hear? let it "be good."

While the waiter was gone, the good man moſt ſadly lamented, that he could not have his pipe; which the wife would by no means allow, "becauſe

(ſhe

" (ſhe ſaid) it was ungenteel to ſmoke, where any " ladies were in company." When the wine came, our citizen gravely took up the bottle, and holding it above his head, " Aye, aye," ſaid he, " the bot- " tom has had a good kick.—And mind how con- " foundedly it is pinched on the ſides.—Not above " five gills, I warrant.—An old ſoldier at the Jeru- " ſalem would beat two of them.—But let us ſee " how it is brewed." He then poured out a glaſs; and after holding it up before the candle, ſmelling to it, ſipping it twice or thrice, and ſmacking his lips, drank it off: but declaring that ſecond thoughts were beſt, he filled another bumper; and toſſing that off, after ſome pauſe, with a very important air, ventured to pronounce it drinkable. The ladies, having alſo drank a glaſs round, affirmed it was very good, and felt it warm in the ſtomach: and even the old gentleman relaxed into ſuch good humour by the time the bottle was emptied, that out of his own free will and notion he moſt generouſly called for another Pint, but charged the waiter " to pick out an " honeſt one."

While the glaſs was thus circulating, the family amuſed themſelves with making obſervations on the Garden. The citizen expreſſed his wonder at the number of lamps, and ſaid it muſt coſt a great deal of money every night to light them all: the eldeſt miſs declared, that for her part ſhe liked the Dark Walk beſt of all, becauſe it was *ſolentary*: little miſs thought the laſt ſong mighty pretty, and ſaid ſhe would buy it, if ſhe could but carry home the tune: and the old lady obſerved, that there was a great deal of good company indeed; but the gentlemen were ſo rude, that they perfectly put her out of countenance by ſtaring at her through their ſpy-glaſſes. In a word, the tarts, the cheeſe-cakes, the beef, the chicken, the ounce of ham, and every thing ſeemed to have been quite forgot, till the diſmal

diſmal moment approached, when the reckoning was called for. As this ſolemn buſineſs concerns only the gentleman, the ladies kept a profound ſilence; and when the terrible account was brought, they left the pay-maſter undiſturbed, to enjoy the miſery by himſelf: only the old lady had the hardineſs to ſquint at the ſum total, and declared "it was pretty "reaſonable *conſidering*."

Our citizen bore his misfortunes with a tolerable degree of patience. He ſhook his head as he run over every article, and ſwore he would never buy meat by the ounce again. At length, when he had carefully ſummed up every figure, he bade the drawer bring change for ſix-pence: then pulling out a leathern purſe from a ſnug pocket, in the inſide of his waiſtcoat, he drew out ſlowly, piece by piece, thirteen ſhillings; which he regularly placed in two rows upon the table. When the change was brought, after counting it very carefully, he laid down four half-pence in the ſame exact order; then calling the waiter,—"There," ſays he, "there's "your damage—thirteen and two-pence—And, "hearkye, there's three-pence over for yourſelf." The remaining penny he put into his coat-pocket: and chinking it—"This," ſays he, "will ſerve me "to-morrow to buy a paper of tobacco."

The family now prepared themſelves for going; and as there were ſome ſlight drops of rain, madam buttoned up the old gentleman's coat, that he might not ſpoil his laced waiſtcoat; and made him flap his hat, over which ſhe tied his pocket handkerchief, to ſave his wig: And as the coat itſelf (ſhe ſaid) had never been worn but three Sundays, ſhe even parted with her own Cardinal, and ſpread it the wrong ſide out over his ſhoulders. In theſe accoutrements he ſallied forth, accompanied by his wife, with her upper petticoat thrown over her head, and his daughters with the ſkirts of their gowns turned

up,

up, and their heads muffled up in coloured handkerchiefs. I followed them quite out of the Garden: and as they were waiting for their hack to draw up, the youngeſt miſs aſked, "When ſhall "we come again, papa?" "Come again? (ſaid he) "What a pox would you ruin me? Once in one's "life is enough; and I think I have done very "handſome. Why it would not have coſt me "above four-pence half-penny to have ſpent my "evening at Sot's Hole; and what with the curſed "coach-hire, and all together, here's almoſt a "pound gone, and nothing to ſhew for it."—"Fye, "Mr. Roſe, I am quite aſhamed for you," replies the old lady: "You are always grudging me "and your girls the leaſt bit of pleaſure; and you "cannot help grumbling, if we do but go to Little "Hornſey to drink tea. I am ſure, now they are "women grown up, they ought to ſee a little of "the world;—and they *ſhall*." The old don was not willing to purſue the argument any further; and the coach coming up, he was glad to put an end to the diſpute by ſaying,—"Come, come, let "us make haſte, wife; or we ſhall not get home "time enough to have my beſt wig combed out "again;——and to-morrow, you know, is Sunday."

W.

GOOD NATURE.

NUMB. 75. THURSDAY, *July* 3, 1755.

Non tu corpus eras ſine pectore.— HOR.

Without a mind a man is but an ape,
A mere brute body in an human ſhape.

GOOD-NATURE is to the mind, what beauty is to the body; and an agreeable diſpoſition creates a love

love and eſteem for us in the reſt of mankind, as an handſome perſon recommends us to the good graces of the fair ſex. It may be further obſerved, that any little defect in point of figure is ſooner overlooked, than a ſourneſs in the temper: and we conceive a more laſting diſguſt at a moroſe churliſhneſs of manners, than at an hump-back or a pair of bandy legs. Good-Nature is, indeed, ſo amiable a qualification, that every man would be thought to poſſeſs it: and the ladies themſelves would no more like to be accuſed of a perverſe turn of mind, than of an unhappy caſt of features. Hence it proceeds, that thoſe unfortunate ſtale virgins, uſually called Old Maids, have both theſe heavy cenſures thrown upon them; and are at once condemned as ugly and ill-natured.

Some perſons are (according to the ſtrict import of the phraſe itſelf) born Good-Natured. Theſe fortunate people are eaſy in themſelves, and agreeable to all about them. They are, as it were, conſtitutionally pleaſing; and can no more fail of being affable and engaging in converſation, than an Hamilton or a Coventry can be otherwiſe than beautiful and charming. Yet it is the duty even of thoſe who are naturally endowed "with the ſoft parts of converſation," to be careful not to deprave or abuſe them. They muſt not rely too confidently on their native ſweetneſs of diſpoſition: for we ſhould no more eſteem a man who diſcovered a negligence of pleaſing, than we ſhould admire a beauty, who was an intolerable flattern. Nor, on the other hand, ſhould they let their Good-nature run to an exceſs of compliment and extravagant civility: for an engaging temper has been as often ſpoiled by this troubleſome politeneſs, as a fine ſhape has been ſqueezed into frightful diſtortions by tight ſtays, and a fine complexion entirely ruined by paint.

But

But if this care is requiſite, even in thoſe few who are bleſt with this native complacency and good humour, how neceſſary is it for the generality of mankind to labour at rectifying the irregularities in their temper? For this purpoſe it would be fully ſufficient, if they would employ half the art to cultivate their minds, that is daily uſed to ſet off their perſons. To this important end, not only the female delicacies of paint and eſſence are called in as auxiliaries to the embroidered ſuits and French peruques, but this anxiety to ſupply any perſonal defect has ſet the invention of artificers to work with ſo much earneſtneſs, that there is ſcarce any external blemiſh, which may not be removed or concealed: and however unkindly nature may have dealt with you, you may by their aſſiſtance be made a model for a ſtatuary, or a pattern for a painter to ſtudy.—If you want an inch in height, your ſhoe-maker can ſupply it; and your hoſier can furniſh you with a pair of calves, that may put an Iriſhman to the bluſh. An irregularity in your ſhape can be made inviſible by your taylor, or at leaſt by the artiſt near the Hay-market, who daily gives notice, that he makes ſteel ſtays for all thoſe who are INCLINED *to be crooked*.—There are various beautifying lotions and coſmetics, that will cure ſpots and freckles in the complexion, and combs and ungents, that will change red hair to the fineſt brown. Do you want an eye? Taylor will fill the vacant ſocket with as bright a piercer as the family of the Pentweazles can boaſt. Or is your mouth *deficient* for want of teeth? Paul Jullion, (to uſe his own phraſe) will *rectify your head*, and will fix a ſet in your gums as even and as white as ever adorned the mouth of a chimney-ſweeper. Theſe, and many other inventions no leſs curious and extraordinary have been deviſed; and there are no operations, however painful, which have not been ſubmitted to with patience, to conquer perſonal deformities.

mities. I know a gentleman, who went through the agony of having his leg broken a ſecond time, becauſe it had been ſet awry; and I remember a lady, who died of a cancer in her breaſt, occaſioned by the application of repelling plaſters to keep back her milk, that the beauty of her neck might not be deſtroyed. I moſt heartily wiſh the ſame reſolution was diſcovered in improving the diſpoſition. Tully, in that part of his *Offices* where he ſpeaks of Grace, tell us, "that it is deſtroyed by any vio-"lent perturbations either of the body or mind." It is a pity, that mankind cannot be reconciled to this opinion; ſince it is likely, they would ſpare no pains in cultivating their minds, if it tended to adorn their perſons. Yet it is certain, that a man makes a worſe figure with an ignorant pate, than an unpowdered peruque: and that knowledge is a greater ornament to the head, than a bag or a ſmart cocked hat; that anger ſets like a blood-ſhot in the eyes, while Good-Nature lights them up with ſmiles, and makes every feature in the face charming and agreeable.

The difficulty of being convinced that we want this ſocial turn, is the grand reaſon, that ſo little pains are taken to acquire and pefect it. Would a man once be perſuaded of any irregularity in his temper, he would find the blemiſhes of the mind more eaſily corrected and amended, than the defects and deformities of the body: but alas! every man is in his own opinion ſenſible and good-humoured. It is, indeed, poſſible to convince us, that we have a bad complexion or an aukward deportment, which we endeavour to amend by waſhes and a dancing-maſter; but when the mind is accuſed, ſelf-adulation, the moſt fatal ſpecies of flattery, makes us cajole ourſelves into a belief, that the fault is not in our own diſpoſition, but in that of our companions; as the mad inhabitants of Moorfields conclude all that come

come to viſit them out of their ſenſes. This fooliſh flattery it is, that makes us think ourſelves inflexibly in the right, while we are obſtinately wrong, and prevents our receiving or communicating any pleaſure in ſociety. A whimſical perſon complains of the ficklenеſs of his acquaintance, and conſtantly accuſes them of fancy and caprice; and there never was an inſtance of a poſitive untoward man, that did not continually rail at the perverſeneſs and obſtinacy of the reſt of the world. A modern Buck damns you for a ſullen fellow, if you refuſe a pint bumper, and looks upon you as a ſneaking ſcoundrel, if you decline entering into any of his wild pranks, and do not chuſe to lay all night in the round-houſe. The untractable humouriſt, while he diſguſts all that are about him, conceives himſelf to be the perſon affronted, and laments that there is no harmony in the converſation, though he is himſelf the only one that plays out of tune. It is true, indeed, that "the eye "ſees not itſelf:" but when this blind partiality is carried ſo far, as to induce us to believe thoſe guilty of the folly who make us ſenſible of it, it is ſurely as abſurd as to imagine, that the hair-lip or carbuncled noſe a man ſees in the glaſs, belongs to the figure in the mirrour, and not to his own face.

Perfection is no more to be expected in the minds of men than in their perſons: Natural defects and irregularities in both muſt be overlooked and excuſed. But then equal attention ſhould be paid to both; and we ſhould not be anxious to cloath the perſon, and at the ſame time let the mind go naked. We ſhould be equally aſſiduous to obtain knowledge and virtue, as to put on lace and velvet; and when our minds are completely dreſſed, we ſhould take care that Good-nature and complacency influence and direct the whole: which will throw the ſame grace over our virtues and good qualities, as fine cloaths receive from being cut according to the faſhion.

ſhion. In order to acquire theſe good qualities, we ſhould examine ourſelves impartially, and not erect ourſelves into judges, and treat all the reſt of mankind like criminals. Would it not be highly ridiculous in a perſon of quality to go to court in a ruff, a cloak, a pair of trunk hoſe, and the habit worn in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and while he ſtrutted about in this antiquated garb, to accuſe all the reſt of the world of being out of the faſhion?

I cannot conclude better than with a paſſage from *Swift's Tale of a Tub*, where the ſtrict analogy between the cloathing of the mind and the body is humourouſly pointed out. "Man (ſays he) is a *Micro-Coat*. As to his body there can be no doubt; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furniſhing out an exact dreſs. To inſtance no more; is not *Religion* a Cloak, *Honeſty* a pair of Shoes worn out in the dirt, *Self-Love* a ſurtout, *Vanity* a Shirt, and *Conſcience* a pair of Breeches, which, though a cover for lewdneſs as well as naſtineſs, is eaſily ſlipt down for the ſervice of both?"

O

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

NUMB. 78. THURSDAY, *July* 24, 1755.

Ætatis cujuſque notandi ſunt tibi mores. HOR.

What foibles wait on life through ev'ry ſtage!
Our youth a wild fire, and a froſt our age!

To Mr. TOWN.

SIR,

NOTHING is more neceſſary, in order to wear off any particularities in our behaviour, or to root out

out any perverſeneſs in our opinions, than mixing with perſons of ages and occupations different from our own. Whoſoever confines himſelf entirely to the ſociety of thoſe who are engaged in the ſame purſuits, and whoſe thoughts naturally take the ſame turn with his own, acquires a certain ſtiffneſs and pedantry of behaviour, which is ſure to make him diſagreeable, except in one particular ſet of company. Inſtead of cramping the mind by keeping it within ſo narrow a circle, we ſhould endeavour to enlarge it by every worthy notion and accompliſhment; and temper each qualification with its oppoſite; as the four elements are compounded in our natural frame.

The neceſſity of this free converſation, to open and improve the mind, is evident from the conſequences which always follow a neglect of it. The employment each man is engaged in, wholly engroſſes his attention, and tinges the mind with a peculiar die, which ſhews itſelf in all the operations of it, unleſs prevented by natural good ſenſe, or a liberal education. The phyſician, the lawyer, and the tradeſman, will appear in company, though none of thoſe occupations are the ſubject of diſcourſe; and the clergyman will grow moroſe and ſevere, who ſeldom or never converſes with the laity. If no particular profeſſion claims this influence over us, ſome darling paſſion or amuſement gives a colour to our thoughts and actions, and makes us odious or at leaſt ridiculous. Fine ladies, for inſtance, by deſpiſing the converſation of ſenſible men, can talk of nothing but routs, balls, aſſemblies, birth-day ſuits, and intrigues; and fine gentlemen, for the ſame reaſon, of almoſt nothing at all. In like manner the furious partizan, who has not been weaned from a mad attachment to particular principles, is weak enough to imagine every man of a different way of thinking a fool and a ſcoundrel; and the ſectary or

zealot

zealot devotes to eternal damnation all thoſe who will not go to heaven in the ſame road with himſelf, under the guidance of Whitefield, Weſley, or Count Zinzendorff. To the ſame cauſe we owe the rough country 'ſquire, whoſe ideas are wholly bent on guns, dogs, horſes, and game; and who has every thing about him of a piece with his diverſions. His hall muſt be adorned with ſtags heads, inſtead of buſts and ſtatues; and in the room of family pictures, you will ſee prints of the moſt famous ſtallions and race-horſes: all his doors open and ſhut with foxes feet; and even the buttons of his cloaths are impreſſed with the figures of dogs, foxes, ſtags, and horſes. To this abſurd practice of cultivating only one ſet of ideas, and ſhutting ourſelves out from any intercourſe with the reſt of the world, is owing that narrowneſs of mind, which has infected the converſation of the polite world with inſipidity, made roughneſs and brutality the characteriſtics of a mere country gentleman, and produced the moſt fatal conſequences in politics and religion.

But if this commerce with the generality of mankind is ſo neceſſary to remove any impreſſions, which we may be liable to receive from any particular employment or darling amuſement, what precautions ought to be uſed, in order to remedy the inconveniencies naturally incident to the different ages of life! It is not certain, that a perſon will be engaged in any profeſſion, or given up to any peculiar kind of pleaſure; but the mind of every man is ſubject to the inclinations ariſing from the ſeveral ſtages of his exiſtence, as well as his body to chronical diſtempers. This, indeed, Mr. Town, is the principal cauſe of my writing to you: for it has often given me great concern to ſee the preſent diviſion between the young and the old; to obſerve elderly men forming themſelves into clubs and ſocieties, that they may be more ſecurely ſeparated from youth; and to

ſee

ſee young men running into diſſipation and debauchery, rather than aſſociate with age. If each party would labour to conform to the other, from ſuch a coalition many advantages would accrue to both.—Our youth would be inſtructed by the experience of age, and loſe much of that levity, which they retain too long; while at the ſame time the wrinkled brow of the aged would be ſmoothed by the ſprightly chearfulneſs of youth; by which they might ſupply the want of ſpirits, forget the loſs of old friends, and bear with eaſe all their worldly misfortunes. It is remarkable, that thoſe young men are the moſt worthy and ſenſible, who have kept up any intercourſe with the old; and that thoſe old men are of the moſt chearful and amiable diſpoſition, who have not been aſhamed to converſe with the young.

I will not pretend to decide which party is moſt blameable in neglecting this neceſſary commerce with each other; which, if properly managed, would be at once ſo beneficial and delightful: but it undoubtedly ariſes from a certain ſelfiſhneſs and obſtinacy in both, which will not ſuffer them to make a mutual allowance for the natural difference of their diſpoſitions. Their inclinations are, indeed, as different as their years; yet each expects the other to comply, though neither will make any advances.—How rarely do we ſee the leaſt degree of ſociety preſerved between a father and a ſon! a ſhocking reflection, when we conſider that nature has endeavoured to unite them by parental affection on one ſide, and filial gratitude on the other. Yet a father and ſon as ſeldom live together with any tolerable harmony, as an huſband and wife; and chiefly for the ſame reaſon: for though they are both joined under the ſame yoke, yet they are each tugging different ways. A father might as well expect his ſon to be as gouty and infirm as himſelf, as to have the diſpoſition which he has contracted from age; and a

ſon

ſon might as reaſonably deſire the vigour and vivacity of five and twenty, as his own love of gaiety and diverſions, in his father. It is therefore evident, that a mutual endeavour to conform to each other, is abſolutely requiſite to keep together the cement of natural affection, which an untractable ſtubborneſs ſo frequently diſſolves; or at leaſt, if it does not diſturb the affection, it conſtantly deſtroys the ſociety between father and ſon.

This unhappy and unnatural diviſion is often the ſubject of complaint in perſons of both ages; but is ſtill unremedied, becauſe neither reflect on the cauſe whence it proceeds. Old men are perpetually commenting on the extreme levity of the times, and blaming the young, becauſe they do not admire and court their company: which, indeed, is no wonder, ſince they generally treat their youthful companions as mere children, and expect ſuch a ſlaviſh deference to their years, as deſtroys that equality by which chearfulneſs and ſociety ſubſiſts. Young men do not like to be chid by a proverb, or reproved by a wrinkle: but though they do not chuſe to be corrected by their grave ſeniors like ſchool-boys, they would be proud to conſult them as friends: which the injudicious ſeverity of old age ſeldom will permit, not deigning to indulge them with ſo great a degree of freedom and familiarity. Youth, on the other hand, ſhun the company of age, complaining of the ſmall regard and reſpect paid to them, though they often act with ſo little reſerve and ſuch unbecoming confidence, as not to deſerve it. Suppoſe the old were pleaſed with the natural flow of ſpirits and lively converſation of youth, ſtill ſome reſpect may be challenged as due to them; nor ſhould the decency and ſobriety of their characters ever be inſulted by any improper or immodeſt converſation.

I am an old man myſelf, Mr. Town, and I have an only boy, whoſe behaviour to me is unexception-

able: permit me, therefore, to dwell a moment longer on my favourite ſubject, and I will conclude.—With what harmony might all parents and children live together, if the father would ſtrive to ſoften the rigour of age, and remember that his ſon muſt naturally poſſeſs thoſe qualities, which ever accompany youth; and if the ſon would in return endeavour to ſuit himſelf to thoſe infirmities, which his father received from old age! If they would reciprocally ſtudy to be agreeable to each other, the father would inſenſibly ſubſtitute affection in the room of authority, and loſe the churliſh ſeverity and peeviſhneſs incident to his years: while the ſon would curb the unbecoming impetuoſity of his youth, change his reluctance to obey into a conſtant attention to pleaſe, and remit much of his extreme gaiety in conformity to the gravity of his father. Wherever ſuch a turn of mind is encouraged, there muſt be happineſs and agreeable ſociety: and the contrary qualities of youth and age, thus blended, compoſe the ſureſt cement of affection; as colours of the moſt oppoſite tints, by a ſkilful mixture, each giving and receiving certain ſhades, will form a picture, the moſt heightened and exquiſite in its colouring.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

JOHN BEVIL.

NEW

NEW YEAR.

NUMB. 101. THURSDAY, *January* 1, 1756.

--------*Janique bifrontis imago.* VIRG.

In two-fac'd JANUS we this moral find;
While we look forward, we ſhould look behind.

AS the appointed time of our publication now happens to fall on New-years-day, I cannot open the buſineſs of the year with a better grace, than by taking the preſent hour for the ſubject of this paper: a ſubject, which pleaſes me the more, as it alſo gives me an opportunity of paying my readers the compliments of the ſeaſon, and moſt ſincerely wiſhing them all *a happy new year, and a great many of them.* But, in order to make theſe civilities of more conſequence than a bare compliment, I will alſo endeavour to give them a little wholeſome advice; by which they may be moſt likely to enſure to themſelves that happineſs, and to go through the enſuing year with eaſe and tranquillity.

No God in the heathen Pantheon was expreſſed by more proper emblems, or more ſignificantly repreſented, than Janus; whom we may fairly ſtile in our language the God of the New Year. The medals, on which the image of this Deity was engraved, bore two faces, not ogling each other, like thoſe on the ſhillings of Philip and Mary, nor cheek by jowl like the double viſage on the coin of William and Mary, but turned from each other; one looking forwards, as it were, into futurity, and the other taking a retroſpective view of what was paſt. There cannot be deviſed a ſtronger, or more ſenſible leſſon of moral inſtruction, than this figure teaches

us. This double view comprehends in itſelf the ſum of human prudence; for the moſt perfect reaſon can go no higher than wiſely to gueſs at the future, by reflecting on the paſt; and morality is never ſo likely to perſevere in a ſteady and uniform courſe, as when it ſets out with a fixed determination of mutually regulating the New Year by a recollection of the Old, and at the ſame time making the ſucceeding a comment on the laſt.

Moſt of the faults in the general conduct of mankind, and their frequent miſcarriages in their moſt favourite enterprizes, will be found, upon examination, to reſult from an imperfect and partial view of what relates to their duty or undertakings. Some regulate their actions by blind gueſs, and raſhly preſuming on the future, without the leaſt attention to the paſt. With theſe the impetuoſity of the paſſions gives their reaſon no ſcope to exert itſelf, but, neglecting the premiſes, they jump to a concluſion. Others, who are often taken for men of deep reflection and marvellous underſtanding, meditate ſo profoundly on the paſt, that they ſcarce take any notice either of the preſent or the future. To theſe two characters, whoſe miſconduct ariſes from two ſuch contrary ſources, may indeed be added a third, whoſe wild irregular behaviour is founded on no fixt principles, but proceeds from a total abſence of thought and reflection. Theſe eaſy creatures act entirely at random, neither troubling themſelves with what has been, what is, or what will be; and, as the image of Janus ſeems to bear two heads, theſe thoughtleſs vacant animals may almoſt be ſaid to have no head at all.

But that the neceſſity of taking this comprehenſive view of our affairs may appear in the ſtronger light, let us conſider the many difficulties, in which men of any of the above characters are involved, from a total neglect or partial ſurvey of matters that ſhould

influence

influence their conduct. The firſt ſort of men, who nouriſh great expectations from the future, and ſuffer hope to lay their prudence to ſleep, are very common: indeed, almoſt every man, like the dairy-maid with her pail of milk, pleaſes himſelf with calculating the advantages he ſhall reap from his undertakings. There is ſcarce a ſervitor at either univerſity, who, when he takes orders, does not think it more than poſſible he may one day be a biſhop, or at leaſt head of a college, though perhaps at firſt he is glad to ſnap at a curacy. Every walking attendant on our hoſpitals flatters himſelf that a few years will ſettle him in high practice and a chariot: and among thoſe few gentlemen of the inns of the court, who really deſerve the name of ſtudents, there is hardly one who ſits down to Lord Coke without imagining that he may himſelf, ſome time or other, be Lord Chancellor. At this early period of life theſe vain hopes may perhaps ſerve as ſpurs to diligence and virtue; but what ſhall we ſay to thoſe people, who, in ſpite of experience and repeated diſappointments, ſtill place their chief dependance on groundleſs expectations from their future fortune! This Town ſwarms with people who rely almoſt ſolely on contingencies: and our goals are often filled with wretches, who brought on their own poverty and misfortunes, by promiſing themſelves great profit from ſome darling ſcheme, which has at laſt been attended with bankruptcy. The preſent extravagance of many of our ſpend-thrifts is built on ſome ideal riches, of which they are ſoon to be in poſſeſſion: and which they are laying out as freely as the girl in the farce ſquanders the ten thouſand pounds ſhe was to get in the lottery. I am myſelf acquainted with a young fellow, who had great expectations from an old uncle. He had ten thouſand pounds of his own in ready money; and as the old gentleman was of an infirm conſtitution, and turned

of ſixty, the nephew very conſiderately computed, that his uncle could hardly laſt above five years, during which time he might go on very genteelly at the rate of 2000*l.* per annum. However the old gentleman held together above ſeven years, the two laſt of which our young ſpark had no conſolation, but the daily hopes of his uncle's death. The happy hour at length arrived; the will was tore open with rapture; when, alas! the fond youth diſcovered, that he had never once reflected, that though he had a ticket in the wheel, it might poſſibly come up a blank, and had the mortification to find himſelf diſinherited.

I ſhall not dwell ſo particularly on the ridiculous folly of thoſe profound ſpeculatiſts, who fix their attention entirely on what is paſt, without making their reflections of ſervice either for the preſent or the future, becauſe it is not a very common or tempting ſpecies of abſurdity: but ſhall rather adviſe the reader to conſider the time paſt, as the ſchool of experience, from which he may draw the moſt uſeful leſſons for his future conduct. This kind retroſpect would teach us to provide with foreſight againſt the calamities to which our inexperience has hitherto expoſed us, though at the ſame time it would not throw us ſo far back, as to keep us lagging, like the Old Stile, behind the reſt of the world. To ſay the truth, thoſe ſage perſons who are given to ſuch deep reflection, as to let to-day and to-morrow paſs unregarded by meditating on yeſterday, are as ridiculous in their conduct, as country beaux in their dreſs, who adopt the two modes, juſt after they are become unfaſhionable in London.

But there is no taſk ſo difficult, as to infuſe ideas into a brain hitherto entirely unaccuſtomed to thihking: for how can we warn a man to avoid the misfortunes which may hereafter befal him, or to improve by the calamities he has already ſuffered, whoſe

whoſe actions are not the reſult of thought, or guided by experience? Theſe perſons are, indeed, of all others, the moſt to be pitied. They are prodigal and abandoned in their conduct, and by vicious exceſſes ruin their conſtitution, till at length poverty and death ſtare them in the face at the ſame time; or if, unfortunately, their crazy frame holds together after the utter deſtruction of their fortune, they finiſh a thoughtleſs life by an act of deſperation, and a piſtol puts an end to their miſeries.

Since then good fortune cannot be expected to fall into our laps, and it requries ſome thought to enſure to ourſelves a likelihood of ſucceſs in our undertakings, let us look back with attention on the Old Year, and gather inſtructions from it in what manner to conduct ourſelves through the New. Let us alſo endeavour to draw from it a leſſon of morality: and I hope it will not be thought too ſolemn a concluſion of this paper, if I adviſe my readers to carry this reflection even into religion. This train of thought, that teaches us at once to reflect on the paſt, and look forward to the future, will alſo naturally lead us to look up with awe and admiration towards that Being, who has exiſted from all eternity, and ſhall exiſt world without end. No conſideration can give us a more exalted idea of the Power, who firſt created us, and whoſe providence is always over us. Let us then conſider with attention this Pagan image, by which we may add force to our morality, and prudence to our ordinary conduct; nor let us bluſh to receive a leſſon from Heathens, which may animate our zeal and reverence for the Author of Chriſtianity.

O

TASTE.

NUMB. 120. THURSDAY, *May* 13, 1756.

Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus.--- HOR.

A ſubtle fancy and a judgment chaſte,
Form the nice mixture of a genuine taſte.

TASTE is at preſent the darling idol of the polite world, and the world of letters; and, indeed, ſeems to be conſidered as the quinteſſence of almoſt all the arts and ſciences. The fine ladies and gentlemen dreſs with Taſte; the architects, whether Gothic or Chineſe, build with Taſte; the painters paint with Taſte; the poets write with Taſte; critics read with Taſte; and, in ſhort, fidlers, players, ſingers, dancers, and mechanics themſelves, are all the ſons and daughters of Taſte. Yet in this amazing ſuperabundancy of Taſte, few can ſay what it really is, or what the word itſelf ſignifies. Should I attempt to define it in the ſtile of a *Connoiſſeur*, I muſt run over the names of all the famous poets, painters, and ſculptors, ancient and modern; and after having pompouſly harangued on the excellencies of Apelles, Phidias, Praxiteles, Angelo, Rubens, Pouſſin, and Dominichino, with a word or two on all taſteful compoſitions, ſuch as thoſe of Homer, Virgil, Taſſo, Dante, and Arioſto, I ſhould leave the reader in wonder of my profound erudition, and as little informed as before. But as deep learning, though more flaming and pompous, is perhaps not always ſo uſeful as common ſenſe, I ſhall endeavour to get at the true meaning of the word Taſte, by conſidering what it uſually imports in familiar writings and ordinary converſation.

It

It is ſuppoſed by Locke, and other cloſe reaſoners, that words are intended as ſigns of our ideas: but daily experience will convince us, that words are often uſed to expreſs no ideas at all. Thus many perſons, who talk perpetually of Taſte, throw it out as a mere expletive, without any meaning annexed to it. Bardolph, when demanded the meaning of the word *accommodated*, wiſely explains it by ſaying that "*accommodated*, ſir, is—a—a—a—*accommoda-*"*ted*, ſir, is as if one ſhould ſay—a—*accommoda-*"*ted:*" and if, in like manner, you aſk one of theſe people, *What is Taſte?* they will tell you that "Taſte is a kind of a ſort of a—a—a—; in ſhort, "Taſte is Taſte." Theſe talkers muſt be conſidered as abſolute blanks in converſation, ſince it is impoſſible to learn the explanation of a term from them, as they affix no determinate meaning to any expreſſion.

Among men of ſenſe, whoſe words carry meaning in their ſound, Taſte is commonly uſed in one of theſe two ſignifications. Firſt, when they give any perſon the appellation of a Man of Taſte, they would intimate that he has a turn for the polite arts, as well as the leſſer elegancies of life; and that from his natural bent to thoſe ſtudies, and his acquired knowledge in them, he is capable of diſtinguiſhing what is good or bad in any thing of that kind ſubmitted to his judgement. The meaning at other times implied by a Man of Taſte is, that he is not only ſo far an adept in thoſe matters, as to be able to judge of them accurately, but is alſo poſſeſſed of the faculty of executing them gracefully. Theſe two ſignifications will perhaps be more eaſily conceived, and clearly illuſtrated, when applied to our Senſual Taſte. The Man of Taſte, according to the firſt, may be conſidered as a *Bon Vivant*, who is fond of the diſhes before him, and diſtinguiſhes nicely what is ſavoury and delicious, or flat and inſipid,

ſipid, in the ingredients of each: according to the ſecond, he may be regarded as the Cook, who from knowing what things will mix well together, and diſtinguiſhing by a nice Taſte when he has arrived at that happy mixture, is able to compoſe ſuch exquiſite diſhes.

Both theſe ſignifications of the word will be found agreeable to the following definition of it, which I have ſomewhere ſeen, and is the only juſt deſcription of the term that I ever remember to have met with: "Taſte conſiſts in nice harmony between the "Fancy and the Judgement." The moſt chaſtiſed Judgement, without Genius, can never conſtitute a Man of Taſte; and the moſt luxuriant Imagination, unregulated by Judgement, will only carry us into wild and extravagant deviations from it. To mix oil, vinegar, butter, milk, eggs, &c. incoherently together, would make an Olio not to be reliſhed by any palate; and the man who has no goût for delicacies himſelf, will never compoſe a good diſh, though he ſhould ever ſo ſtrictly adhere to the rules of La Chapelle, Hannah Glaſſe, and Martha Bradley. I confine myſelf at preſent chiefly to that ſignification of the word, which implies the capacity of exerting our own faculties in the ſeveral branches of Taſte, becauſe *that* always includes the other.

Having thus ſettled what Taſte is, it may not be unentertaining to examine modern Taſte by theſe rules: and perhaps it will appear, that, on the one hand, its moſt pleaſing flights and raviſhing elegancies are extravagant and abſurd; and that, on the other hand, thoſe who affect a correct Taſte in all their undertakings, proceed mechanically, without genius. The firſt ſpecies of Taſte, which gives a looſe to the imagination, indulges itſelf in caprice, and is perpetually ſtriking new ſtrokes, is the chief regulator of the faſhion. In dreſs, it has put hunting

ing poles into the hands of our gentlemen, and erected coaches and windmills on the heads of our ladies. In equipage, it has built chariots of *papier maché*, and, by putting ſpotted Daniſh horſes into the harneſs, has made our beaux look like Bacchus in his car drawn by leopards. The ornaments, both on the outſide and inſide of our houſes, are all Gothic or Chineſe: and whoever makes a pagod of his parlour, throws a plank or two with an irregular croſs-barred paling over a dirty ditch, or places battlements on a root-houſe or a ſtable, fits up his houſe and garden entirely in Taſte.

The ſecond ſort of Men of Taſte are to be found chiefly among the *Literati*; and are thoſe, who, deſpiſing the modern whims to which faſhion has given the name of Taſte, pretend to follow, with the moſt ſcrupulous exactneſs, the chaſte models of the ancients. Theſe are the Poets, who favour us with correct, epithetical, and *taſteful* compoſitions; whoſe works are without blemiſh, and conformable to the preciſe rules of Quintilian, Horace, and Ariſtotle: and as they are intended merely for the peruſal of perſons of the moſt refined Taſte, it is no wonder that they are above the level of common underſtandings. Theſe too are the critics, who, in their comments upon authors, embarraſs us with repeated alluſions to the ſtudy of *Virtù*: and theſe too are the *Connoiſſeurs* in Architecture, who build ruins after Vitruvius, and neceſſaries according to Palladio.—One gentleman of this caſt has built his villa upon a bleak hill, with four ſpacious porticos, open on each ſide to court the four winds; becauſe, in the ſultry regions of Italy, this model has been thought moſt convenient: and another has, in great meaſure, ſhut out the light from his apartments, and cut off all proſpect from his windows, by erecting an high wall before his houſe, which in Italy has been judged neceſſary, to ſcreen them from the ſun.

Architecture ſeems indeed to be the main article in which the efforts of Taſte are now diſplayed.—Among thoſe who are fond of exerting their fancies in capricious innovations, I might inſtance the many pretty whims, of which an infinite variety may be ſeen within ten miles of London. But as a proof of the noble and judicious Taſte among us, I ſhall beg leave to deſcribe, in the ſtile of a *Connoiſſeur*, a moſt amazing curioſity, erected in a very polite quarter of this town.

In the midſt of a noble and ſpacious area ſtands a grand Obeliſk. The Baſe forms a perfect ſquare with right angles; the Body of it is cylindrical; but the Capital is an Heptagon, and has ſeveral curious lines and figures deſcribed on each of its ſeven planes or ſuperfices, which ſerve to terminate as many moſt magnificent and ſtriking Viſtas. This ſuperb Column, no leſs remarkable than the famous Pillar of Trajan, ſeems (from the ſeveral Gnomons and other Hieroglyphics ſtuck about it) to have been originally dedicated to the ſun; but is now known among the vulgar, by the more common name of *The Seven Dials*.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE IDLER.

FRIENDSHIP.

NUMB. 23. SATURDAY, *September* 23, 1758.

LIFE has no pleaſure higher or nobler than that of Friendſhip. It is painful to conſider, that this ſublime enjoyment may be impaired or deſtroyed by innumerable cauſes, and that there is no human poſſeſſion of which the duration is leſs certain.

Many have talked, in very exalted language, of the perpetuity of Friendſhip, of invincible Conſtancy, and unalienable Kindneſs; and ſome examples have been ſeen of men who have continued faithful to their earlieſt choice, and whoſe affection has predominated over changes of fortune, and contrariety of opinion.

But

But theſe inſtances are memorable, becauſe they are rare. The Friendſhip which is to be practiſed or expected by common mortals, muſt take its riſe from mutual pleaſure, and muſt end when the power ceaſes of delighting each other.

Many accidents therefore may happen, by which the ardour of kindneſs will be abated, without criminal baſeneſs or contemptible inconſtancy on either part. To give pleaſure is not always in our power; and little does he know himſelf, who believes that he can be always able to receive it.

Thoſe who would gladly paſs their days together may be ſeparated by the different courſe of their affairs; and Friendſhip, like Love, is deſtroyed by long abſence, though it may be encreaſed by ſhort intermiſſions. What we have miſſed long enough to want it, we value more when it is regained; but that which has been loſt till it is forgotten, will be found at laſt with little gladneſs, and with ſtill leſs if a ſubſtitute has ſupplied the place. A man deprived of the companion to whom he uſed to open his boſom, and with whom he ſhared the hours of leiſure and merriment, feels the day at firſt hanging heavy on him: his difficulties oppreſs, and his doubts diſtract him; he ſees time come and go without his wonted gratification, and all is ſadneſs within, and ſolitude about him. But this uneaſineſs never laſts long; neceſſity produces expedients, new amuſements are diſcovered, and new converſation is admitted.

No expectation is more frequently diſappointed, than that which naturally ariſes in the mind, from the proſpect of meeting an old Friend after long ſeparation. We expect the attraction to be revived, and the coalition to be renewed; no man conſiders how much alteration time has made in himſelf, and very few enquire what effect it has had upon others. The firſt hour convinces them, that the pleaſure, which

which they have formerly enjoyed, is for ever at an end; different ſcenes have made different impreſſions; the opinions of both are changed; and that ſimilitude of manners and ſentiment is loſt, which confirmed them both in the approbation of themſelves.

Friendſhip is often deſtroyed by oppoſition of intereſt, not only by the ponderous and viſible intereſt which the deſire of wealth and greatneſs forms and maintains, but by a thouſand ſecret and ſlight competitions, ſcarcely known to the mind upon which they operate. There is ſcarcely any man without ſome favourite trifle which he values above greater attainments, ſome deſire of petty praiſe which he cannot patiently ſuffer to be fruſtrated. This minute ambition is ſometimes croſſed before it is known, and ſometimes defeated by wanton petulance; but ſuch attacks are ſeldom made without the loſs of Friendſhip; for whoever has once found the vulnerable part will always be feared, and the reſentment will burn on in ſecret, of which ſhame hinders the diſcovery.

This, however, is a ſlow malignity, which a wiſe man will obviate as inconſiſtent with quiet, and a good man will repreſs as contrary to virtue; but human happineſs is ſometimes violated by ſome more ſudden ſtrokes.

A diſpute begun in jeſt, upon a ſubject which a moment before was on both parts regarded with careleſs indifference, is continued by the deſire of conqueſt, till vanity kindles into rage, and oppoſition rankles into enmity. Againſt this haſty miſchief, I know not what ſecurity can be obtained: men will be ſometimes ſurprized into quarrels; and though they might both haſten to reconciliation, as ſoon as their tumult had ſubſided, yet two minds will ſeldom be found together, which can at once ſubdue their diſcontent, or immediately enjoy the ſweets

ſweets of peace, without remembering the wounds of the conflict.

Friendſhip has other enemies. Suſpicion is always hardening the cautious, and Diſguſt repelling the delicate. Very ſlender differences will ſometimes part thoſe whom long reciprocation of civility or beneficence has united. Lonelove and Ranger retired into the country to enjoy the company of each other, and returned in ſix weeks cold and petulent; Ranger's pleaſure was to walk in the fields, and Lonelove's to ſit in a bower; each had complied with the other in his turn, and each was angry that compliance had been exacted.

The moſt fatal diſeaſe of Friendſhip is gradual decay, or diſlike hourly encreaſed by cauſes too ſlender for complaint, and too numerous for removal. Thoſe who are angry may be reconciled; thoſe who have been injured may receive a recompence; but when the deſire of pleaſing and willingneſs to be pleaſed is ſilently diminiſhed, the renovation of Friendſhip is hopeleſs; as, when the vital powers ſink into languor, there is no longer any uſe of the Phyſician.

DEATH.

NUMB. 41. SATURDAY, *January* 27, 1759.

THE following Letter relates to an affliction perhaps not neceſſary to be imparted to the Public; but I could not perſuade myſelf to ſuppreſs it, becauſe I think I know the ſentiments to be ſincere, and I feel no diſpoſition to provide for this day any other entertainment.

At tu quiſquis eris, miſeri qui cruda poetæ
Credideris ſletu funera digna tuo,
Hæc poſtrema tibi ſit flendi cauſa, fluatque
Lenis inoffenſo vitaque morſque gradu.

Mr. IDLER,

NOTWITHSTANDING the warnings of Philoſophers, and the daily examples of loſſes and misfortunes which life forces upon our obſervation, ſuch is the abſorption of our thoughts in the buſineſs of the preſent day, ſuch the reſignation of our reaſon to empty hopes of future felicity, or ſuch our unwillingneſs to foreſee what we dread, that every calamity comes ſuddenly upon us, and not only preſſes us as a burthen, but cruſhes as a blow.

There are evils which happen out of the common courſe of nature, againſt which it is no reproach not to be provided. A flaſh of lightning intercepts the traveller in his way. The concuſſion of an earthquake heaps the ruins of cities upon their inhabitants. But other miſeries time brings, though ſilently yet viſibly, forward by its even lapſe, which yet approach us unſeen becauſe we turn our eyes away, and ſeize us unreſiſted becauſe we could not arm ourſelves againſt them, but by ſetting them before us.

That it is vain to ſhrink from what cannot be avoided, and to hide that from ourſelves which muſt ſome time be found, is a truth which we all know, but which all neglect, and perhaps none more than the ſpeculative reaſoner, whoſe thoughts are always from home, whoſe eye wanders over life, whoſe fancy dances after meteors of happineſs kindled by itſelf, and who examines every thing rather than his own ſtate.

Nothing is more evident than that the decays of age muſt terminate in death; yet there is no man,

ſays

ſays Tully, who does not believe that he may yet live another year; and there is none who does not, upon the ſame principle, hope another year for his parent or his friend: but the fallacy will be in time detected; the laſt year, the laſt day muſt come. It has come, and is paſt. The life which made my own life pleaſant is at an end, and the gates of death are ſhut upon my proſpects.

The loſs of a friend upon whom the heart was fixed, to whom every wiſh and endeavour tended, is a ſtate of dreary deſolation in which the mind looks abroad impatient of itſelf, and finds nothing but emptineſs and horror. The blameleſs life, the artleſs tenderneſs, the pious ſimplicity, the modeſt reſignation, the patient ſickneſs, and the quiet death, are remembered only to add value to the loſs, to aggrative regret for what cannot be amended, to deepen ſorrow for what cannot be recalled.

Theſe are the calamities by which Providence gradually diſengages us from the love of life. Other evils fortitude may repel, or hope may mitigate; but irreparable privation leaves nothing to exerciſe reſolution or flatter expectation. The dead cannot return, and nothing is left us here but languiſhment and grief.

Yet ſuch is the courſe of nature, that whoever lives long muſt outlive thoſe whom he loves and honours. Such is the condition of our preſent exiſtence, that life muſt one time loſe its aſſociations, and every inhabitant of the earth muſt walk downward to the grave alone and unregarded, without any partner of his joy or grief, without any intereſted witneſs of his misfortunes or ſucceſs.

Misfortune, indeed, he may yet feel; for where is the bottom of the miſery of man? But what is ſucceſs to him that has none to enjoy it? Happineſs is not found in ſelf-contemplation; it is perceived only when it is reflected from another.

We know little of the ſtate of departed ſouls, becauſe ſuch knowledge is not neceſſary to a good life. Reaſon deſerts us at the brink of the grave and can give no further intelligence. Revelation is not wholly ſilent. *There is joy in the Angels of Heaven over one Sinner that repenteth*; and ſurely this joy is not incommunicable to ſouls diſentangled from the body, and made like Angels.

Let Hope therefore dictate, what Revelation does not confute, that the union of ſouls may ſtill remain; and that we who are ſtruggling with ſin, ſorrow, and infirmities, may have our part in the attention and kindneſs of thoſe who have finiſhed their courſe, and are now receiving their reward.

Theſe are the great occaſions which force the mind to take refuge in Religion: when we have no help in ourſelves, what can remain but that we look up to a higher and a greater Power? and to what hope may we not raiſe our eyes and hearts, when we conſider that the Greateſt POWER is the BEST?

Surely there is no man who, thus afflicted, does not ſeek ſuccour in the *Goſpel*, which has brought *Life and Immortality to light*. The precepts of *Epicurus*, who teaches us to endure what the Laws of the Univerſe make neceſſary, may ſilence, but not content us. The dictates of *Zeno*, who commands us to look with indifference on external things, may diſpoſe us to conceal our ſorrow, but cannot aſſuage it. Real alleviation of the loſs of friends, and rational tranquillity in the proſpect of our own diſſolution, can be received only from the promiſes of him in whoſe hands are life and death, and from the aſſurance of another and better ſtate, in which all tears will be wiped from the eyes, and the whole ſoul ſhall be filled with joy. Philoſophy may infuſe ſtubbornneſs, but Religion only can give Patience.

I am, &c.

FLIGHT OF TIME.

NUMB. 43. SATURDAY, *February* 10, 1759.

THE natural advantages which ariſe from the poſition of the Earth which we inhabit with reſpect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical ſpeculation, by which it has been diſcovered, that no other conformation of the ſyſtem could have given ſuch commodious diſtributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleaſure to ſo great a part of a revolving ſphere.

It may be perhaps obſerved by the moraliſt, with equal reaſon, that our globe ſeems particularly fitted for the reſidence of a Being, placed here only for a ſhort time, whoſe taſk is to advance himſelf to a higher and happier ſtate of exiſtence, by unremitted vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue.

The duties required of man are ſuch as human nature does not willingly perform, and ſuch as thoſe are inclined to delay who yet intend ſome time to fulfil them. It was therefore neceſſary that this univerſal reluctance ſhould be counteracted, and the drowſineſs of heſitation wakened into reſolve; that the danger of procraſtination ſhould be always in view and the fallacies of ſecurity be hourly detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conſpire. Whatever we ſee on every ſide, reminds us of the lapſe of Time and the flux of Life. The day and night ſucceed each other, the rotation of ſeaſons diverſifies the year, the ſun riſes, attains the meridian, declines and ſets; and the moon every night changes its form.

The Day has been conſidered as an image of the Year, and the Year as the reqreſentation of Life.

The

The Morning anſwers to the Spring, and the Spring to Childhood and Youth: the Noon correſponds to the Summer, and the Summer to the Strength of Manhood. The Evening is an emblem of Autumn, and Autumn of declining Life. The Night with its Silence and Darkneſs ſhews the Winter, in which all the powers of Vegetation are benumbed; and the Winter points out the time when Life ſhall ceaſe, with its hopes and pleaſures.

He that is carried forward, however ſwiftly, by a motion equable atd eaſy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus ſilently along, paſſed on through undiſtinguiſhable uniformity, we ſhould never mark its approaches to the end of the courſe. If one hour were like another; if the paſſage of the Sun did not ſhew that the day is waſting; if the change of ſeaſons did not impreſs upon us the flight of the year; quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide unobſerved. If the parts of time were not variouſly coloured, we ſhould never diſcern their departure or ſucceſſion, but ſhould live thoughtleſs of the paſt, and careleſs of the future, without will, and perhaps without power to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already loſt with that which may probably remain.

But the courſe of time is ſo viſibly marked, that it is obſerved even by the birds of paſſage, and by nations who have raiſed their minds very little above animal inſtinct: there are human beings, whoſe language does not ſupply them with words by which they can number five, but I have read of none that have not names for Day and Night, for Summer and Winter.

Yet it is certain that theſe admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many who mark with ſuch accuracy the courſe of time, appear to have better ſenſibility

ſibility of the decline of life. Every man has ſomething to do which he neglects; ever man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

So little do we accuſtom ourſelves to conſider the effects of time, that things neceſſary and certain often ſurprize us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the Beauty in her bloom, and, after an abſence of twenty years, wonder, at our return, to find her faded. We meet thoſe whom we left Children, and can ſcarcely perſuade ourſelves to treat them as men. The Traveller viſits in age thoſe countries through which he rambled in is youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The Man of Buſineſs, wearied with unſatisfactory proſperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the laſt years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention, ſo general and ſo miſchievous, let it be every man's ſtudy to exempt himſelf. Let him that deſires to ſee others happy, make haſte to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes away ſomething from the value of his benefaction. And let him who propoſes his own happineſs, reflect, that while he forms his purpoſe the day rolls on, and *the night cometh when no man can work.*

SELF DENIAL.

NUMB. 52. SATURDAY, *April* 14, 1759.

Reſponſare cupidinibus. HOR.

THE practice of ſelf-denial, or the forbearance of lawful pleaſure, has been conſidered by almoſt every nation, from the remoteſt ages, as the higheſt exaltation

tation of human virtue: and all have agreed to pay reſpect and veneration to thoſe who abſtained from the delights of life, even when they did not cenſure thoſe who enjoyed them.

The general voice of mankind, civil and barbarous, confeſſes that the mind and body are at variance, and that neither can be made happy by its proper gratifications, but at the expence of the other; that a pampered body will darken the mind, and an enlightened mind will macerate the body. And none have failed to confer their eſteem on thoſe who prefer intellect to ſenſe, who controul their lower by their higher faculties, and forget the wants and deſires of animal life for rational diſquiſitions or pious contemplations.

The earth has ſcarce a country ſo far advanced towards political regularity as to divide the inhabitants into claſſes, where ſome orders of men or women are not diſtinguiſhed by voluntary ſeverities, and where the reputation of their ſanctity is not increaſed in proportion to the rigour of their rules, and the exactneſs of their performance.

When an opinion to which there is no temptation of intereſt ſpreads wide and continues long, it may be reaſonably preſumed to have been infuſed by Nature or dictated by Reaſon. It has been often obſerved that the fictions of impoſture, and illuſions of fancy, ſoon give way to time and experience; and that nothing keeps its ground but truth, which gains every day new influence by new confirmation.

But Truth, when it is reduced to practice, eaſily becomes ſubject to caprice and imagination, and many particular acts will be wrong, though their general principle be right. It cannot be denied that a juſt conviction of the reſtraint neceſſary to be laid upon the appetites has produced extravagant and unnatural modes of mortification, and inſtitutions which, however

ever favourably conſidered, will be found to violate Nature without promoting Piety.

But the doctrine of ſelf-denial is not weakened in itſelf by the errors of thoſe who miſinterpret or miſapply it; the encroachment of the appetites upon the underſtanding is hourly perceived, and the ſtate of thoſe whom ſenſuality has enſlaved, is known to be in the higheſt degree deſpicable and wretched.

The dread of ſuch ſhameful captivity may juſtly raiſe alarms, and wiſdom will endeavour to keep danger at a diſtance. By timely caution and ſuſpicious vigilance, thoſe deſires may be repreſſed, to which indulgence would ſoon give abſolute dominion; thoſe enemies may be overcome, which, when they have been a while accuſtomed to victory, can no longer be reſiſted.

Nothing is more fatal to happineſs or virtue, than that confidence which flatters us with an opinion of our own ſtrength, and by aſſuring us of the power of retreat precipitates us into hazard. Some may ſafely venture further than others into the regions of delight, lay themſelves more open to the golden ſhafts of pleaſure, and advance nearer to the reſidence of the Syrens; but he that is beſt armed with conſtancy and reaſon is yet vulnerable in one part or other, and to every man there is a point fixed, beyond which, if he paſſes, he will not eaſily return. It is certainly moſt wiſe, as it is moſt ſafe, to ſtop before he touches the utmoſt limit, ſince every ſtep of advance will more and more entice him to go forward, till he ſhall at laſt enter the receſſes of voluptuouſneſs, and ſloth and deſpondency cloſe the paſſage behind him.

To deny early and inflexibly, is the only art of checking the importunity of deſire, and of preſerving quiet and innocence. Innocent gratifications muſt be ſometimes with-held; he that complies with all lawful deſires will certainly loſe his empire over himſelf,

himſelf, and in time either ſubmit his reaſon to his wiſhes, and think all his deſires lawful, or diſmiſs his reaſon as troubleſome and intruſive, and reſolve to ſnatch what he may happen to wiſh, without enquiry about right and wrong.

No man, whoſe appetites are his maſters, can perform the duties of his nature with ſtrictneſs and regularity; he that would be ſuperior to external influences, muſt firſt become ſuperior to his own paſſions.

When the Roman General, ſitting at ſupper with a plate of turnips before him, was ſolicited by large preſents to betray his truſt, he aſked the meſſengers whether he that could ſup on turnips was a man likely to ſell his country. Upon him who has reduced his ſenſes to obedience, temptation has loſt its power, he is able to attend impartially to virtue, and execute her commands without heſitation.

To ſet the mind above the appetites is the end of abſtinence, which one of the Fathers obſerves to be not a virtue, but the groundwork of virtue. By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we may add hourly new vigour or reſolution, and ſecure the power of reſiſtance when pleaſure or intereſt ſhall ſend their charms to guilt.

EXPECTATION OF PLEASURE.

NUMB. 58. SATURDAY, *May* 26, 1759.

PLEASURE is very ſeldom found where it is ſought. Our brighteſt blazes of gladneſs are commonly kindled by unexpected ſparks. The flowers which ſcatter their odours from time to time in the paths of life, grow up without culture from ſeeds ſcattered by chance.

Nothing is more hopeleſs than a ſcheme of merriment. Wits and humouriſts are brought together from diſtant quarters by preconcerted invitations; they come attended by their admirers prepared to laugh and to applaud: They gaze a-while on each other, aſhamed to be ſilent, and afraid to ſpeak; every man is diſcontented with himſelf, grows angry with thoſe that give him pain, and reſolves that he will contribute nothing to the merriment of ſuch worthleſs company. Wine inflames the general malignity, and changes ſullenneſs to petulance, till at laſt none can bear any longer the preſence of the reſt. They retire to vent their indignation in ſafer places, where they are heard with attention; their importance is reſtored, they recover their good humour, and gladden the night with wit and jocularity.

Merriment is always the effect of a ſudden impreſſion. The jeſt which is expected is already deſtroyed. The moſt active imagination will be ſometimes torpid under the frigid influence of melancholy, and ſometimes occaſions will be wanting to tempt the mind, however volatile, to ſallies and excurſions. Nothing was ever ſaid with uncommon felicity, but by the co-operation of chance; and, therefore, wit as well as valour muſt be content to ſhare its honours with fortune.

All other pleaſures are equally uncertain; the general remedy of uneaſineſs is change of place; almoſt every one has ſome journey of Pleaſure in his mind, with which he flatters his expectation. He that travels in theory has no inconvenience; he has ſhade and ſunſhine at his diſpoſal, and wherever he alights, finds tables of plenty and looks of gaiety.—Theſe ideas are indulged till the day of departure arrives, the chaiſe is called, and the progreſs of happineſs begins.

A few miles teach him the fallacies of imagination. The road is duſty, the air is ſultry, the horſes are

ſluggiſh

ſluggiſh, and the poſtillion brutal. He longs for the time of dinner, that he may eat and reſt. The inn is crouded, his orders are neglected, and nothing remains but that he devour in haſte what the cook has ſpoiled, and drive on in queſt of better entertainment. He finds at night a more commodious houſe, but the beſt is always worſe than he expected.

He at laſt enters his native province, and reſolves to feaſt his mind with the converſation of his old friends, and the recollection of juvenile frolics. He ſtops at the houſe of his friend, whom he deſigns to overpower with pleaſure by the unexpected interview. He is not known till he tells his name, and revives the memory of himſelf by a gradual explanation. He is then coldly received, and ceremoniouſly feaſted. He haſtes away to another, whom his affairs have called to a diſtant place, and having ſeen the empty houſe, goes away diſguſted, by a diſappointment which could not be intended, becauſe it could not be foreſeen. At the next houſe he finds every face clouded with misfortune, and is regarded with malevolence as an unreaſonable intruder, who comes not to viſit but to inſult them.

It is ſeldom that we find either men or places ſuch as we expect them. He that has pictured a proſpect upon his fancy, will receive little pleaſure from his eyes; he that has anticipated the converſation of a wit, will wonder to what prejudice he owes his reputation. Yet it is neceſſary to hope, though hope ſhould always be deluded; for hope itſelf is happineſs, and its fruſtrations, however frequent, are yet leſs dreadful than its extinction.

PHYSICAL EVIL MORAL GOOD.

NUMB. 89. SATURDAY, *December* 29, 1759.

Ἀνέχου καὶ ἀπέχου. EPICT.

HOW Evil came into the world; for what reaſon it is that life is overſpread with ſuch boundleſs varieties of miſery; why the only thinking being of this globe is doomed to think merely to be wretched, and to paſs his time from youth to age in fearing or in ſuffering calamities, is a queſtion which Philoſophers have long aſked, and which Philoſophy could never anſwer.

Religion informs us that Miſery and Sin were produced together. The depravation of human will was followed by a diſorder of the harmony of Nature; and by that Providence which often places antidotes in the neighbourhood of poiſons, vice was checked by miſery, leſt it ſhould ſwell to univerſal and unlimited dominion.

A ſtate of Innocence and Happineſs is ſo remote from all that we have ever ſeen, that though we can eaſily conceive it poſſible, and may therefore hope to attain it, yet our ſpeculations upon it muſt be general and confuſed. We can diſcover that where there is univerſal Innocence, there will probably be univerſal Happineſs; for why ſhould Afflictions be permitted to infeſt beings who are not in danger of corruption from Bleſſings, and where there is no uſe of Terrour nor cauſe of Puniſhment? But in a world like ours, where our Senſes aſſault us, and our Hearts betray us, we ſhould paſs on from crime to crime, heedleſs and remorſeleſs, if Miſery did not

not ſtand in our way, and our own Pains admoniſh us of our folly.

Almoſt all the moral Good which is left among us, is the apparent effect of phyſical Evil.

Goodneſs is divided by Divines into Soberneſs, Righteouſneſs, and Godlineſs. Let it be examined how each of theſe Duties would be practiſed if there were no phyſical Evil to enforce it.

Sobriety, or Temperance, is nothing but the forbearance of Pleaſure; and if Pleaſure was not followed by Pain, who would forbear it? We ſee every hour thoſe in whom the deſire of preſent indulgence overpowers all ſenſe of paſt and all foreſight of future miſery. In a remiſſion of the Gout the Drunkard returns to his Wine, and the Glutton to his Feaſt; and if neither Diſeaſe nor Poverty were felt or dreaded, every one would ſink down in idle ſenſuality, without any care of others, or of himſelf. To eat and drink, and lie down to ſleep, would be the whole buſineſs of mankind.

Righteouſneſs, or the ſyſtem of ſocial Duty, may be ſubdivided into Juſtice and Charity. Of Juſtice one of the heathen Sages has ſhewn, with great acuteneſs, that it was impreſſed upon mankind only by the inconveniences which Injuſtice had produced. "In the firſt ages," ſays he, "men acted without "any rule but the impulſe of Deſire, they practiſed "Injuſtice upon others, and ſuffered it from others "in their turn; but in time it was diſcovered, that "the pain of ſuffering wrong was greater than the "pleaſure of doing it; and mankind, by a general "compact, ſubmitted to the reſtraint of laws, and "reſigned the pleaſure to eſcape the pain."

Of Charity it is ſuperfluous to obſerve, that it could have no place if there were no want; for of a virtue which could not be practiſed, the omiſſion could not be culpable. Evil is not only the occaſional but the efficient cauſe of charity; we are incited

to the relief of miſery by the conſciouſneſs that we have the ſame nature with the ſufferer, that we are in danger of the ſame diſtreſſes, and may ſometime implore the ſame aſſiſtance.

Godlineſs, or Piety, is elevation of the mind towards the Supreme Being, and extenſion of the thoughts of another life. The other life is future, and the Supreme Being is inviſible. None would have recourſe to an inviſible power, but that all other ſubjects had eluded their hopes. None woule fix their attention upon the future, but that they ard diſcontented with the preſent. If the ſenſes were feaſted with perpetual Pleaſure, they would always keep the mind in ſubjection. Reaſon has no authority over us, but by its power to warn us againſt Evil.

In Childhood, while our minds are yet unoccupied Religion is impreſſed upon them, and the firſt years of almoſt all who have been well educated are paſſed in a regular diſcharge of the duties of piety. But as we advance forward into the crouds of life, innumerable delights ſollicit our inclinations, and innumerable cares diſtract our attention; the time of youth is paſſed in noiſy frolicks; Manhood is led on from hope to hope, and from project to project; the diſſoluteneſs of pleaſure, the inebriation of ſucceſs, the ardour of expectation, and the vehemence of competition, chain down the mind alike to the preſent ſcene, nor is it remembered how ſoon this miſt of trifles muſt be ſcattered, and the bubbles that float upon the rivulet of life be loſt for ever in the gulph of eternity. To this conſideration ſcarce any man is awakened but by ſome preſſing and reſiſtleſs evil. The death of thoſe from whom he derived his pleaſures, or to whom he deſtined his poſſeſſions, ſome diſeaſe which ſhews him the vanity of all external acquiſitions, or the gloom of age, which intercepts his proſpects of long enjoyment, forces him to fix

his

his hopes upon another ſtate, and when he has contended with the tempeſt of life till his ſtrength fails him, he flies at laſt to the ſhelter of religion.

That miſery does not make all virtuous, experience too certainly informs us; but it is no leſs certain that of what Virtue there is, Miſery produces far the greater part. Phyſical Evil may be therefore endured with patience, ſince it is the cauſe of moral Good; and Patience itſelf is one Virtue by which we are prepared for that ſtate in which Evil ſhall be no more.

Horrour of the Last.

Numb. 103. Saturday, *April* 5. 1760.

Reſpicere ad longæ juſſit ſpatia ultima vitæ. Juv.

Much of the Pain and Pleaſure of mankind ariſes from the conjectures which every one makes of the thoughts of others; we all enjoy praiſe which we do not hear, and reſent contempt which we do not ſee. The Idler may therefore be forgiven, if he ſuffers his Imagination to repreſent to him what his readers will ſay or think when they are informed that they have now his laſt paper in their hands.

Value is more frequently raiſed by ſcarcity than by uſe. That which lay neglected when it was common, riſes in eſtimation as its quantity becomes leſs. We ſeldom learn the true want of what we have till it is diſcovered that we can have no more.

This eſſay will, perhaps, be read with care even by thoſe who have not yet attended to any other; and he that finds this late attention recompenſed, will not forbear to wiſh that he had beſtowed it ſooner.

Though

Though the Idler and his readers have contracted no cloſe friendſhip, they are perhaps both unwilling to part. There are few things not purely evil, of which we can ſay, without ſome emotion of uneaſineſs, this is the laſt. Thoſe who never could agree together, ſhed tears when mutual diſcontent has determined them to final ſeparation; of a place which has frequently been viſited, though without pleaſure, the laſt look is taken with heavineſs of heart; and the Idler, with all his chilneſs of tranquillity, is not wholly unaffected by the thought that his laſt eſſay is now before him.

This ſecret horrour of the laſt is inſeparable from a thinking being, whoſe life is limited, and to whom death is dreadful. We always make a ſecret compariſon between a part and the whole; the termination of any period of life reminds us that life itſelf has likewiſe its termination; when we have done any thing for the laſt time, we involuntarily reflect that a part of the days allotted us is paſt, and that as more is paſt there is leſs remaining.

It is very happily and kindly provided, that in every life there are certain pauſes and interruptions, which force conſideration upon the careleſs, and ſerioufneſs upon the light; points of time where one courſe of action ends and another begins: and by viciſſitude of fortune, or alteration of employment, by change of place, or loſs of friendſhip, we are forced to ſay of ſomething, *this is the laſt.*

An even and unvaried tenour of life always hides from our apprehenſion the approach of its end. Succeſſion is not perceived but by variation; he that lives to-day as he lived yeſterday, and expects that as the preſent day is ſuch will be the morrow, eaſily conceives time as running in a circle and returning to itſelf. The uncertainty of our duration is impreſſed commonly by diſſimilitude of condition; it is only

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only by finding life changeable that we are reminded of its ſhortneſs.

This conviction, however forcible at every new impreſſion, is every moment fading from the mind; and partly by the inevitable incurſion of new images, and partly by voluntary excluſion of unwelcome thoughts, we are egain expoſed to the univerſal fallacy; and we muſt do another thing for the laſt time, before we conſider that the time is nigh when we do no more.

As the laſt Idler is publiſhed in that ſolemn week which the Chriſtian world has always ſet apart for the examination of the conſcience, the review of life, the extinction of earthly deſires, and the renovation of holy purpoſes, I hope that my readers are already diſpoſed to view every incident with ſerioufneſs, and improve it by meditation; and that when they ſee this ſeries of trifles brought to a concluſion, they will conſider that, by outliving the Idler, they have paſſed weeks, months, and years, which are now no longer in their power; that an end muſt in time be put to every thing great as to every thing little; that to life muſt come its laſt hour, and to this ſyſtem of being its laſt day, the hour at which probation ceaſes; and repentance will be vain; the day in which every work of the hand, and imagination of the heart, ſhall be brought to judgement, and an everlaſting futurity ſhall be determined by the paſt.

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